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HUSTLER

THE REVOLUTIONARY MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1984 \$4.95

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**ORAL SEX:
IF YOU'RE GOING
TO DO IT,
DO IT RIGHT**

ROOSEVELT KNEW
ABOUT PEARL HARBOR
BEFORE THE ATTACK
BUT FAILED TO
WARN AMERICA



THE '60S RADICALS,
WHERE ARE THEY TODAY?



**EXPLOSIVE!
OF THE BASE REALITY
OF AMERICAN POLITICS,
AN EXCERPT FROM
LARRY FLYNT'S NEW BOOK**

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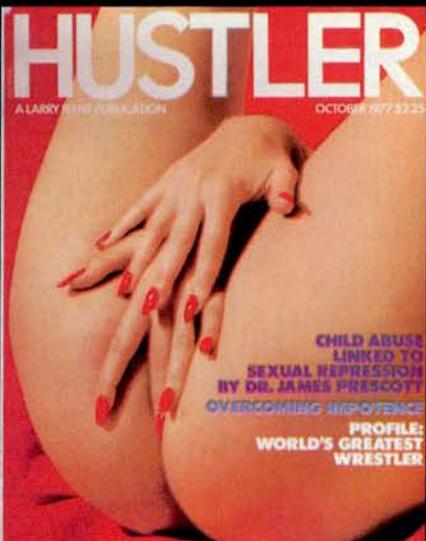
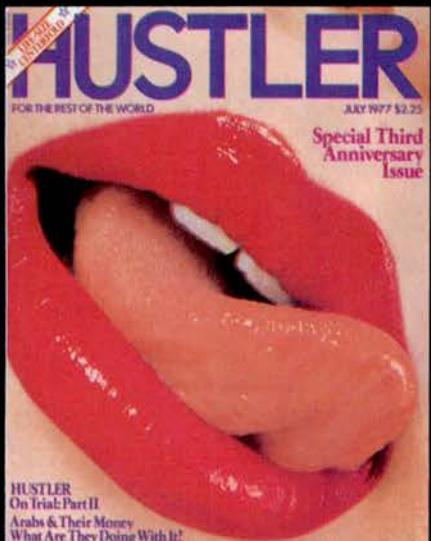
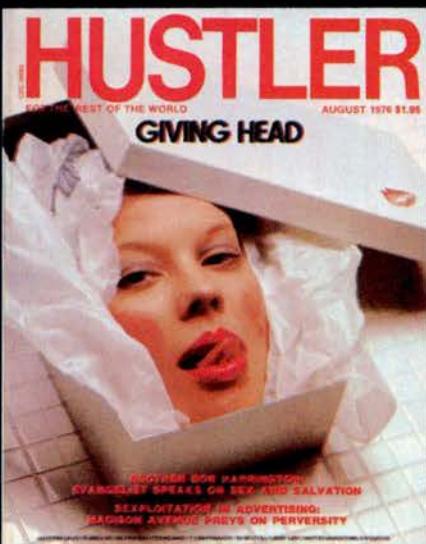
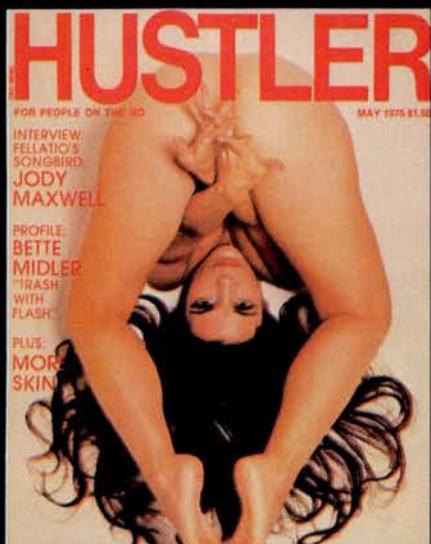
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THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LARRY

I hereby announce my candidacy for the Presidency of these United States of America. On February 28, I will enter the New Hampshire primary as a Republican. I am running as a Republican rather than as a Democrat because I am wealthy, white, pornographic and, like the nuclear-mad cowboy Ronnie Reagan, I have been shot for what I believe in. Therefore, I am more a Republican than a Democrat. My platform is simple. It is based on the concept of free thought, individual liberties and civil rights for all mankind. If elected, my primary goal will be to eliminate sexual ignorance and venereal disease.

Every ounce of strength I can muster, both physically and psychologically, will be used courageously and endlessly to remove the massive repressive hand of government—the ruling class—from the crotch of the American people. I intend to dismantle the bureaucracy in government by turning over most of its functions to private enterprise. The first one to go will be the U.S. Postal Service; it can be run a great deal more efficiently if privately owned and operated.

If elected, I will demand a Constitutional Convention to be held in Philadelphia on July 4, 1985, in order to restructure the entire government.

I will immediately initiate legislation in Congress for massive social reforms. The first such law will levy a heavy fine against all qualified and able Americans who fail to VOTE. The American people must be made to realize that their voice is the real strength to be reckoned with.

The second law I plan to force through Congress will completely reform the three branches of government: the Legislative, the Executive and the Judiciary. All members of the House of Representatives will receive an annual salary of \$120,000; the Senate, \$300,000; the Vice President, \$500,000; and the President, \$1 million. These increased salaries will ensure the separation of politicians and bribes. Congress will be limited to two terms of two years each; the Senate, one four-year term; the President, one two-year term. After sitting out one term, however, any former member of government will be permitted to run for two additional terms.

The Vice President will be the only elected member of government who can run as many times as he chooses. But I will ask Congress to pass a law wherein he (or she) can be fired by the President at any time, and his (or her) replacement will not require Senate confirmation. The U.S. should be run like a business, and this is the way vice-presidents are handled in the corporate world. I will propose legislation requiring that all Supreme Court justices be elected to two-year terms by the voters; if they insist on legislating as they do today, then let them be accountable to the American people. My ultimate goal is to place the power where it belongs—in the hands of the people of this nation.

To eliminate fraudulent elections, as Chief Executive Officer I will mobilize the National Guard for the purpose of supervising voting booths and ballot tabulations. I will ask Congress for legislation exempting all U.S. servicemen from paying taxes; their paychecks are a pittance as it is.

I will create legislation declaring all Indian reservations independent and sovereign nations. I will seek total, absolute and complete reforms in the areas of health, education and welfare. Teachers—kindergarten through college—will earn at least \$30,000 per year. Needless to say, I will put my full support behind ratification of the ERA as well.

As to foreign policy, I share the same philosophy as that of Thomas Paine: **THE WORLD IS MY COUNTRY**. Therefore, I will offer the rest of the world the same principles I have shared with the people of this great land. As the Lord is my shepherd, I shall prevail. And if He's



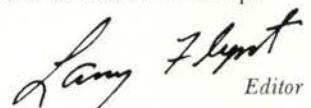
THE PRESIDENCY Why I Am a Candidate

be written in 1776–11 years earlier. (He too was in France, helping the French form a new government.) The Founding Fathers may very well have penned those eloquent words *life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness*, but they returned home to rule over their slaves and dominate their obedient housewives and children. They never in their wildest dreams imagined a society so diversified that minorities and women would actually participate in government.

What resulted was government by tradition, not by constitution. What frightens me more than anything else today is that maniacs like Caspar Weinberger and "Dr. Strangelove" Kissinger are determined to hang on to this antiquated system—even if it means using nuclear weapons. The arms race is insane; it must be stopped before it climaxes in total homicide. As President, I will move forth with the best of the Founding Fathers' visions and throw everything else in the trash can. I adamantly refuse to allow you to be a party to a contract you had nothing to do with.

When I was a kid in a poverty-stricken home deep inside the Appalachian hills of eastern Kentucky, all the politicians could lie to me and get away with it because I didn't know any better. Now that I have met the political quacks, drunk with the big-shot politicians, been dragged through the courts and slipped money to most of them, I know what a bunch of lying, cheating, scheming bastards they are. And if you will support me, I promise that I will expose them to all the world.

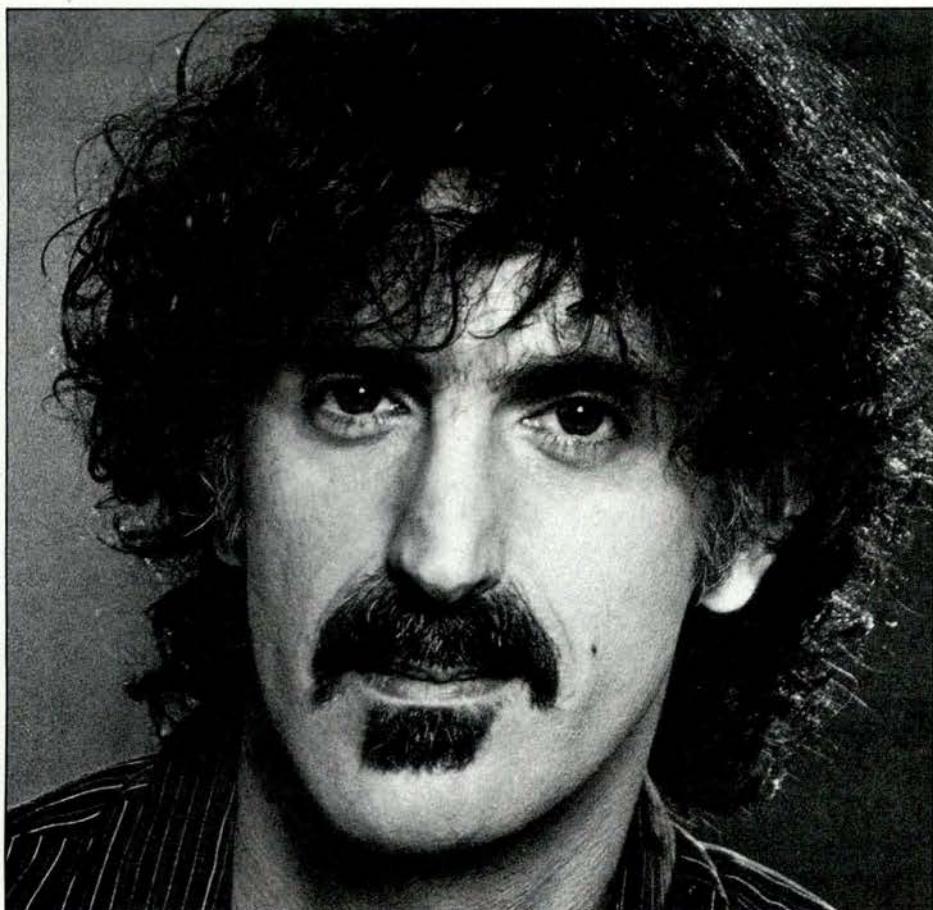
I can accomplish all of this and more with YOUR HELP. Send your financial contributions to the Larry Flynt for President Committee, 364 St. Cloud Road, Bel Air, CA 90024. In accordance with the federal election laws, only contributions from noncorporate sources and American citizens will be accepted. And don't be cheap!


Editor

P.S. As regards official appointments, the election laws also keep me from promising any government jobs before I'm elected. If I could, I'd promise Chief Justice Warren Burger's job to Al Goldstein, publisher of *Screw*—New York's most important newspaper—in return for his endorsement and support. Since I can't do that, all I can guarantee is that my appointments will be to persons of no lesser caliber. And I'll even out-do James Watt. I promise to have a black, a woman, two Jews, a cripple, an Oriental . . . and a Mexican in my Cabinet.

It's About Mr. Flynt

by Frank Zappa



Frank Zappa

I met Larry Flynt for the first time yesterday. He came to my home with his wife and some of the people from the HUSTLER staff. This was the result of an invitation from HUSTLER to direct a fantasy sequence for an upcoming series in the magazine.

The next day my wife and I went to the HUSTLER offices and had a long talk with him. That is why I am writing this piece now. I had been previously aware of a few facts surrounding Larry's legal problems, but not being a regular HUSTLER reader, the wretched details of the story were not clear to me. The discussion I had with him filled in several blanks.

I think Larry Flynt is a brave man. I also think that what has been done to him, in and out of U.S. courts, is as disgusting as anything ever printed in this magazine.

Whether you agree with his editorial policies, his sense of humor or his sexual attitudes (even I do not score 100% in all those categories), we ought to stop and think for a moment about what has been DONE to this guy in the name of AMERICAN JUSTICE. I don't waste a lot of time feeling sorry for people, since most of them make their own problems, but after reading about the two obscenity cases in the November *Publisher's Statement*, I got pissed off, because that sort of ignorance (especially when it becomes violent, as in the Lawrenceville, Georgia, incident) is something that any rational person should condemn as conduct unbecoming a judicial system that pretends to be the best in the FREE WORLD.

Must the public be taxed to support courtroom proceedings dragging on for years and years over a fucking CAR-

TOON? Does somebody have to get paralyzed because you don't like his sense of humor?

THE "OPTIONAL POINT OF VIEW" (ANYTHING THAT DEVIATES FROM THE FRAUDULENT "NORMS" BEING MERCHANDISED BY INSTANT RELIGIONS AND OTHER BRANCHES OF THE MIND-CONTROL INDUSTRY) IS NOW AN ENDANGERED SPECIES IN AMERICA.

IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS. IGNORANCE IS MERELY IGNORANT. MANY PEOPLE IN THE U.S. HAVE A GOOD EXCUSE FOR BEING UNEDUCATED (OUR SCHOOLS . . . EVEN THE GOVERNMENT WILL ADMIT TO THAT), BUT HARD-CORE AMERICAN IGNORANCE, AND THE WAY IN WHICH IT IS WORSHIPED AND REWARDED HERE, IS A DISEASE.

Things in this magazine, described by some as repulsive, can "optionally" be interpreted as drastic therapy for an atrophied physical function . . . in this case the ability (and the desire) to sort YOUR OWN OPTIONS . . . to confront and compute, ON YOUR OWN TERMS, the unthinkable, the unspeakable, the outrageous . . . without first having it filtered through the thought-processes and bizarre motivations of a "somebody" somewhere who has taken it upon him-or-herself to tell YOU how and what to THINK.

Please be advised: YOUR RIGHT TO THINK FOR YOURSELF HAS NOT YET BEEN CANCELED. YOU CAN STILL DO IT . . . AND IT IS GOOD FOR YOU. IT IS ALSO GOOD FOR AMERICA.

THE FORMULA FOR THE CONTROL OF A TOTALLY SUBMISSIVE WORKFORCE, AS IT IS BEING ADMINISTERED TODAY, IS A SHORTSIGHTED SOLUTION TO COMPLEX ANTHROPOMORPHIC PROBLEMS.

UNIFORMITY IS NEITHER DESIRABLE NOR ENFORCEABLE AND, ESPECIALLY IN THE CASE OF A "FREE SOCIETY," IT IS NOTHING TO ASPIRE TO.

Larry is a tough son of a bitch, and—as his health improves—so will this magazine (something that he is almost unbelievably proud of).

I hope he can keep his health, his sense of humor and his willpower in top form during the difficult months ahead. ☮

By now it's no secret that **LARRY FLYNT** is running for President; and if he approaches the campaign with the same energy he's given all previous endeavors, America may very well have its first pornographic chief of state.

Somehow, in the midst of hectic campaign preparations Larry found time to write three articles for the January issue. First, he's composed a touching memorial to the late Ruth Carter Stapleton—**A MODEST TRIBUTE TO MY BEST FRIEND**.

Next, in his analysis **THE BASE**

REALITY OF AMERICAN POLITICS Larry gives his insightful interpretation of the historical events that surrounded the drafting of our Constitution. His views on this topic and the changes in governmental structure that he proposes provide the foundation of Larry's campaign platform. Master illustrator **ALEX EBEL**, whose artwork has often appeared in **HUSTLER**, was Larry's personal choice to illustrate this article. And Alex's painting is one of a kind.

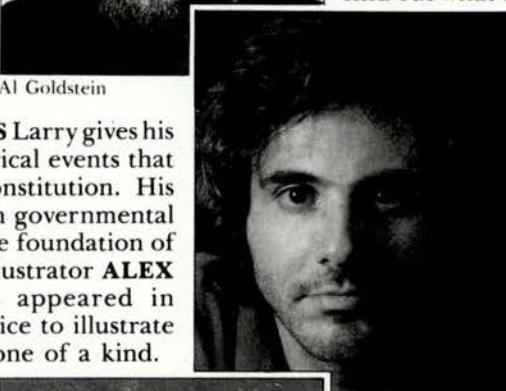
Finally, in the **1st ANNUAL BIASED REVIEW OF MEN'S MAGAZINES** Larry traces the evolution of this industry from its conservative beginnings in the 1930s to the explicit publications we know today, then proceeds to review the top 15 titles—plus award a few "Dishonorable Mentions." The illustration was provided by **PAT DUNN**, who is a frequent contributor to **HUSTLER**.

Larry Flynt has become famous for uncovering information other magazines have left buried. Through his intricate information network he has uncovered some startling historical facts you never learned in high school—and that are sure to leave you dumbfounded. In a shocking report, **EXPLOSIVE TRUTH ABOUT PEARL HARBOR: THE STORY THE REST OF THE MEDIA WON'T TELL**, veteran writer **JOSEPH LEIB** reveals documented evidence of the treacherous role President Franklin Delano Roosevelt played in this catastrophic event which touched off the war that eventually claimed over 35 million lives. Leib's government contacts and inside knowledge of the corruption in our political system were obtained during a remarkable career that spans over 50 years and includes—among other laudable achievements—a number of key political positions in the Roosevelt Administration.

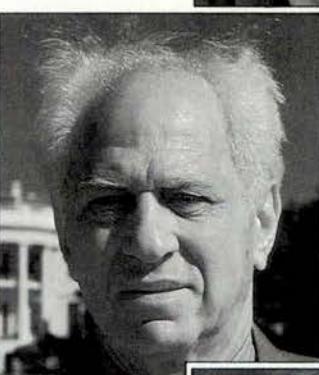
Another special feature in this month's issue that you won't want to miss is **DENNIS SPEAKS: "I LOVE HUSTLER, AND I LOVE LARRY FLYNT,"** in which actor/director Dennis Hopper—whose film *Easy Rider* was a milestone in



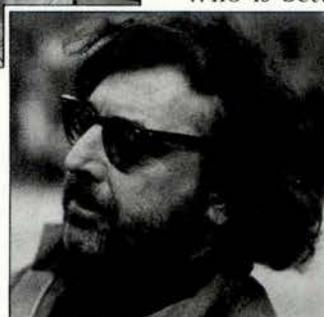
Al Goldstein



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Overton Loyd

the 1960s era of drugs and radicalism—directs a photo-session for **HUSTLER**. Hopper's photographs have appeared on exhibition in both the U.S. and in Europe, and are part of the permanent collection of New York's Metropolitan Museum. As Hopper relates his experiences in doing the photo-layout, he reveals even more of himself than do the models!

So we know where Dennis Hopper is. But where have the other leading figures of the '60s gone now that we need them the most? In **THE HARD-NOSED '60S RADICALS: WHERE ARE THEY TODAY?** you'll find out what's become of such counterculture heroes as Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, among others, who were a part of the generation that "tuned in, turned on and dropped out"—before society was transformed seemingly overnight into the so-called Me Generation. The article's creator and coauthor, **PAUL KRASSNER**, himself made notable contributions to this era as editor of the *Realist*, the decade's most outrageous political-satire magazine. **TERRY SOUTHERN**, assisting Paul with our look back into recent history, is best known for coauthoring the hit sex-spoof novel *Candy* and writing the screenplay for *Dr. Strangelove*. Chances are we'll be seeing more of these '60s luminaries in future issues of **HUSTLER**. Providing the unique sculptures that accompany this article is artist **OVERTON LOYD**. Loyd freelanced for **HUSTLER** during the 1970s, illustrating several articles including *HUSTLER on Trial*. He recently created illustrations for Ray Bradbury's new book, *Dinosaur Tales*, and art directed the animations used in R&B star George Clinton's *Atomic Dog* video.

Who is better equipped to interview the outrageous **HARVEY FIERSTEIN**, writer of Broadway's biggest hit in years—*La Cage Aux Folles*—than the equally provocative publisher of *Screw* magazine, **AL GOLDSTEIN**? In **CONFESIONS OF A GAY PLAYWRIGHT** flamboyant Fierstein speaks out from a unique comic viewpoint on such topics as his kinkiest sexual experience, the size of his cock, the AIDS epidemic and sexual intolerance—as well as

making some humorous observations about **HUSTLER Magazine**. **BILL BERNSTEIN**, a New York-based photographer who provided the accompanying photos, has had several of his celebrity portraits published in the *New York Times*. This is the first time his work has appeared in the pages of **HUSTLER**.

With a January issue as outstanding as this one, we're sure you'll agree Larry Flynt is well on his way to making 1984 a year to remember! 

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Sizes: small medium large X-large

Demented Suggestions: I just finished reading "Cross Dresser?" (*Bits & Pieces*, October '83), and I am highly insulted by the implication that Christ was gay. I say to hell with Gary Michael: How would he know? I'm sure he (Michael) never fucked Christ; so he should keep his demented suggestions to himself.

—Dawn Salvino
Cleveland, Ohio

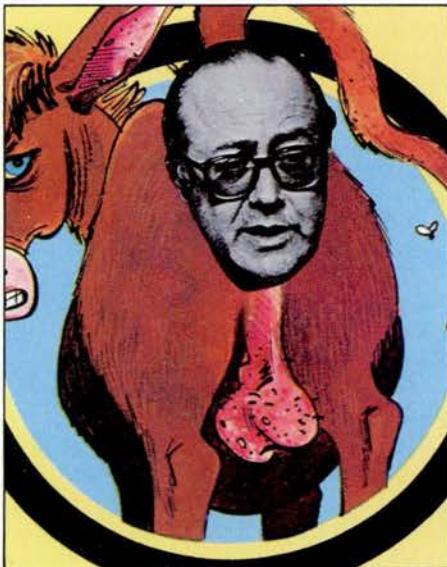
P.S. Even if Christ *was* gay—like all other gays, it was His business and no one else's.

Asshole in Distress: There has just been brought to my attention your October 1983 issue of *HUSTLER* Magazine with specific reference to page 17 of that issue entitled: *Bits & Pieces*. The entire page is given over to a malicious, defamatory attack under the headline *Asshole of the Month: Norman R. Grutman*.

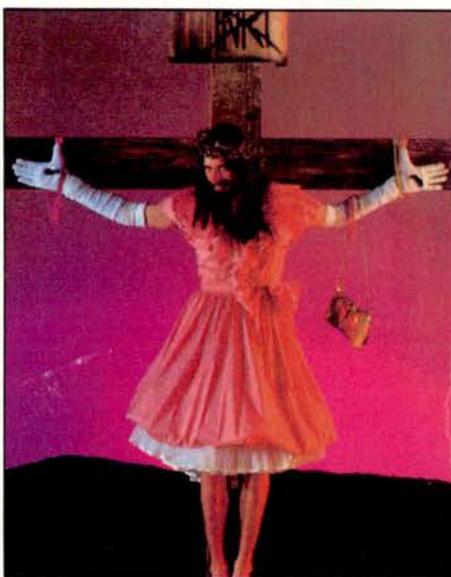
Notwithstanding the italicized line-and-one-half claim that "the following is an editorial opinion," the article is a brutal, scurrilous attack on my professional and personal life. As is well-known to you, many of the statements contained in the article are false and defamatory, and the entire thrust of the article is deliberately calculated to create a false and misleading innuendo concerning me in my personal and professional life.

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE that this letter is a demand for an immediate retraction of the defamatory and libelous material which it is insisted you retract in as public a manner as that in which it was made. I am objecting, and demanding a retraction not only to the so-called editorial matter but to the pictorial material accompanying it on the same page 17.

It is well known to you that my "claims to fame" are other than what you represented in the article which you published.



Once an Asshole . . .



Drag Queen of the Jews?

Furthermore, you are immediately familiar with the fact that the issue of Larry Flynt in the Jackie Collins case was injected into the case by the defendant's own attorneys after objection and following a caution by the court. Nevertheless, they preceded to "open the door" and bolt through it.

I am not a public figure, and I have had no personal dealings with either Larry Flynt or any of his publications or other controlled entities except in my capacity as an attorney retained by clients who have bona fide and enforceable claims against Mr. Flynt and/or his companies. Your article was undoubtedly the outgrowth of Mr. Flynt's pique and disappointment at the successes which I have achieved on behalf of our clients and a vicious attempt to injure me personally and to retaliate for his losses.

I am horrified and greatly distressed to find myself and my photograph in a magazine as offensive as the issue about which I am protesting.

—Very truly yours,
Norman Roy Grutman
New York, New York

My lawyers would not let me publish anything untrue, and you know that. You should be shouting with glee that I did not publish sordid true stories about you because even I have a heart. But, FUCK YOU!

—Larry Flynt

Christian Advice: I read your story in *People* magazine the other day. My heart goes out to you. I became a Christian the

same year you did. It is very understandable why you became an Atheist: There is no way anyone can explain why God lets us suffer like He has.

I can tell you this, incredible as it may seem, God loves you very much. I don't want to preach to you, but when you go to sleep the night after you read this, ask God—if He exists—to wake you up at exactly 2:15 a.m. When he does, commit your life to Him.

Good luck and keep fighting.

—Joe Bishop
Valley Center, Kansas

Time: 2:16. Zzzzzz . . .

—L. F.

Black 'n' White: I have been reading your magazine for quite a while now, and I must say that in every issue I *always* get my money's worth. But there is one slight problem—you should put more blacks and whites together in your magazine. All the people that I know who read *HUSTLER* strongly agree with me.



Black and White together

How about showing a fine Negro man with a good, hard dick pussy-fucking a beautiful blonde or brunette. Nothing turns me on more than this. Come on, *HUSTLER*, grant our request and show those other worthless publications that *HUSTLER* stands alone and surpasses every other men's magazine!

—D. Campbell
Flint, Michigan

Seek Help: In regard to your August interview with Tim O'Hara of the Rene Guyon Society, let me tell your readers that sex with children is great. In my case it is young girls ages five through ten. I like to jack off on them and let them feel my seven-inch cock, and they love it. I do not force myself on them, but most young girls like to look and feel older men's cocks; it's in their blood to wonder what an older guy looks like nude.

I lived with several women with little girls. One who was nine at the time loved me to stick my finger up her cunt. The

other liked to pull on my cock until I came all over her hand. I gave her a dollar each time I let her do it. I have had over 75 little girls, and all loved it.

There are hundreds of thousands of us out there and someday, like the gays of today, it will be acceptable. Until then many more little girls will see and feel my cock.

-Name and Address
Withheld by Request
To Protect Myself

It is always sicko cowards like you who refuse to sign their letters. That's because you know that 99% of the American people would cut your balls off and stick them in your mouth or better yet, rip off your head and shit down your throat. You should see a psychiatrist fast before someone kills you. If not, run for Congress. At least we will know where you are.

-L. F.

I have been a subscriber to HUSTLER for quite a few years and would like to say that I enjoy 99% of the material contained therein. And as a result of long experience with color photography and color-plate reproduction, I can say that the quality of your photos is of the highest.

I am writing to register a complaint, one I'm sure will be considered minor by many—in fact, by all of those who like to see pussy lips spread wide by two fingers or by two hands. This stretching and dis-

tending of the vulva turns me off somewhat because that beautiful female orifice is made so unnatural in appearance.

My request to you is: Could we have just one or two pictures in each issue that show that lovely pussy in its *normal* condition, the lips remaining snugly together between those equally lovely thighs? Such a pose would invite me to push something long, hard, hot and stiff—or to push my tongue-hot, fluttery and wet between those lips. I have never been able to decide which I like the best, fucking or sucking, as long as I can have BOTH!

Also, how about some pictures of young girls in their teens or even younger, before they have any pubic hair? One of my first experiences was instigated by a neighbor's daughter, and she was totally devoid of pubic hair. Of course, I have had a "thing" about hairless pussy ever since.

This is my first letter to *Feedback*. Have I asked for something that no one else would like?

-F. W. Sawyer
Dayton, Ohio

A cunt should look like the beautiful flower it is. As for the prepubescent ones, forget about it. We are not into molesting kids. And neither should you be. Seek professional help before you ruin some child's life. —L. F.

Gift Subscriptions: I read with great interest an article in our local newspaper

which stated that you gave each member of Congress a complimentary subscription to HUSTLER. How generous of you. It also said how a few of them sent them back—insulted. I couldn't believe that!

What I was wondering is—how about treating me to one of those subscriptions that were turned down? Believe me, I'd appreciate it a lot more than those rude congressmen.

You see, before my husband was laid off his job, we read HUSTLER on a regular basis. We found it improved our sex life 100%. But since then, he got laid off, and with two kids to raise, every penny we get from odd jobs goes to essentials only. It was hard enough to make ends meet; so our HUSTLER was one thing that had to get cut. We kept all our old issues, but you can only read and reread them so many times.

I know this sounds nervy of me, but when I read that article, I figured that if you were going to give subscriptions to these guys and they turned you down, you could just slip my name in one of their places. You can never know how grateful we would be if you could see it in your heart to do this for us. Please consider it. I'll be waiting to hear from you.

Thanks for your time—keep up the good work!

—Jerry Jeanfread
Westwego, Louisiana

You can have Fred Graham's (next month's Asshole) subscription. I gave subscriptions to about 1,000 members of the media; Graham is one of the uptight assholes who asked that his name be removed from the complimentary subscription list. What bothers me the most is that Graham covers the Supreme Court for CBS. Ever wonder why those stupid decisions sound so logical? Now you know. —L. F.

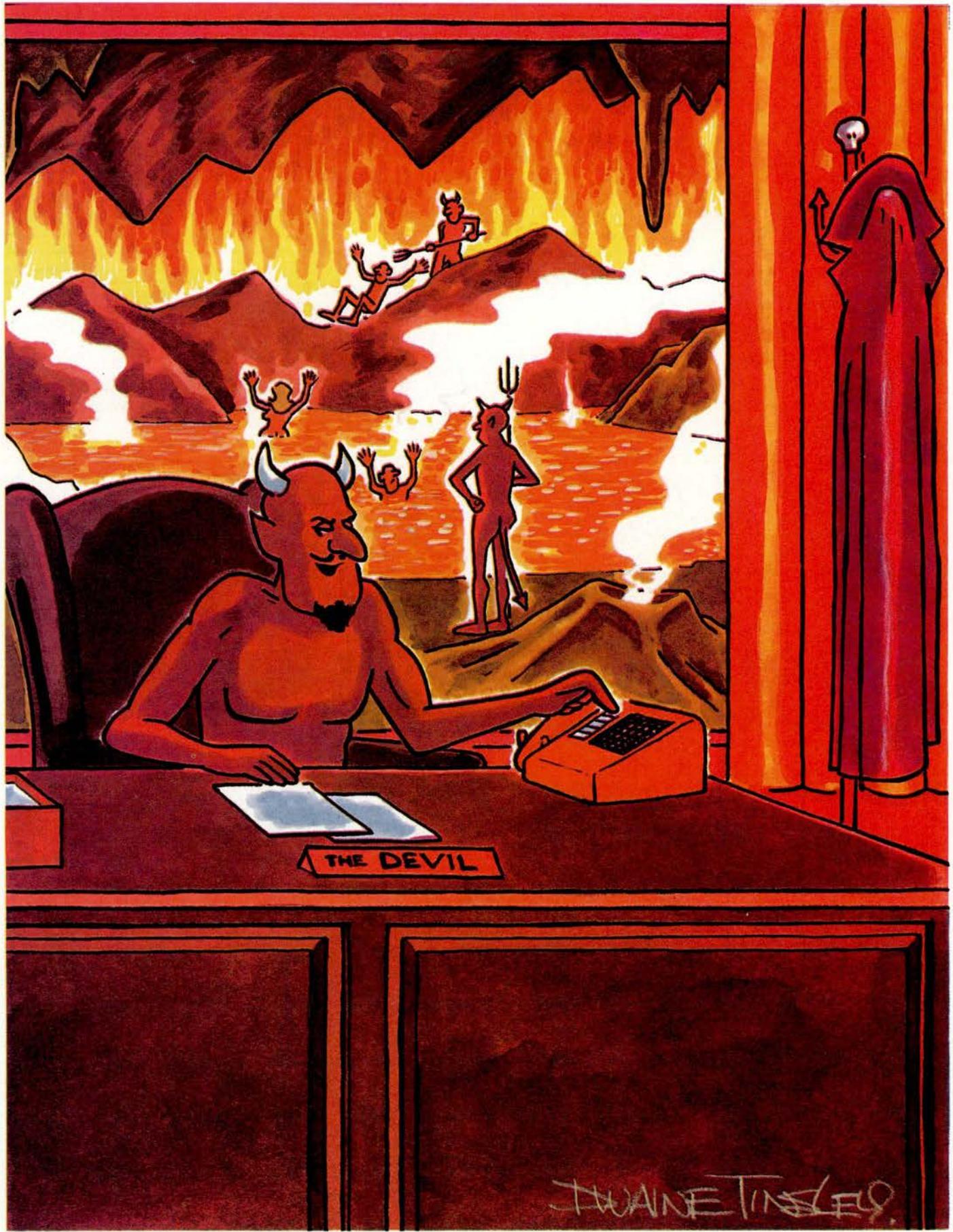
I have recently read in one of the local newspapers where you have sent copies of your magazine to the members of Congress and to the President of the United States, and that a large majority of them returned your gift and demanded that their names be removed from your mailing list.

In my opinion that was just downright rude. And I am ashamed to be living in a country whose leaders have such low moral standards as to return a gift.

I think you should put an article in your next issue about how our country's leaders do people who try to do something for them.

As you may have guessed by my address, I am in prison. As far as I know, there is no one in this institution who has a subscription to HUSTLER or CHIC Magazines. I found this hard to believe at first, but after asking around, I have found no one who has subscribed to either one of these magazines.





"Send Falwell in when he gets here. I want to see the look on the fucker's face."

I have been a fan and faithful reader of your magazines for many years, but since I've been in prison, I haven't been able to get hold of any of them.

I don't know what your subscription prices are, but if they are anything like your competitors', then it will still be a while before I can afford a subscription. I would like to know what your prices are and if there is any chance of getting a special rate on a three- or six-month subscription. If not, I would still appreciate the current price list for HUSTLER and CHIC.

—George A. Hassan
Oklahoma State Reformatory at Granite

Anyone serving time in prison can have HUSTLER free. Congress made me millions by denouncing me on the floor of the House of Representatives. HUSTLER has been selling out since then because of all the publicity; so I am going to take that money and provide all prisoners with free subscriptions to HUSTLER. In order to get this free gift, you must first write the congressman from your district and thank him for your subscription, then send me a copy of the letter. I will place you on the complimentary subscription list for one year. In order to renew, if you are still incarcerated, do the same thing over again, and I will give you another one-year subscription.

—L. F.

Cock Size: Damn! But you do an out-

standing job of deflating overstuffed egos. Your *Asshole of the Month* brings out the truth, and I must commend you.

In a subtle way *Honey* also says what needs saying, but I feel you made a slight tactical error in the October *Honey*. Why did you draw such an inflated dick on the "Fallguy" character? I support your point that he is an asshole, but I'll be willing to bet "Fallguy" ain't hung more than that of a normal ten-year-old, and I'll further bet that's why he is so hung-up over other people's sex lives.

Don't you think that when he reads the October 1983 issue (and he will), his head will swell even larger? —Dave Pennelton

Houma, Louisiana

Because of your letter, I'm going to fire the illustrator—as soon as I can find a new one who can draw cocks to your liking. —L.F.

Beaver Lover: I am a 30-year-old female who, for some reason, gets turned on more by pictures of naked women than of men. I absolutely love your *Beaver Hunt* section because, let's face it, some of your professional models do look "untouchable." The ladies in *Beaver Hunt* are real, but I think it would be very titillating to have some of them with someone else (husband, boyfriend or even girlfriend) spreading their pussies open. I really get turned on by seeing someone actually

touching and eating pussy—not just close to it, but actually doing it. So many of your pictures show women holding men's cocks, but in most of them the men's tongues are almost touching the women's pussies, but don't quite.

Another thing, do your photographers get horny taking these pics? I certainly would. Do the models ever let them have a little taste?

—Name Withheld by Request
Toledo, Ohio

Censorship at the wholesale and retail levels is what keeps us from giving you what you want, but it won't be for long. Stay tuned. The photographers are always horny, and they keep their faces or cocks in the models most of the time.

—L. F.

Traction Fetish: The *Physical Therapy* photo-spread in the September 1983 issue was fantastic. The lady in the casts and slings was a real turn-on. Could we please see another spread with a sexy lady in a plaster cast? It's a fantasy for me, and I'm sure for many other readers.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

You're bizarre.

—L. F.

Pro Madalyn: Madalyn Murray O'Hair and HUSTLER really have their shit together! O'Hair has the most sensible, realistic attitude toward sex I've ever come across.

—Chuck Schutte

American Atheist Member
Houston, Texas

Regarding the *Guest Opinion* by Madalyn Murray O'Hair in the November 1983 HUSTLER, all I can say is: Brilliant! Brilliant! Brilliant!

—Dianne Nitzahn
Sylmar, California

Thank Gawd.

—L. F.

Disgruntled Reader: After reading the piece in the October '83 issue on Hitler ("Mein Scrapbook"), I'm very happy about the bullet that Larry Flynt took. He should also have taken one to the brain. No better guy could have been left paralyzed. Dear Larry, I'm glad you didn't die. Just suffer, you bitch.

Name Withheld by Request
Middlesex-Essex, Maryland

*Got a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters to Feedback, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Incidentally, Ric Meyer—a reader whose letter was printed in *Feedback* last month—has accepted the editorial position we offered him. Welcome aboard, Ric.*

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and \$25 to R.D.Patton, PA

WASHINGTON DAISY CHAIN

Capital Capers Turning Pages and Other Tricks by Larry Flynt

If you think Capitol Hill is a monastery since a couple of congressmen admitted to—and apologized for—having had sex with a male and a female page, think again. Your members of Congress are as randy as ever; it's just that some of them haven't been caught in the sack yet.

How does a married congressman whose face is known around town get a little on the side? One way is by having an aide book a hotel room. The aide then turns the room key over to the boss, who slips in quietly with his girlfriend. Hotels with underground parking, such as the Quality Inn at the foot of Capitol Hill, are favorites with legislators because they can drive into the garage and take an elevator to their rooms without walking through the lobby.

One trick former Congressman Tom Evans (R-Delaware) used when he was dating Washington party girl Paula Parkinson involved a "beard"—a third person who would accompany the congressman and Parkinson on dinner dates. If anyone asked, she was with the beard, not the congressman (whose wife was back home in Delaware). Evans, once one of Ronald Reagan's confidants, was defeated for re-election last time around thanks partly to the news of his torrid affair with blond bombshell Parkinson. The voters didn't think much of his renting a townhouse next door to her. Don't shed a tear for Evans though; he's a well-paid Washington lawyer now, and his wife is living in D.C., where she can keep a closer eye on hubby.

Speaking of Parkinson, she is out of sight and living in Dallas these days. But rumors continue to circulate in Washington that she had a brief affair with Congressman Jack Kemp (R-New York). Rupert Murdoch's tabloid the *New York Post* works overtime to nail down that story whenever Kemp's name is floated as a possible dark-horse Presidential candidate. The scene of the tryst is supposed to have been a suburban

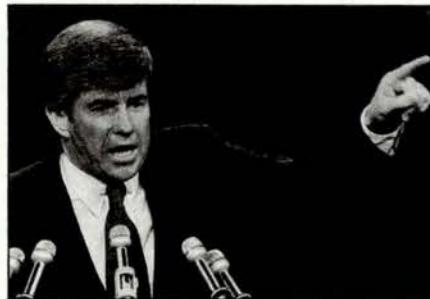


Tom Evans: Congressman voted out of office after a capital caper.

Murdoch's tabloid the *New York Post* works overtime to nail down that story whenever Kemp's name is floated as a possible dark-horse Presidential candidate. The scene of the tryst is supposed to have been a suburban

Virginia motel featuring X-rated movies. For his part, Kemp denies all. And while that kind of talk helps quash the rumors that Kemp is gay, it doesn't enhance his White House ambitions.

Such hijinks may sound like high-school



Jack Kemp: Presidential hopeful denies tryst with blond bombshell Paula Parkinson.

stuff, but our elected representatives will go to any length to avoid detection. One congressman who owns a boat on the Chesapeake Bay often takes young women there for "job interviews." He strolls along the dock to his boat by himself, while his latest conquest delays her arrival for five minutes or so. The lawmaker thinks no one is the wiser even though every boater in neighboring slips is on to the amateur ruse.

* * *

It may not help to be gay in political Washington, but it doesn't necessarily hurt either. That may seem strange in an administration as uptight and buttoned-down as Ronald Reagan's, but there's ample evidence.

Among those close to the First Family who are asexual—at the very least—are Jerry Zipkin, a New York socialite who often escorts Nancy Reagan and her country-club-set girlfriends around Washington and New York; Robert Gray, cochairman of Reagan's Inaugural and now a powerful public-relations man in the capital; Terry Dolan, head of the National Conservative Political Action Committee and brother of a White House speechwriter; and a White House aide who deals daily with the President.

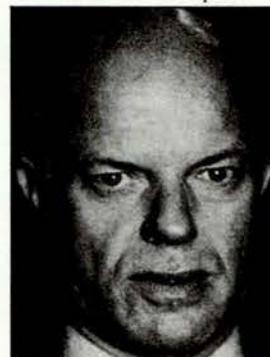
Why does Reagan, who is not known for his vocal support of gay rights, tolerate such freedom of sexual choice among his pals? A Reagan supporter who has worked with the President since his days in California offers an interesting explanation: Coming from the movie biz—as both the Reagans do—they are used to being surrounded by gays. In Hollywood, gays are everywhere—doing hair and wardrobes on movie sets, designing the homes of friends and escorting Hollywood wives to charity functions their husbands are too busy to attend. In short, the Reagans no-

tice gays as much as they are likely to notice a familiar living-room lamp.

* * *

Our favorite right-wing senator is ex-Vietnam POW Jeremiah Denton, the Alabama Republican. One of the highlights of joining Denton's Congressional staff is the opportunity to watch a videotape of a movie about the senator's years as a POW, based on his book *When Hell Was in Session*. In any future movie, however, you won't see one particular scene that happened while the Senate was in session. That was the day Denton paused before blinking yellow lights that warn pedestrians of traffic in the Dirksen Senate Office Building. Confused, Denton walked to the nearest Capitol Police guard desk and asked a man in uniform if the blinking lights meant that a vote was taking place on the Senate floor.

Which reminds us of our favorite nickname for a right-wing senator. It belongs to Senator John East (R-North Carolina), who is confined to a wheelchair. Because of his philosophical kinship to the other Republican senator from North Carolina, Jesse Helms, East is known on Capitol Hill as "Helms on Wheels."



North Carolina Senator John East is known as "Helms on Wheels."

* * *

Brief Takes:

At the State Department this joke was making the rounds just weeks after the Soviets shot down the Korean Air Lines 747 last fall: Question—Why did Russian Premier Andropov order KAL Flight 007 shot down? Answer—He wanted to impress Jodie Foster. . . . Carl Bernstein, half of the famous Watergate reporting team at the *Washington Post* and now an ABC-TV news honcho, checked into Washington's Sibley Hospital late last summer for a little R&R. What his colleagues in the media knew—but no one printed—was that his exhaustion was aided and abetted by a little too much use of a certain recreational drug.

(For future *Washington Daisy Chain* columns, *HUSTLER* will pay \$1,000 for every anonymous tip that appears in print. The confidentiality of tip sources will be stringently protected by *HUSTLER*.)



**DENNIS HOPPER DOESN'T
GIVE A SHIT WHETHER
OR NOT YOU BUY ONE OF
HIS MASTERPIECES.**

But HUSTLER Magazine does. We spent *beaucoup* bucks to provide Dennis Hopper with the best sets, the best photographic equipment and the best women money could buy for his photo-shooting (see pages 64-77 of this issue). Dennis posed the question "Is it great art?" Well, it sure *cost* as much as great art, Dennis. But we don't mind. Especially if you art lovers out there take advantage of this limited offer. While they last, HUSTLER is selling fine-art lithographs of Dennis Hopper's outstanding erotic photos for \$250 a print, \$1,500 per set. This is a limited series that will no doubt increase in value as does any great work of art. Consider it an investment, culture snobs. And for you regular guys who just don't have the cash to invest right now, we're offering those

same photos as full-color posters, suitable for framing. Are they \$200? No. Are they \$150? No. Are they a mere \$50? No. Incredible as it may seem, they're only \$4.95 each-less than the cost of a record or cassette and better for setting the mood in that one-bedroom apartment. Fill out the coupon below and act now before they're gone.



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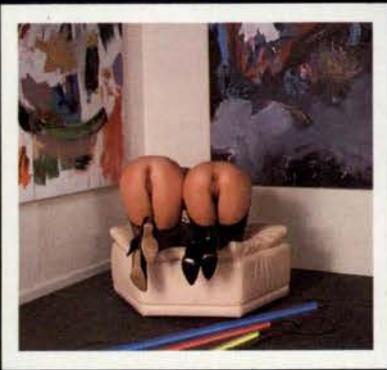
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I'm an average guy. Please send me poster(s) numbered _____ at \$4.95 each.

CENH

Deah me, I do believe I shall partake of this exclusive offer and invest in the fine-art lithographs numbered _____ at the small price of \$250 each. (Or \$1,500 per set.) Culture snobs can afford it, you know.

(Posters 1, 2, 4 and 7 are 26½" by 40½". Posters 3, 5, 6 and 8 are 26½" by 24".

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Name _____

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Got a problem? You need some advice, but don't know where to turn? No matter what the hassle—your girl and your best friend or your girlfriend and man's best friend—no problem! **Dear Granny** has an answer. It may not be the answer, but it will sure as hell be the kind of advice your mother never gave you—but probably should have! Send your questions, problems and tales of woe to: **Dear Granny**, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Dear Granny: I'm a woman who's always had a pretty good figure—great legs, flat stomach and a real tight ass. But I've never had much in the chest area. My boobs are pretty small—about 32B. I've always wished that my tits were larger and more prominent, but I don't want to have surgery. I've seen a lot of ads for breast-enlargement devices in women's magazines, and I was wondering if any of them work. And if they don't, is there anything short of surgery that does? —Flat

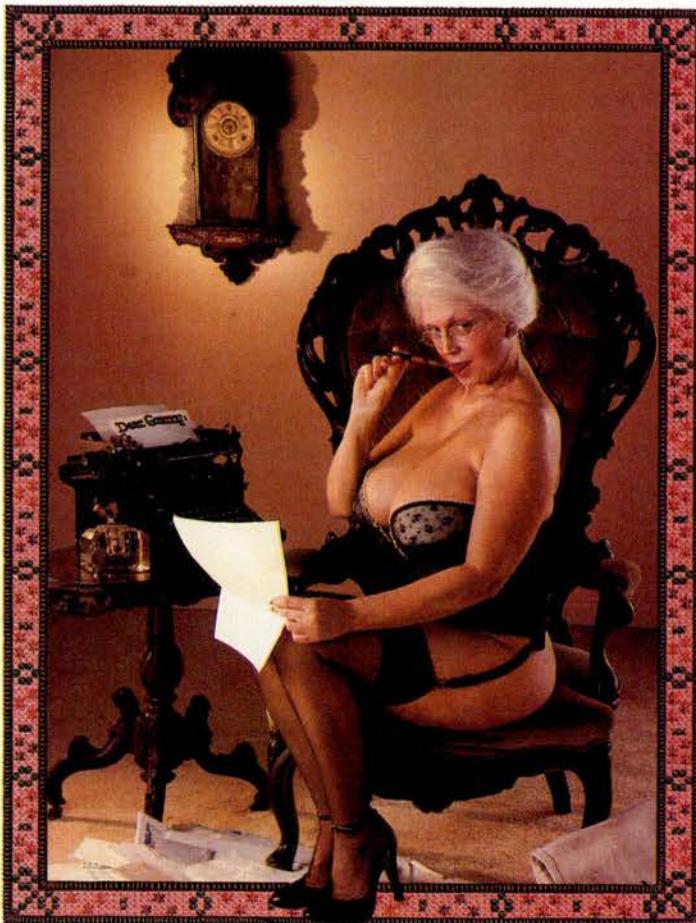
Marshalltown, Iowa

Dear Flat: You could always try dating nearsighted men with really small hands. I'm afraid none of those mail-order breast enlargers work. So if you're unwilling to have surgery, you'll have to stick with what you were born with. But if I were you, I'd count my blessings. After all, there's an old saying that the perfect breast size is just a mouthful—and I'm sure you fit that description.

Dear Granny: My boyfriend just loves to eat me out. In fact, sometimes I think he'd rather suck on my pussy than fuck me. Apparently, he's had a lot of experience with going down on women and says it would double his pleasure if I started using scented and flavored douches. Granny, I'm only 19, and I've never douched before. Are these flavored douches safe for me to use?

—Douchebag
Phoenix, Arizona

Dear Douchebag: Honey, if your boyfriend wants something fruit-flavored, hand him an apple. Those scented, flavored douches could upset the chemical balance of your healthy vagina and cause a lot of infections, especially if they're used often. If you've just had a marathon sex session or your period, and you're feeling particularly dirty down there, try douching with a couple of tablespoons of vinegar mixed into a quart of water. Those flavored and scented douches contain a lot of harsh chemicals that can irritate your sensitive twat. If you



Dear Granny

have to add flavor to your sex life, why not try rubbing a little honey or jam on the inside of your pussy? That ought to satisfy your lover's sweet tooth.

Dear Granny: My ex-girlfriend and I are having a dispute concerning a vibrator. About a year ago I purchased one of those little joy machines for our personal pleasure, with the understanding that it was to remain at my house and was hers only as long as she was screwing me. Eventually, the vibrator was used at both houses, but it was at her place when we broke up. Now she refuses to give it back, saying that it was a gift and also that she doesn't want me shoving the thing in any other bitch's cunt. On the other hand, I can't stand the thought of some guy ramming that thing into her pussy for endless delight. Any suggestions? —Toyless and Joyless
Smithton, Pennsylvania

Dear Toyless: It's a good thing you and your girlfriend broke up, because you both

sound a little unplugged to me. Honey, if the vibrator is the only thing left between you and your ex-girlfriend, forget about her and it. That little joy machine is obviously causing you so much trouble, it's not worth the price of batteries.

Dear Granny: My wife and I have been married for eight years. We're both 26 years old, are deeply in love and have a terrific sex life. The only problem we've got is that prior to our marriage my wife and I were both "saving ourselves" for our wedding night because we both wanted to be virgins when we married. Unfortunately, about a month before the wedding my wife got very drunk at a party, passed out and woke up to find some guy on top of her, fucking her. So we never did get our "big night."

We would both like her to become a virgin again. Is there any way my wife can regain her virginity?

—Ex-Virgin
Turbotville, Pennsylvania

Dear Ex-Virgin: Why don't you place an ad and see if the guy who took your wife's virginity will bring it back? As far as I'm concerned, sweetie, virginity is just a state of mind. Why don't the two of you try some fantasy role-playing and have your wife take the part of a sweet, scared young thing while you pretend you're initiating her to sexual pleasure? You could even take her old wedding gown out of mothballs to heighten the effect. But if all you want is the physical aspect of virginity—her hymen—I believe there's an operation crafty prostitutes used to have that tightens the vagina and re-creates the hymen. Your wife may want to ask her gynecologist about it. But after eight years of marriage your "big night" will probably still require a lot of make-believe.

Dear Granny: I accidentally swallowed two of my girlfriend's birth-control pills a couple of days ago. Now I've become paranoid about it. Granny, do birth-control pills have weird side effects on men?

—Pill-Freaked
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Dear Pill: I don't know how you're going to take this, but you'll never get pregnant! Other than that, though, I wouldn't worry. If you only ingested two pills on one occasion, the dosage of female hormones you took is too small to cause any damage. But I wouldn't make birth-control-pill popping a habit, or you might find yourself getting uncontrolla-

ble urges to shop in the lingerie section of your favorite department store.

Dear Granny: My wife and I have been trying to get her pregnant for over a year now. We've been careful to make love on the days when she's supposed to be most fertile—and on plenty of other days besides. But still no luck. This problem has become very frustrating; so I've turned to friends for advice. One buddy of mine told me that the chances of pregnancy are increased when both partners have simultaneous orgasms. Since he told me this, I've been holding back my ejaculations, waiting for my wife to start coming, and then shooting my load. But still no luck. So I wondered if there might be something I'm doing wrong.

—Come Again
Toledo, Ohio

Dear Come: Your friend probably thinks if you come twice in one night, your wife might have twins. Honey, the only thing you're doing wrong is listening to him, because he obviously doesn't know what he's talking about. If you've been trying to have a baby for a year with no results, it's time to see a fertility specialist—your problem may be physical. Good luck.

Dear Granny: While I was fucking my girlfriend recently, she stuck her finger up my ass. It hurt a little, but I also came im-

mediately. It was one of the most exciting sexual experiences I've ever had. She hasn't tried that trick on me since then though, and I'm afraid to ask her because I'm worried she might think I'm a faggot. Does enjoying anal stimulation mean I'm on the road to becoming gay?

—Butt Plug
Lincoln, Nebraska

Dear Butt Plug: Not unless the kind of anal stimulation you crave is to get butt-fucked by another guy. Sweetie, enjoying anal stimulation is a perfectly normal activity for both men and women. When your girlfriend stuck her finger up your butt, she stimulated your prostate gland—a very sensitive erogenous zone in men. So go ahead and enjoy yourself, and tell her to stick it where the sun don't shine.

Dear Granny: I'm always looking for new places to fuck, and so far I've tried every possible location in my house except my bathtub. Taking a long, sensual bath with a beautiful woman and then fucking her right there in the tub sounds like a great idea to me. But I've got just one hang-up about this, and I'm hoping you'll be able to set me straight. Can making love in the bathtub be dangerous to my health? Are there germs and algae present in standing bathwater that could seriously damage my sex organs or hers?

—Beauty
Erie, Pennsylvania

Dear Bathing Beauty: Not unless you fill your tub with swamp water. If you keep your bathtub reasonably clean, there's nothing to worry about. So rub-a-dub-dub!

Dear Granny: I've had this problem my entire life and have just now gotten up the courage to write to you about it. When my cock is hard, it doesn't stand up straight. Instead, it kind of bends to one side. Also, one of my balls is bigger than the other. Granny, does this mean I have some terrible sexual problem?

—Bent
Santa Rosa, California

Dear Bent: It all depends on which way it bends. . . . Seriously, honey, the next time you're in a locker room, take a good look around you. You'll notice just about every guy has one ball that's bigger than the other. And believe it or not, most men's cocks don't stand absolutely straight when they're erect. So you're not bent—just normal.

Dear Granny: I'm a fairly heavy smoker (about a pack a day) who loves sex. Recently I've discovered the two don't mix—at least where my new girlfriend is concerned. I like having a cigarette right after sex, usually while I'm still in bed; I find it relaxes me. But my girlfriend, a non-smoker, gets very upset when I do this. She says if I really cared about her, I'd have my lips wrapped around something else besides a cigarette after we make love. Granny, is it normal to smoke after sex? Do you?

—Bummed for Butts
Lawrenceville, Georgia

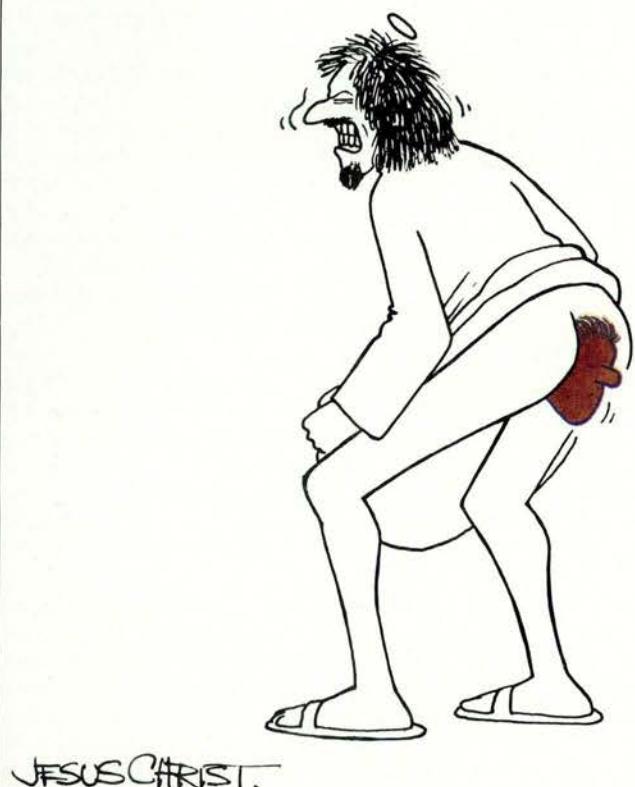
Dear Bummed: Sweetie, the only smoking in my bed takes place when my vibrator blows a fuse. But I have had lovers who smoked, and I can sympathize with your girlfriend. She probably hates the smell of cigarette smoke and is concerned about possible health risks to her from inhaling your fumes. If you really care about this woman, show her some respect. It could improve your relationship, your sex life and even your health! After all, you know what they say: "Kissing a smoker is like licking an ashtray."

Dear Granny: Times are tough, economically speaking, and the price of contraception is high. Can condoms be washed and reused? It seems a waste to throw those little buggers out after only one use.

—Rubber Scrubber
Boise, Idaho

Dear Rubber: Yes, and as a matter of fact, they even have a special name for people who reuse their rubbers: parents. Honey, those "little buggers" were designed for comfort and efficiency, not economy; so they're made thin and fit tight. Consequently, one session is all they can take. Try buying them in quantity—they're cheaper by the dozen.

BORN-AGAIN CHRISTIAN



Bits & Pieces

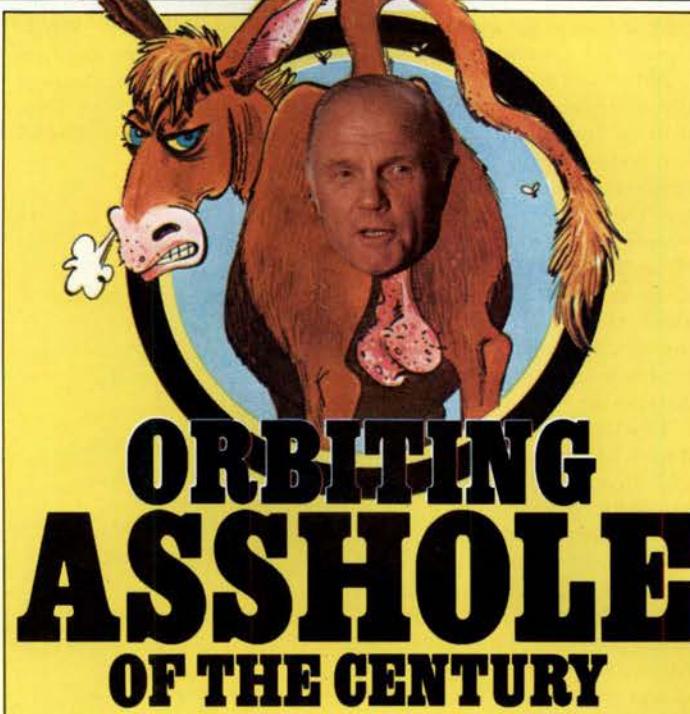
The light's on, but nobody's home—that's the best way to describe the mind of this century's biggest Asshole. And I'm speaking from experience because I know this pathetic sphincter muscle personally. Back in 1972, when I was just a twinkle in a smut peddler's eye (and a naive one, at that), I contributed to Glenn's first Senatorial campaign.

Sure, I knew he was a dumb motherfucker from White Bread, Ohio. But it was too early to tell if he was a dumb fascist motherfucker. Check out the photo of me, Glenn and my brother Jimmy. I was impressed that this "man of the people" was willing to take a moment and be photographed with a down-home boy who'd made good with some go-go bars. Who would have thought that someone in this picture would eventually curse the day that he—a figure of importance, dignity and national prominence—was photographed next to a low, despicable, morally corrupt national disgrace? And who would have thought that that someone was me? I don't like to be associated with dirt like John Glenn.

After recently being contacted for my financial support by one of his money pimps—Marty Gold, an insurance agent and one of the men who control Glenn's puppet strings—and after I wrote a letter to Glenn outlining numerous campaign strategies (many of which he is now employing), this reeking-screching rectum, this bastard of a browneye, this poor excuse for a Congressional rimjob had the unthinkable gall to refuse a free subscription to HUSTLER.

I didn't ask him to endorse the magazine, although that would have made him a shoo-in in November. I didn't even ask him to read the magazine, although it's the only way to keep up with what's really happening in America these days (which I pointed out in my letter that accompanied the gift-subscription offer).

All I wanted to do was to offer those sons of bitches in D.C. some older men and women to vent their sexual urges on so they'd



John Glenn

leave the cute little pages alone.

But showing absolutely no respect for his pro-pornography constituents—and believe me, Ohio is virtually awash with them—this cocksucker sent me a letter saying that he declined my

offer and requested that I remove his name from my complimentary-subscription list, and he signed it personally (see letter from Glenn on the following page)! He never even took the time to answer my letters of help



Larry Flynt, John Glenn and Jimmy Flynt—the one in the middle with the out-to-launch look is the Asshole.

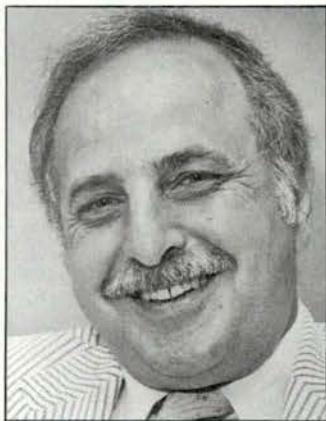
and encouragement either.

John Glenn is apparently a man who treats his friends like dogshit—unless those friends are the fat cats of the Big Business community sponsoring his campaign for President. Men like high-powered Washington lobbyist Tommy Boggs, who the *Wall Street Journal* called "cunning, calculating and seemingly devoid of any real moral compass." Boggs represents some of the most powerful corporate interests in the world, from the *Business Round Table* to *Amigos del País*, a potent right-wing business collective in Guatemala. And Glenn licks the gushing asses of the oil industry as well.

John Camp, who serves on the senator's finance committee, is a lobbyist representing rigs and rigs of oil money. Petro fundraisers for Glenn also include oil tycoon Clint Murchison (another of the puppeteers who control Glenn and owner of the Dallas Cowboys); James C. Calaway, president of Southwestern Minerals Inc.; Bill Wright, a Houston lawyer who works for Jack Warren, one of the most powerful of Texas's independent oil men; John Stephens, an Arkansas oil magnate once described as "the richest man in America"; and Tennessee's Lio-

nel Wilde, chairman of Public Oil Company.

Does the fact that Glenn sucks his campaign funds from the asshole of the oil interests have any effect on how he votes in Congress? Can Mr. Honest Astronaut be bought? In 1981 Glenn



Moneyman Marty Gold—from insurance policies to national policies?

voted to preserve a \$12-billion tax break for the oil industry and to exempt oil interests from the "windfall profits tax" on their first 1,000 barrels of oil per day. Furthermore, on issues concerning Big Business in general, Glenn has voted to give Congress veto power over agencies that regulate business practices; protect the full tax deduction for business lunches; give companies that pay no taxes the right to "sell" unneeded tax credits to other companies; and weaken auto-emission standards under the ironically named Clean Air Act.

Not satisfied to pollute the American economy and undermine the average American working man by increasing his tax burden, this unbelievable Asshole is helping to pollute our air too! Glenn is not the moderate he claims to be. He's a right-wing, corporate-backed blood-sucker like the current madman in office, Ronald Reagan. Glenn's voting record shows that he voted with the Reagan Administration more often than all but 16 of his fellow Democratic senators, most of whom come from the repressive Dixiecratic South!

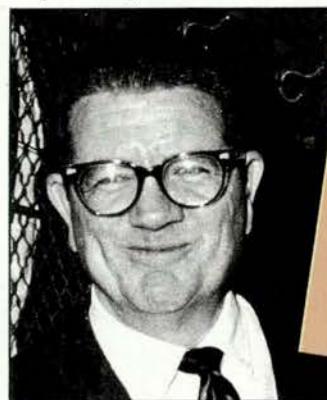
And if you scratch a so-called moderate, you'll find a fascist underneath every time. Glenn is a rabid advocate of Reagan's crazed military buildup that threatens to blow us all to hell. Worse, this creep has supported the manufacture and, ultimate-

ly, the use of the most hideous weapons in the United States' arsenal of annihilation—nerve gas and the neutron bomb! Does he care if someday your children die in horrible spastic contortions as long as the gawdamn oil rigs are left standing?

But it's not enough to say that this addle-brained astronaut is a political quack who dumps on his friends, and a military-minded maniac who can't wait to test the newest nuclear hardware (his nickname in Korea was "The MiG-Mad Marine"). It has to be said that this Asshole is *dumb*. He's a total void between the ears. I'm sure a CAT scan of his brain would show nothing but thin air.

This inept turd-dispenser is so stupid, he thinks manual labor is a Mexican. And it's all because he's so fucking naive! Once, during an address to Congress, he said, "I still get a lump in my throat when I see the American flag passing by." That's because he swallows every bit of the shit-encrusted garbage that flag-wavers try to pawn off as "real" patriotism—like hating porn.

And that brings us back to why I made John Glenn Asshole



Clint Murchison—will he play a role in "Oil the President's Men"?

of the Century. How can he claim that he will represent *your* interests in the White House if he finds *your* favorite magazine offensive? Is it any wonder that I've announced my candidacy for the Presidency out of awareness for the current roster of bullshit artists and imbeciles? And Glenn's no saint. Everyone has a few skeletons in their financial closet, and HUSTLER is going to keep a close watch on John Glenn's money matters, particularly in regard to his involvement with Marty Gold and the Integrated Insurance System. We'll keep you on top of it.

The new film about the astronauts, *The Right Stuff*, will no doubt have the public clamoring for its rediscovered Space Age hero, John Glenn. But we've had enough Presidents boosted into power by Hollywood. While Glenn may have been the first man to orbit the earth, plenty of monkeys and dogs did too. That doesn't make them qualified to

run for President either. Glenn has the "right stuff" all right—the right stuff to be HUSTLER's Asshole of the Century. And he didn't even have to lie to get the office.

Larry Flynt

LARRY C. FLYNT

July 28, 1983

Senator John Glenn
Room SH 503
Washington, D.C. 20510

Dear Senator Glenn:

If Ronald Reagan is to be defeated next year, you are the only hope the Democrats have, therefore, I would like to offer you some ideas for campaign strategy.

You should start running against Reagan now; just as though you already had the nomination. This would distance you in the polls from your opponents making it much easier for you to raise money plus you would be getting a much earlier start against Reagan.

I am aware that you are reluctant to take advantage of your hero status, but this is a mistake. You should spend approximately \$500,000 immediately for television spots in the major market areas such as New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Houston, etc. I would recommend the following television commercial: get a few seconds of footage from one of the stupid movies that Reagan has made in the past such as the one with him and Bonzo the ape. Combine that with the film of you being shot into space and receiving a hero's welcome when you returned home. The voice-over should say, "One is a Hollywood hero, the other is a real hero. Who do you want to lead us into the future?" It would have mass appeal and the media would love it. As a matter of fact, they would rebroadcast it in all markets as a news item because of how controversial it would be.

Most politicians are too conservative for such a move, but I assure you the reaction would be positive. When seeking the presidency, it is doubtful that you will have more than one chance so you should take your best shot, and go for it.

I would also recommend a brief unscheduled trip to Central America. Your reason for being there is simple: the situation is going to be an issue in the election and you want to take a firsthand look. Because of who you are, the media coverage would be phenomenal. You need this kind of exposure. It would enhance your position in the polls against both Reagan and your democratic opponents.

-MORE-

PAGE TWO

I have many more ideas that would appeal to the media concerning a wide variety of issues. I would be happy to discuss them firsthand with you or your campaign manager. Marketing is my business, and whether the product be pornography, rock and beans, or politics, the technique is the same; only the concept differs.

I am offering you my support and advice free of charge on a private and confidential basis. I seek no political favors. I am simply recognizing the need to get a very dangerous administration out of the White House.

If you feel I can be any assistance to you, please feel free to contact me.

I remain sincerely yours,

Larry

LCF:mtw
cc: Marty Gold

United States Senate
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20510

September 19, 1983

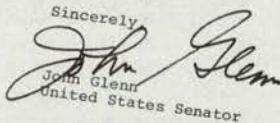
ON
FOREIGN
GOVERNMENT
SPECIAL COMMITTEE

Larry C. Flynt
Editor and Publisher
Hustler
2029 Century Park E.
Los Angeles, California 90067

Dear Mr. Flynt:

Thank you for your letter dated September 14, 1983 informing me that I have been added to your magazine's complimentary subscription list. While I appreciate your thoughtfulness, I wish to decline your offer and request that you remove my name from your complimentary subscription list.

Best regards,

Sincerely,

John Glenn
United States Senator

JHG:KBd

LARRY C. FLYNT

July 28, 1983

Mr. Marty Gold
Integrated Insurance System
Suite 200
8 East Long Street
Columbus, Ohio 43215

Dear Marty:

It was good to speak with you after all these years. I have copied you in my letter to Senator John Glenn so that you can follow-up and see that it gets to him. Should there be any interest in any of my ideas, please let me know.

I have decided against contacting people about raising money. I don't think it would be wise or worth the risk for anyone to find out that I am trying to help the Senator.

Whatever the decision is on my offer, I wish the campaign the best of luck.

Sincerely,



LCF:mtw

Farts in the Wind

Assholes like John Glenn are hard to miss. But let's not overlook the little shitballs and paper residue that cling to Assholes of his stature. Following is a list of turd-squeezers who—like Glenn—refused their free HUSTLER subscription. The smell emitted by these farts who pass themselves off as representatives of the people is as foul, rank and offensive as any big-time sphincter. It's just that Assholes like Glenn have the "right stuff" to be number one.

Vice President George Bush
Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor

U.S. SENATE
DELAWARE
Sen. William Roth (R)

FLORIDA

Sen. Lawton Chiles (D)

GEORGIA

Sen. Mack Mattingly (R)

IDAHO

Sen. James McClure (R)

ILLINOIS

Sen. Charles Percy (R)

IOWA

Sen. Roger Jepsen (R)

KENTUCKY

Sen. Wendell Ford (D)

LOUISIANA

Sen. Bennett Johnston (D)

MARYLAND

Sen. Charles Mathias (R)

MICHIGAN

Sen. Carl Levin (D)

Sen. Donald Riegle (D)

MISSOURI

Sen. John C. Danforth (R)

Sen. Thomas Eagleton (D)

MONTANA

Sen. John Melcher (D)

NEW ENGLAND

Sen. J. James Exon (D)

NEW MEXICO

Sen. Peter Domenici (R)

NORTH CAROLINA

Sen. John East (R)

Sen. Jesse Helms (R)

OHIO

Sen. Charles E. Grassley (R)

OKLAHOMA

Sen. Don Nickles (R)

PENNSYLVANIA

Sen. John Heinz (R)

SOUTH CAROLINA

Sen. Ernest Hollings (D)

Sen. Strom Thurmond (R)

TENNESSEE

Sen. Jim Sasser (R)

UTAH

Sen. Jake Garn (R)

VERMONT

Sen. Patrick Leahy (D)

Sen. Robert Stafford (R)

WASHINGTON

SEN. SLADE GORTON (R)

WEST VIRGINIA

SEN. ROBERT BYRD (D)

WISCONSIN

SEN. ROBERT KASTEN (R)

WYOMING

SEN. MALCOLM WALLOP (R)

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

ALASKA

REP. DON YOUNG (R)

CALIFORNIA

REP. GLENN ANDERSON (D)

REP. JIM BATES (D)

IDAHO

REP. DOUGLAS BOSCO (D)

ILLINOIS

REP. BARBARA BOXER (D)

REP. SALA BURTON (D)

INDIANA

REP. GENE CHAPPIE (R)

REP. WILLIAM DANNEMEYER (R)

REP. RONALD V. DELLMANS (D)

REP. DON EDWARDS (D)

REP. VITO Fazio (D)

REP. BOBBY FIEDLER (R)

REP. AUGUSTUS HAWKINS (D)

REP. ROBERT LAGOMARINO (R)

REP. MEL LEVINE (D)

REP. ROBERT MATSUI (D)

REP. GEORGE MILLER (D)

REP. CARLOS MOORHEAD (R)

REP. RON PACKARD (R)

REP. LEON PANETTA (D)

REP. JERRY PATTERSON (D)

REP. NORMAN SHUMWAY (R)

REP. LINDSAY THOMAS (R)

REP. WILLIAM THOMAS (R)

REP. ESTEBAN TORRES (D)

COLORADO

REP. HORN BROWN (R)

REP. TIMOTHY WIRTH (D)

DELAWARE

REP. THOMAS CARPER (D)

FLORIDA

REP. CHARLES E. BENNETT (D)

REP. MICHAEL BILIRAKIS (R)

REP. DON FUQUA (D)

REP. SAM GIBBONS (D)

REP. RICHARD LEHMAN (D)

REP. BUDDY MACKEY (D)

REP. BILL MCCOLLUM (R)

REP. DANIEL MICA (D)

REP. BILL NELSON (D)

REP. E. CLAY SHAW (R)

GEORGIA

REP. DOUG BARNARD (D)

REP. ED JENKINS (D)

REP. RICHARD RAY (D)

IDAHO

REP. LARRY E. CRAIG (R)

REP. GEORGE HANSEN (R)

ILLINOIS

REP. PHILIP CRANE (R)

REP. RICHARD DURBIN (D)

REP. EDWARD MADIGAN (R)

REP. LYNN MARTIN (R)

REP. ROBERT MICHEL (R)

INDIANA

REP. DAN COATS (R)

REP. JOHN HILER (R)

REP. ELWOOD HILLIS (R)

REP. FRANK McCLOSKEY (D)

REP. PHIL SHARP (D)

IOWA

REP. BERKLEY BEDELL (D)

REP. LANE EVANS (R)

REP. TOM HARKIN (D)

REP. JIM LEACH (R)

KANSAS

REP. LARRY WINN JR. (R)

KENTUCKY

REP. ROMANO MAZZOLI (D)

REP. CARL PERKINS (D)

LOUISIANA

REP. ROBERT LIVINGSTON (R)

REP. W. HENSON MOORE (R)

REP. BUDDY ROEMER (D)

REP. BILLY TAUZIN (D)

MAINE

REP. JOHN McKERNAN (R)

MARYLAND

REP. MICHAEL BARNES (D)

REP. MARJORIE HOLT (R)

REP. STENY HOYER (D)

REP. CLARENCE LONG (D)

MASSACHUSETTS

REP. SILVIO CONTE (R)

REP. BRIAN DONNELLY (D)

REP. BARNEY FRANK (D)

REP. EDWARD MARKEY (D)

REP. JAMES SHANNON (D)

MICHIGAN

REP. DON ALBOSTA (D)

REP. HAROLD SAWYER (R)

REP. MARK SILJANDER (R)

REP. BOB TRAXLER (D)

MINNESOTA

REP. JAMES OBERSTAR (D)

REP. TIMOTHY PENNY (D)

REP. ARLAN STANGELAND (R)

OKLAHOMA

REP. DAVID BOREN (D)

REP. JAMES JONES (D)

REP. DAVE McCURDY (D)

REP. MIKE SYNAR (D)

OREGON

REP. LES AUCOIN (D)

REP. DENNY SMITH (R)

REP. ROBERT SMITH (R)

PENNSYLVANIA

REP. GEORGE GEKAS (R)

REP. JOE KOLTER (D)

REP. PETER KOSTMAYER (D)

REP. JOSEPH McDRADE (R)

PUERTO RICO

REP. BALTAZAR CORRADA (D)

RHODE ISLAND

REP. FERNAND ST. GERMAIN (D)

SOUTH CAROLINA

REP. THOMAS HARTNETT (R)

REP. FLOYD SPENCE (R)

REP. ROBIN TALLON (D)

TENNESSEE

REP. BILL BONER (D)

REP. JIM COOPER (D)

REP. MARILYN LLOYD (D)

REP. JAMES QUILLIN (R)

REP. DON SUNDQUIST (R)

TEXAS

REP. BILL ARCHER (R)

REP. MARTIN FROST (D)

REP. E. DE LA GARZA (D)

REP. HENRY GONZALEZ (D)

REP. PHIL GRAMM (D)

REP. RALPH HALL (D)

REP. SAM HALL (D)

REP. CHARLES STEPHOLM (D)

REP. GUY VANDER JAGT (D)

REP. JIM WRIGHT (R)

UTAH

REP. HOWARD NIELSON (R)

VERMONT

REP. JAMES JEFFORDS (R)

VIRGINIA

REP. RICK BOUCHER (D)

REP. J. KENNETH ROBINSON (R)

REP. NORMAN SISISKY (D)

REP. FRANK WOLF (R)

REP. G. WILLIAM WHITEHURST (R)

WASHINGTON

REP. DON L. BONKER (D)

REP. ROD CHANDLER (R)

WEST VIRGINIA

REP. ALAN MOLLOHAN (D)

REP. HARLEY STAGGERS (D)

REP. BOB WISE (D)

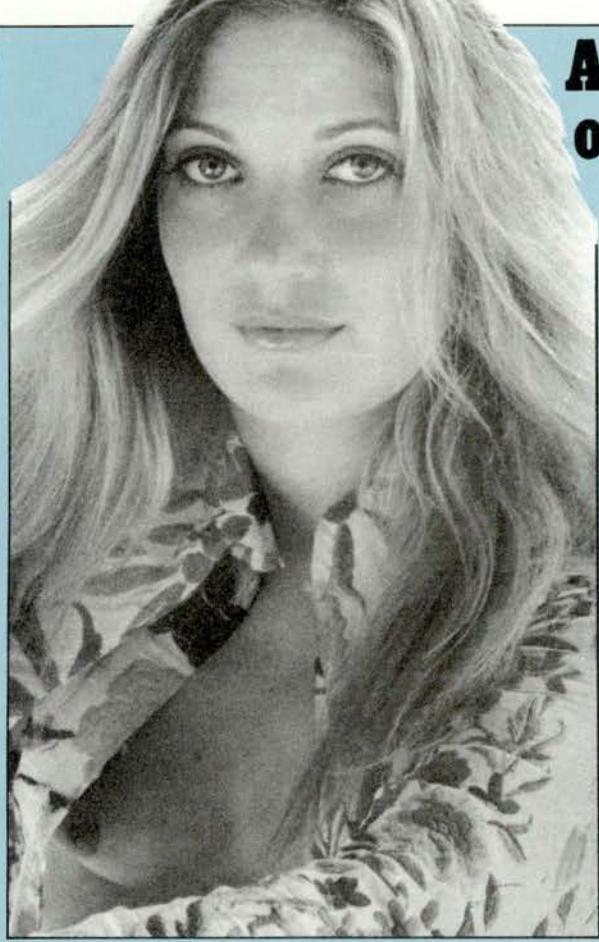
WISCONSIN

REP. STEVE GUNDERSON (R)

REP. TOBY ROTH (R)

REP. CLEMENT ZABLOCKI (D)

The tally is in. 1 Vice President, 1 Supreme Court justice, 118 Democrats and 89 Republicans rejected their complimentary subscriptions. But we've still got a majority in Congress reading HUSTLER.

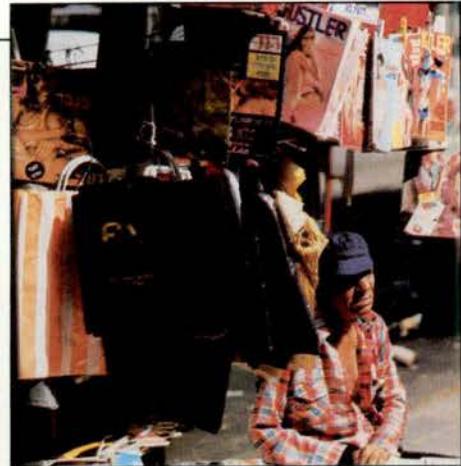


Another Side of Vicki

Would you beat this face with a baseball bat? It belongs to the late Vicki Morgan, sex slave of President Reagan's "kitchen cabinet" member Alfred Bloomingdale . . . and scandal-raiser extraordinaire. She's dead now, perhaps a victim of her own bizarre lifestyle, and America got only a few short glimpses of her. But West Germany got a bit more.

This revealing shot, showing one of the breasts that drove a department-store magnate mad, appeared in the West German newsmagazine *Quick* as part of an article on the entire Morgan/Bloomingdale/Sex Tapes affair. For some reason, American magazines missed this one.

Doesn't the news media think U.S. audiences are grown-up enough to see this sort of thing? The press didn't hesitate to describe—in great detail—Vicki's revelations about her torturous sex bouts with Bloomingdale. It's high time the news media stopped prickeasing the public—even if the facts are as bare as this.



Hanukkah and HUSTLER

In case you don't recognize the writing on some of those magazines, it's Hebrew. We know you recognize the writing on the *only* magazines displayed for English-reading patrons—it says HUSTLER. This shot, taken at a newsstand in Tel Aviv, Israel, proves that Jews have good taste. You don't see any of those white-bread, Gentile-pleasing, Christ-pandering magazines like *Playboy* and *Penthouse* on sale here, do you? That's because after a hard day of blowing up Palestinians, an Israeli guy doesn't want a namby-pamby men's magazine in his face. He wants gorgeous shiksas, outrageous humor, and plenty of cartoons that poke fun at Jesus. He wants HUSTLER.



Sex News Bits

FINAL

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

January 1984

■ WASHINGTON, D.C.—A male contraceptive in the form of a cream that is rubbed on the abdomen and chest may be ready for marketing within a year. Dr. Larry L. Ewing, a Johns Hopkins University researcher, has asked the Food and Drug Administration to approve tests of his compound on humans. The proposed medication combines testosterone (the male sex hormone) with estradiol and estrogen (female sex hormones). The mixture suppresses the production of sperm but maintains male sex drive and potency.

■ LONG BEACH, CA—Children can learn about the facts of life by playing a new board game called "Humanopoly." In the game a sperm and an egg are released from a penis and uterus and travel along a twisting Fallopian tube. The game ends when the sperm and the egg land on the same space, creating a baby. The game's creator, sex counselor Carol Wells of the Center for Sexual Communication, says that "Humanopoly" was designed as a teaching aid for parents.

■ LOS ANGELES, CA—A prostitute was fined \$500 for killing her customer, who she said raped her three times and stole her money. The

former legal secretary, Debra Ann Clinton, pleaded guilty to voluntary manslaughter and could have been imprisoned for as long as seven years. But Superior Court Judge Florence Pickard said the case's unusual circumstances made imprisonment unfair. Police described Clinton as a shy, extremely lonely person who picked up the trick to pay for cocaine. The man attacked her when he found out she worked alone. When he later fell asleep, Clinton smashed him in the head with a brick and stabbed him 22 times.

■ LONDON—If it seems you and your partner have trouble agreeing on the number of blankets to use in bed, you're probably right. According to a survey conducted by a British electric-blanket manufacturer, only three couples in 100 can agree on the amount of covering needed. Usually, it's women who want more blankets.

■ NEW BRUNSWICK, NJ—It's most often the woman who makes the first move to pick up a man in a singles bar, not the other way around. That's according to researcher Timothy Perper, who spent three years and a foundation grant studying 2,500 encounters in 50 singles

bars. It takes some time after first meeting but, if a couple is getting along, they'll engage in "movement synchronization." The pair will mirror each other's movements, leaning on the same hip or picking up drinks with the same hand. Prior research on the mating habits of rats is what Perper cites as the inspiration to do this singles-mating study.

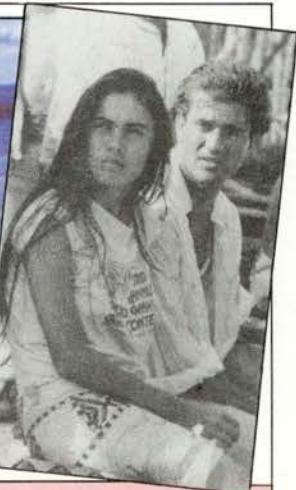
■ LONDON—Men and women are unconsciously attracted to each other by the size, shape and color of body parts like the eyes, earlobes, fingers, noses and ankles. That's the theory of two psychologists, Drs. Robin Russell and Pamela Wells, who say it explains why studies have shown that married couples look alike more than chance would allow. The doctors say that while people are unaware of it, their genes "look" for others with matching hereditary features. It's a selfish way for the genes to ensure their own survival.

■ EVERETT, WA—A jury awarded \$40,000 to a 31-year-old woman who sued her ex-husband for giving her herpes. The woman said she and her husband were separated and claimed that during a reconciliation attempt he gave her the disease. The reconciliation failed, she said.

Beauty on the Bounty

Remember you saw her here first. According to our informants on the tropical isle of Tahiti, *Road Warrior* Mel Gibson's lady co-star in his upcoming film *Saga of the Bounty* (which was filmed partly in Tahiti) did a fair bit of nude modeling for postcards in her earlier days. Here she is in all her splendor—Tevaite Vernette. The black-and-white publicity shot was taken during the filming of *Bounty* as Vernette and Gibson relaxed on the set. If the dark-haired Tahitian beauty can act as good as she looks, she's bound for stardom. Her image on this island-promoting postcard by Pacific Promotion would be enough to heat up the box offices.

Photo by Teva Sylvain.



Nixon's Illegitimate Son

Now the devastating truth can be told. After years of undercover investigation, thousands of dollars to loosen the tongues of the few who knew and months of hidden-camera surveillance, HUSTLER has finally obtained the only known photograph of Richard Nixon's long-lost illegitimate child!

This shot was taken behind the closed doors of the New Jersey State Hospital for the Hopelessly Deformed, and provides a shocked world with irrefutable proof of the former President's intimate extramarital liaisons.

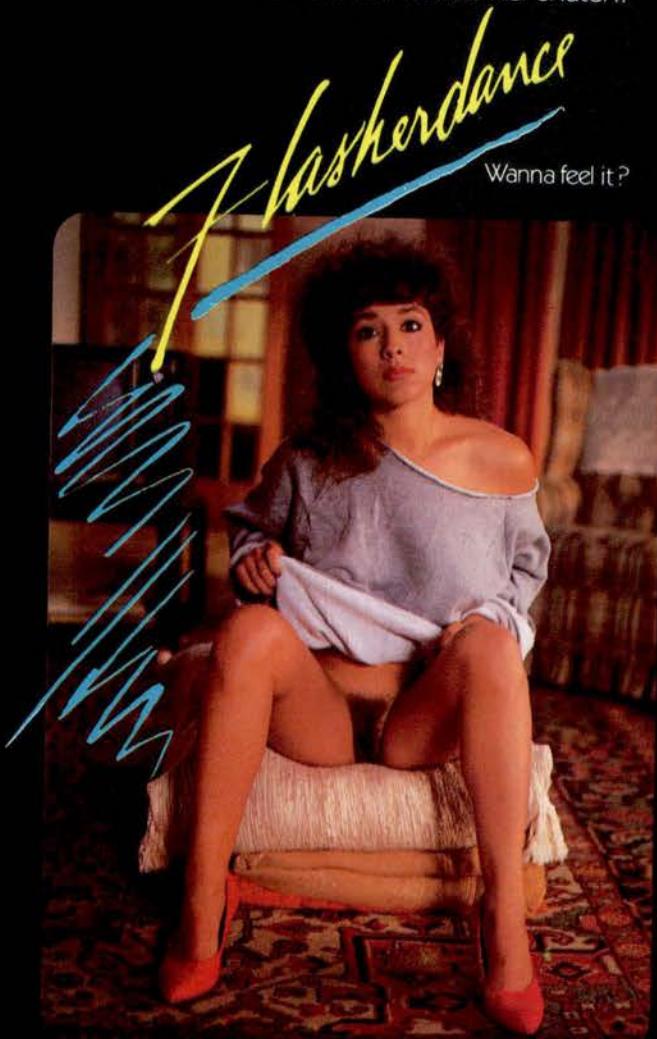
Apparently, the poor thing's mother was introduced to then-President Nixon by Sammy Davis Jr. No wonder Dick and Sammy were always hugging.

What a Teasing!

The poster for the film *Flashdance* was a cockteaser. The image of the spread-legged starlet Jennifer Beals just *begs* for a beaver-shot. But the film was all dance and no *flash*. When is Hollywood going to give the public what it

wants? Our version of the poster says it all. It's perfectly realistic to see a woman's muff in a film about a young couple in love. A lot more so than a plot about a girl who welds by day and dances in a million-dollar disco floor show by night—in Pittsburgh, no less.

Something happens when she hears the music...
It's her freedom. It's her fire. It's her snatch.



Take your passion and make it flashin'!

PLAYBORE

PARODY SPECIAL
UNATTAINMENT FOR MEN

FALL 1982
\$2.95 FIRST 1/2 HOUR
(\$3.95 FULL HOUR)
(MORE IF ALL NIGHT)

MS. CRISPIE

GIRLS OF
THE PLO
AN EXPLOSIVE
PICTORIAL

"I'M MORE POPULAR
THAN THE BEATLES"
JESUS CHRIST
SPEAKS OUT IN AN EXCLUSIVE
PLAYBORE INTERVIEW

HUGH M. HEPNER
DEBUNKS THE TRAGIC
MYTH OF HERPES

RABBIT IS DEAD
NEW FICTION
BY JOHN UPDATE

THE HISTORY OF
SEX IN ARCHITECTURE
MAN'S MOST
MAGNIFICENT
ERECTIONS

IS WRESTLING
FIXED?
A SHOCKING 13-YEAR
INVESTIGATION

BEDROOM CRISIS:
PREMAT
EJACUL
MASTUR

BARBI
BENTON
KISSES OFF
THE RABBIT
OH, NO! EVEN OUR
ALL-TIME FAVORITE
COVER GIRL WON'T
PLAY ANYMORE

"No pain, no gain."

PLAYBORE INTERVIEW: JESUS CHRIST

a candid conversation with Christianity's doyen and senior about religion,
marriage, sex, sports and the eternal freedom of getting along with dad

You've worked hard and measured. You've built a magni-
fying body. But now you know the most (as women)
why it won't last. For years, we proudly offer Cruciflex.
Like no other pain junction brace, Cruciflex
is compact, sturdy, lightweight and can fit any
room of your home. Portable and small models available.

AGONY BY
CRUCIFLEX®
PHILADELPHIA MADE

JOCKETTES
THE FASHION
STATEMENT
GROWS BOLDER.

JOCKWEAR
If he can get away with it,
maybe you can.

EATING NASTASSJA KINSKI

It's No Bore

It's important not to take yourself too seriously. And in the case of magazine parodies, it's important not to take *others* too seriously. And that's where *Playbore*, a one-time parody of the once-mighty *Playboy* magazine, succeeds on a grand scale. It's downright vicious. Aided by the likes of former Playmate and Hefner girlfriend Barbi Benton, *Playbore* takes apart every pompous section of *Playboy* piece by piece. From the straight ads to the centerfold (featuring Crispie Hepner, a takeoff on Hef's daughter Christie), nothing avoids the ravages of satire.

Particularly terrific is a *Playbore* interview with Jesus Christ wherein He discusses Bob Dylan ("verily, he is like unto a truly intense cat, man"), Hugh Hefner ("[Hefner] has a better stereo than God's"), religion ("better it is that a man hang out at the Mansion with Sammy Davis Jr. and Max Lerner than defile God's name by giving coin to the preachers") and his own demise ("maketh that sense that George Burns can hang around for such a time, while Christ must die?"). Grab a copy (\$2.95 at newsstands) or send \$4.50 to American Parody and Travesty Corporation (175 Fifth Ave., Suite 1319, New York, NY 10010). It's a look at what *Playboy* could've been.



Battle of the Boobs

Is this the midseason replacement for *Monday Night Football*? Gathered together by Australian pub-

lishing tycoon Rupert Murdoch in honor of the new British "football" season (we call the game *soccer*), these are the "Page 3 Girls."

Each day of the week a different girl poses topless on the third page of Murdoch's sensationalistic tabloid, the *London Sun*. Murdoch obviously learned his lessons well from the P. T. Barnum of publish-

ing, William Randolph Hearst, who said that a newspaper with a child, a dog or a pretty girl on the front page will be a sure seller. And Murdoch knows that no one buys a newspaper just to see dog tits.



Say Watt?

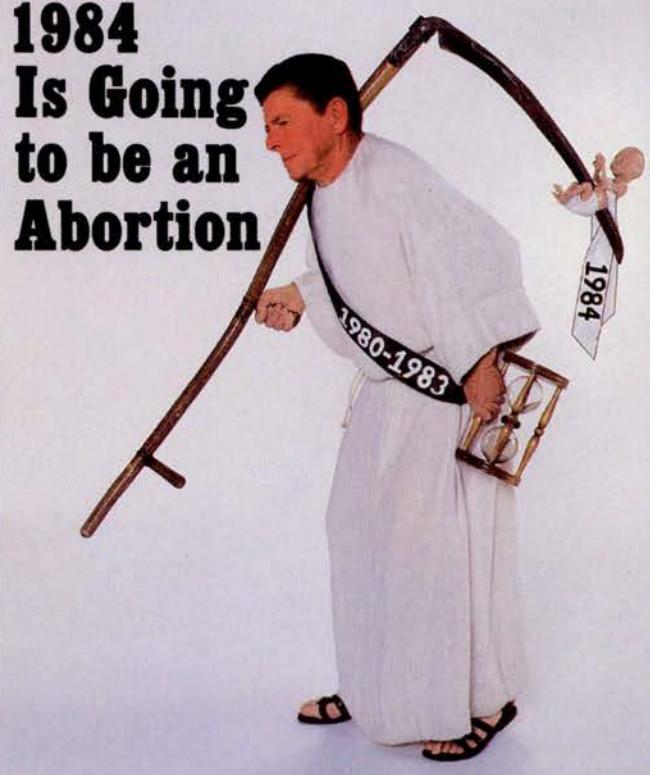
The writing's on the wall for Secretary of the Interior James Watt. This piece of environmentalist vandalism in Lakewood, Ohio, is just the tip of the anti-Watt iceberg in the U.S.

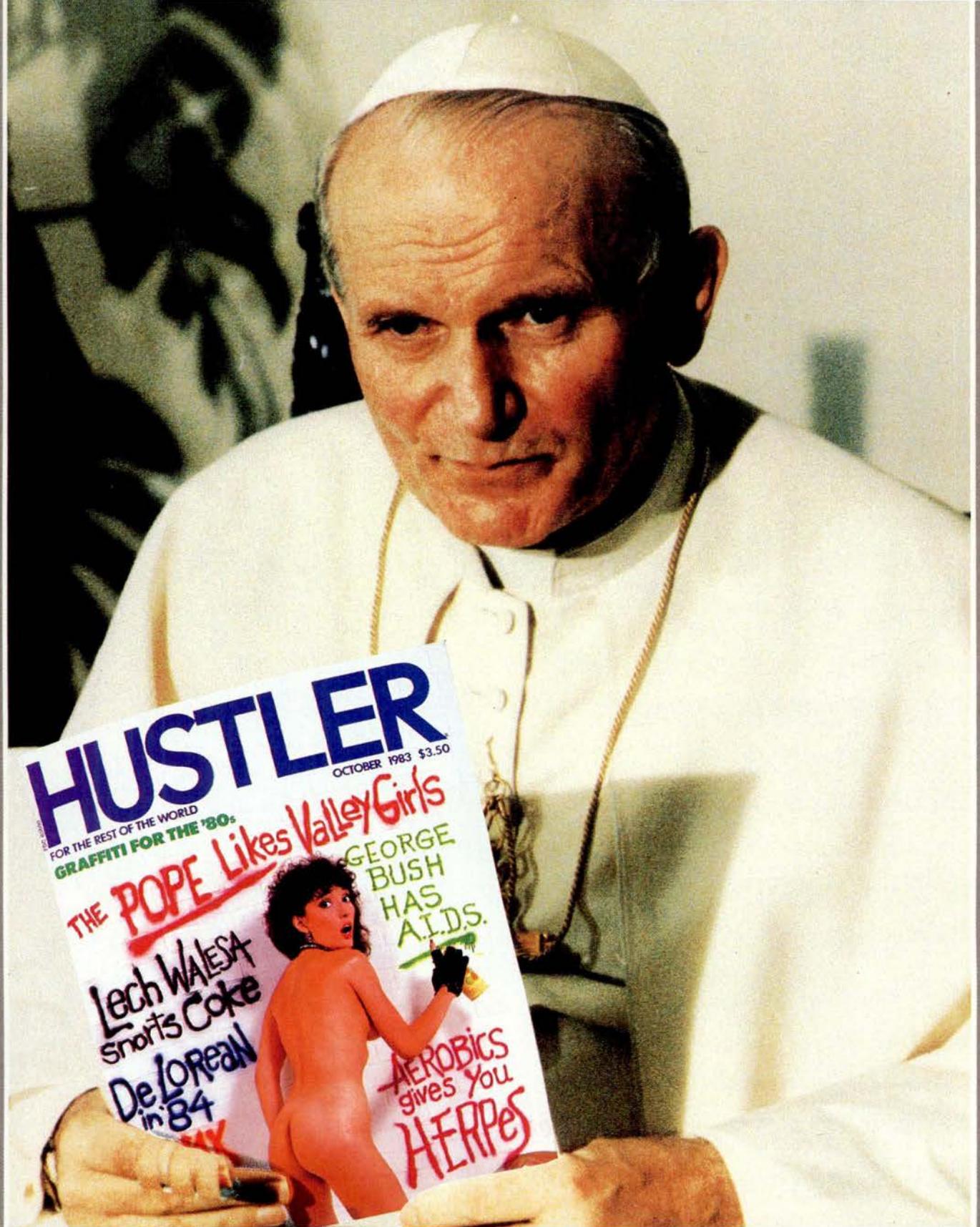
It's one thing for a high government official to make crude, often-racist statements. That's bad enough on its own. But the true

crime is his shady used-car-salesman approach to the selling of America's remaining fruited plains and purple mountains' majesty. No one wants to take their kids on a vacation to Strip-Mine National Park.

If Watt is still in office by the time this magazine appears on the newsstands, someone ought to give forest-guardian Smokey the Bear a new job—stamping out flaming assholes.

1984 Is Going to be an Abortion



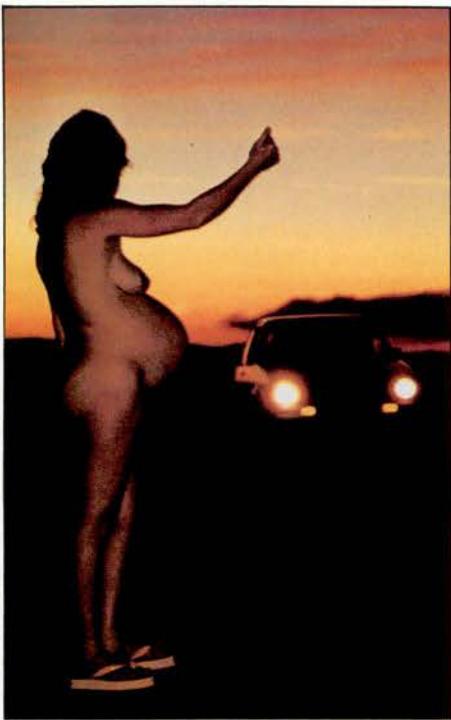


WHAT SORT OF MAN READS HUSTLER?

The kind of man with *mass* appeal. He's a leader among men who isn't afraid to cross those who don't agree with him. And when he's ready to turn the other cheek, he turns to HUSTLER. As a matter of fact, he finds HUSTLER such a blessing after a hard day, he's willing to kiss the ground it's sold on. And that's no papal bull. It's divine.

• 2029 CENTURY PARK EAST • SUITE 3800 • LOS ANGELES, CA 90067-3054 • (213) 556-9200





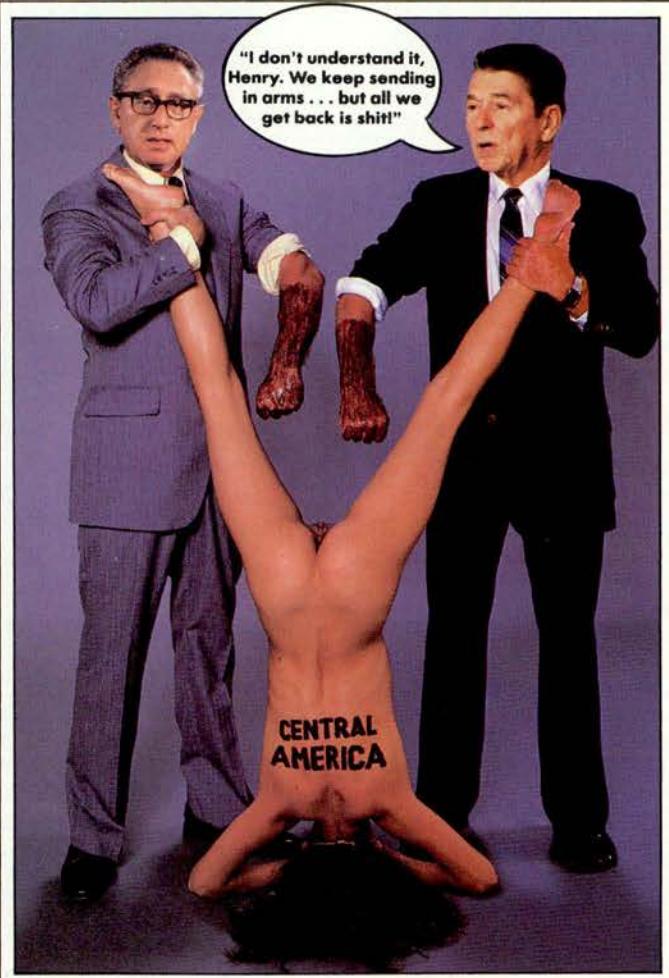
Mom Thumb

This absolutely pathetic photograph brought only one thought to our minds from the moment we first laid eyes on it. "Let's hope this poor girl gets a ride."

Obviously, the lady's callous husband told her to "put out or get out."

C'mon, you married guys out there! Chauvinism is out. Chivalry is in. At least do the one thing any civilized man would do . . . give her a chance to get dressed before she hits the road.

HUSTLER's Living Political Cartoon



PRODUCTION HUSTLER'S HOME-MOVIE CONTEST

SCENE

BILL AND CLARA SMITH

TAKE

69

HUSTLER's 1st Annual X-Rated Home-Movie Contest!

This is your big chance! Starting right now, HUSTLER is accepting Super 8 home movies or home videocassettes (VHS or Beta is acceptable) of you and your lady *getting it on*. That's right. We want to see *you* in the movies. And we're going to make it worth your time and effort.

Each month a panel of judges will review the entries, and we'll award a \$6,000 prize plus the chance for a premier showing in an upcoming HUSTLER Video Magazine! The movies will be judged on eroticism, cinematography (visual quality and clarity) and originality.

So start training your mother-in-law *now* on how to operate the camera while you and your loved one prepare for the performance

of your lives. Or maybe you'll just want to aim the lens in your direction and let nature take its course.

Whatever you do, don't miss out on this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to immortalize your lovemaking on film . . . and make \$6,000 in the process!

All entries must be accompanied by a *Beaver Hunt* model release (see page 142) or a facsimile for each of the people appearing in the movie. Send the releases with your cassette or film reel to *Home-Movie Contest*, HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Entrants may send in as many movies as they wish. HUSTLER employees and their families are not eligible.

SEX IN MEDIA

It Won't Play in Amarillo

WESTERN PLAZA
CINEMA I & II 358-1686
WESTERN AVENUE & EXPRESSWAY

Take A Journey!

Enter a new dimension.

Twilight Zone
THE MOVIE

1:30-3:30-5:30-7:30-9:30

GENERAL CINEMA THEATRES



This is censorship at its most absurd. The editorial decision maker at the *Amarillo Globe-News* decided that his newspaper's readership shouldn't see the real name of the new Roger Moore-as-James Bond flick, *Octopus*...oops, we almost said it.

If the *Amarillo Globe-News* censors petty little things like movie titles that are acceptable virtually everywhere else in this country, can you imagine what it does to the news? Did anyone in Amarillo ever hear what happened to Nixon? Or how things turned out in Nam? Wake up, Texans! If they can take away the *pussy* in a movie ad, you know whose *pussy* they'll be after next.

Watch the Kids

The *Mini Page* is a service of the Universal Press Syndicate that provides newspapers across the U.S. with a special section just for children. It's got recipes, jokes, connect-the-dots, interesting facts and poems. And in the *Youngstown (Ohio) Vindicator* the special section has subliminal messages.

Look at the first letter of each line in the poem we've reproduced below. Recognize the phrase? Somehow, the hidden "fuck you" message got right past the folks at the *Vindicator*. But it didn't get past one of our

sharp-eyed readers. And how about the kid's name who submitted the poem—*Dick Burns*? *HUSTLER* is concerned about this child's problem and hopes he'll receive the help he badly needs. His poetry really sucks.

Swank Ripoff

If the word *swank* ever carried the implication of classiness or elegance, *Swank* magazine will make sure it never does again. In a low-down ripoff *Swank* recently ran nude pictures of John Lennon and Yoko Ono submitted by a New Orleans oil-rigger who allegedly lured them into it. Color photocopies (originally rejected by



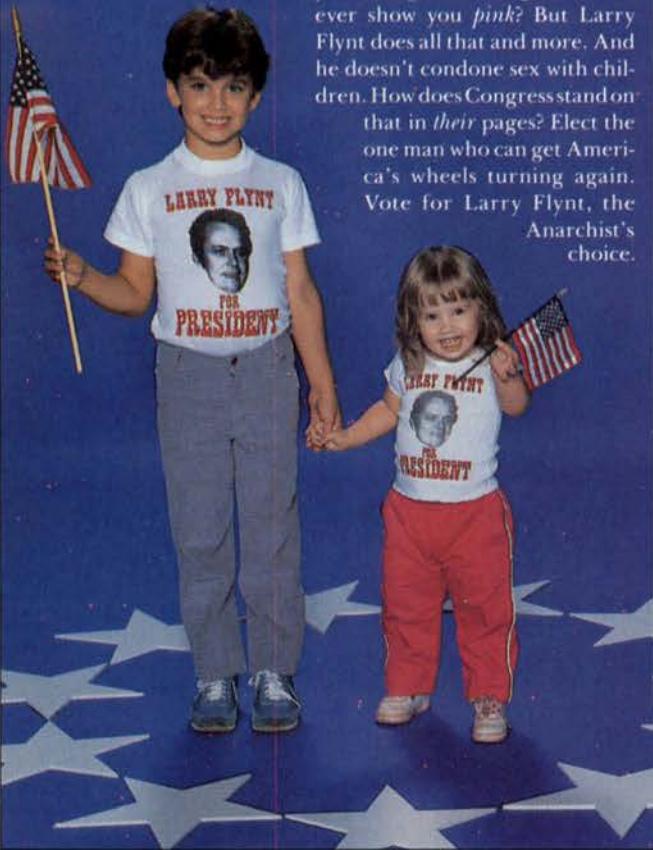
HUSTLER out of respect for Yoko were sent to *Swank* to see if it was interested in purchasing them. In the meantime the oil-rigger's girlfriend apparently stole the original photos, and in a fit of rage the guy tried to set fire to her apartment. As a result, the poor schmuck gave himself second- and third-degree

burns, got arrested and charged with arson and conspiracy to murder...and then *Swank* added humiliation to injury by running the pictures without paying for them. If you need money that bad, *Swank*, we know some nursing homes you can knock over.

It's Their Future

Are you going to put your children's lives in the hands of an aging, nuke-happy movie cowboy, an addle-brained astronaut...or a smut peddler who cares? When's the last time Ronald Reagan gave

you an orgasm? Does John Glenn ever show you *pink*? But Larry Flynt does all that and more. And he doesn't condone sex with children. How does Congress stand on that in *their* pages? Elect the one man who can get America's wheels turning again. Vote for Larry Flynt, the Anarchist's choice.



Porn from the Past

There's nothing new under the sun. Except for a few battery-operated items, every sex kink has been tried. This threesome probably dates back 70 years, and the same scene no doubt took place 7,000 years ago—but maybe with a saber-toothed tiger in the middle. Next time someone tells you that sexual experimentation and deviation are the results of modern permissiveness, show 'em this picture of "the good old days."

If you have any antique erotic photos, send them to *Bits & Pieces*. We'll pay \$150 for each one we print!



CHILDREN: Please do not write poems or opinions that are more than 50 words long, and be sure your teacher or a parent signs your entry so we know you thought it up yourself. You must be 12 or under. Please print your name, grade and school clearly on your poem. Send it to the *Mini Page Billboard*, care of *The Vindicator*.

SUMMER
Fans and air conditioners running on high.
Using the oven to cook apple pie.
Children playing baseball and games.
Kites flying high in the sky.
Yellow birds sing their summer notes.
Out in the field of grain and oats
Until winter finally arrives.

Dick Burns, Grade 6, Prospect Elementary, Girard

HUSTLER INTERVIEW: GLORIA STEINEM'S A candid, touching interview with the loneliest clit in town. CLIT*

HUSTLER: What's the biggest problem being Gloria Steinem's clitoris?

CLIT: Men hate me. Gloria has busted so many balls with her radical feminism that I couldn't get attention from a satyr who's just spent 20 years in solitary confinement.

HUSTLER: That bad, huh?

CLIT: Are you kidding? Maybe if she'd wash this tuna boat down here once in a while, we'd have a chance. But not Gloria. She goes au naturel.

HUSTLER: We wondered why that cat follows you around so closely. How about women? With all of Gloria's friends in the feminist movement, there must be *some* dykes.

CLIT: They're the only relief I get.

HUSTLER: Doesn't that satisfy you?

CLIT: It helps, but those bruisers like Andrea Dworkin are about as sensitive as steamrollers with tongues. Do you want to hear my definition of a radical feminist? A male chauvinist with tits and a twat. They don't want to spend time with me . . . they just put their hands on Gloria's head and push her down into *their* cunts. "Do *me* now, bitch!" What a drag.

HUSTLER: That's funny, we never thought of man-haters as man-imitators. What about masturbation?

Is Gloria good to you?

CLIT: She was, up until she read about the G spot in HUSTLER. Now she just tries to give herself a *vaginal* orgasm as proof of true womanhood. I can hear her mumbling as her finger searches around for the right place. . . . "It's not a myth. It's not a myth." It's downright *pathetic*, if you ask me.

HUSTLER: Sounds like Gloria is having trouble coming to grips with her own sexuality.

CLIT: Definitely. You remember how she got a job as a Playboy Bunny in order to do an undercover story on how Playboy Bunnies were mistreated and underpaid? Well, what she never revealed in her exposé was the night she and Hefner got it on up at the Mansion. Imagine this scene: Hugh Hefner is giving Gloria head, and she says, "The clit, you asshole. Lick the clit!"

So I'm waiting, and nothing happens. A moment passes, and she says it again, "Jesus H. Christ, Hefner! Lick my clit!" Still nothing. Then I figure it out—this idiot Hefner doesn't know what a *clit* is. Gloria finally pulls away and yells, "You fucking chauvinist pig! You lay claim to the world's most progressive sexual philosophy,

and you can't even find a *clit*!" Hugh starts crying and wets the bed. That was back in 1962, and that's really when Gloria started having problems. Ever since then she can't get off unless a guy cries and wets the bed. And she developed a thing for smut publishers. Her biggest fantasy is to be butt-fucked by Al Goldstein. I can't stand it anymore.

HUSTLER: Gee, we didn't realize how tough it is being a feminist's clit. You're at the mercy of her sexual politics.

CLIT: You put your finger on it . . . so to speak.

HUSTLER: What's in store for your future?

CLIT: Well, Gloria hasn't been too active lately. But she's planning a new undercover exposé. She's taking a position as a rimjob specialist at a massage parlor in Washington, D.C. She's going to expose what those assholes are really like. Besides, her bosses want her closer to home.

HUSTLER: Her bosses?

CLIT: Didn't you know? Gloria works for the CIA.

HUSTLER: Doesn't sound like much fun for you.

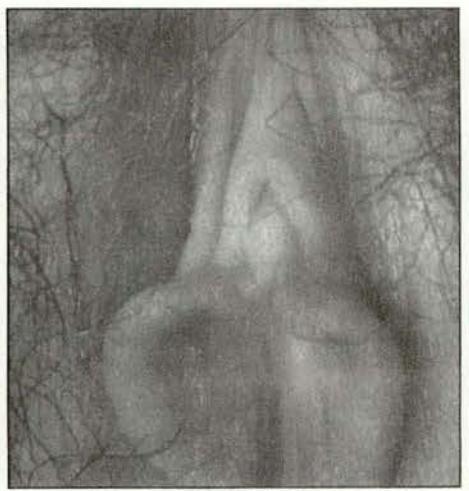
CLIT: Don't rub it in. It's a touchy subject.



"Men hate me. Maybe if she'd wash this tuna boat once in a while, we'd have a chance. But not Gloria."



"Do you want to hear my definition of a radical feminist? A male chauvinist with tits and a twat."



"Hugh Hefner is giving Gloria head, and she says, 'The clit . . . Lick the clit!' Then I figure it out—this idiot Hefner doesn't know what a *clit* is."



Jamie Lee Curtis Nude!

HUSTLER applauds the courage shown by actress Jamie Lee Curtis in baring her near-perfect breasts to the world in the film *Trading Places*. While other actresses of considerably lesser talent (and bra size) won't even give their adoring public a lousy nipple to peek at, Jamie has flung off the mantle of

phony modesty and made the world a better place to live. And it was handled so casually and so naturally within the context of the picture, the filmmakers could in no way be accused of attempting to sensationalize the film with the appearance of Jamie's tits. Good show, gang.

DRUG ABUSE TRAGEDIES

Documented by
Orthopedic Surgeon



Thinking Defects

If anyone knows the dangers of drug abuse, it's HUSTLER Editor Larry Flynt. After years of addiction to painkillers following his shooting in 1978, Larry is only too aware of the hellish consequences that the uncontrolled use of restricted substances can bring. But he's also aware of the consequences of misleading the public with lies and scare tactics. He's watched the forces of political and moral repression

Nine Years Ago In HUSTLER

When all the other men's magazines were still hiding their whips in the closet, HUSTLER was letting America in on another side of human sexuality—S&M. It drove the feminists wild to see a woman in chains. No doubt, even the liberal members of the '70s sexual revolution were taken aback by the sight of a woman bound help-

lessly for her master's pleasure. But as anyone can tell by the current plethora of bondage-and-discipline features disgracing the pages of every sex mag, we were simply ahead of our time. HUSTLER will never shrink from engaging in open, honest discussion about any aspect of sexuality—no matter how much it hurts.



do that for years.

And that's why HUSTLER can't

ignore the ridiculous accusations made in the booklet *Drug Abuse Tragedies*. Meant to scare kids away from marijuana, it purports to have photographic proof that *marijuana-smoking causes birth defects*. Using horrifying photos of deformed children, *Drug Abuse Tragedies* tries to link these unfortunate deformities to marijuana by claiming that a surgeon who took the photos noted "the ever-increasing use of marijuana by one

or both parents."

Doesn't this doctor know how widespread marijuana use is? If his claims were valid, there would be more birth defects than hospitals could handle. Also, there's not one bit of conclusive proof from any reputable research group that marijuana has any ill effects on fetus development. All this sort of harebrained hobgoblinism does is make kids aware of what ludicrous depths adults will go to to make a point. Drug abuse is a serious problem. Information abuse is just as serious.



36-24-36... and 7"

HUSTLER Update

HUGH HEFNER

January '78



"The irony is that the guy who started the sexual revolution has been outdistanced by it," we noted in our assessment of Hefner, HUSTLER's 1978 Asshole of the Year. "What Hef doesn't realize is the continued erosion of *Playboy's* readership and the continued growth of HUSTLER's readership are insured by his own [hypocrisy]."

Talk about being prophetic! *Playboy's* circulation recently sank to 3.5 million, almost 3 million less than its high-water mark and its lowest figure in nearly 20 years. That followed on the heels of Hefner's being stripped of his biggest moneymakers—a string of English gambling halls—a financial disaster that former *Playboy* executive Victor Lownes characterized as "The Day the Bunny Died." Last August a New Jersey appeals court rejected Hefner's application for a gambling-casino license—driving the next-to-the-last nail into *Playboy's* coffin.

JAMES WATT

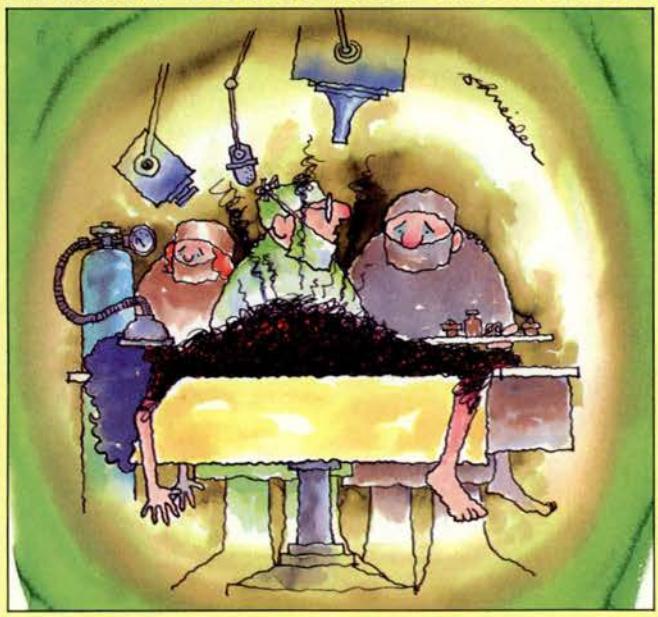
November '81



Two years ago

we were the first to brand the secretary of the interior with his richly deserved Asshole label. Since then this irresponsible bigot has smeared or insulted American Indians, non-Christians, Democrats, Easterners, Jews, liberals and the Beach Boys, among others. In his latest insensitive outburst he referred to members of an advisory board as "a black, a woman, two Jews and a cripple." It would be wise to remember the man who appointed Watt and has allowed his motor-mouth slurs to continue: our April 1979 Asshole, Ronald Reagan.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Laser abortion was a lousy idea anyway...."

Turkish Porn

If you saw the film *Midnight Express*, you know better than to carry illegal drugs into Turkey. But this postcard from Turkey's Basak Kart company seems to indicate that the Turkish authorities aren't quite as concerned about child pornography.

While it doesn't show any nudity, the implication of this young man's newfound interest is pretty clear. Apparently, things are looking up for the little whippersnapper. And being knee-high to a grasshopper wouldn't get anywhere near this sort of response.

Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-submitted Bits & Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For January, \$150 goes to E. Anderson, C. Peck. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and / or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and / or depicted or by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred.

THE FINAL STEP
HAS BEEN TAKEN!
SOME WILL BE SHOCKED...OTHERS AMAZED!

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Thanks for the free T-shirt! Please send one that's _____ regular _____ muscle (sleeveless), and _____

EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

Golden Girls

Fully Erect. Produced by Filminvest A.G.; written by Geoffrey Baker; directed by Alan Vydra; starring Rachel Ashley, Shauna Grant, Blackstar, Tina Ross, Rose-Linda Kimball, Terri Benoum, John Leslie, Jamie Gillis, Debbie Cole, Beverly Hills and Rick Ardo. Running time: 81 minutes.

Golden Girls, as I see it, is definitely not a porn classic of any epic proportion. It deserves HUSTLER's highest rating merely for bringing so many new faces to the blue screen. And these new girls are "cream puffs"—fresh off the farm and eager to please.

Is their sex technique perfection? No. But anyone who remembers that first blowjob or that first, hot squirmy romp with an inexperienced young girl trying her damnedest to be sexy knows that technique isn't always better than sincerity.



Shauna Grant is one of the many cream puffs in 'Golden Girls.'

And all the actors and actresses in this film genuinely seem to be enjoying what they're doing. Even old vet Jamie Gillis rises to the occasion and puts his best tongue forward for Tina Ross. He finally seems to have mastered "butterflying." (That's eating pussy for you guys who've never been eye to eye with a clit.)

The story surrounds a phony beauty-contest promoter (John Leslie) and his efforts to stage

a—you guessed it—phony beauty contest. In the opening scene we're introduced to a scholarly group of middle-aged men who supposedly are judges for the "Miss Fantasy" Beauty Contest.

From there the film becomes a series of vignettes in which the dazzling female contestants (portrayed by these hot new faces I mentioned) try to outfuck

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.



In 'Golden,' she-male Beverly Hills shows Terri Benoum she's cocksure.

each other and gather as many votes as possible from the horny judges. At the film's conclusion the girls discover that the whole contest was a *put-on* and that they *put out* for nothing. Tears and pouting faces fill the screen as the picture fades to black.

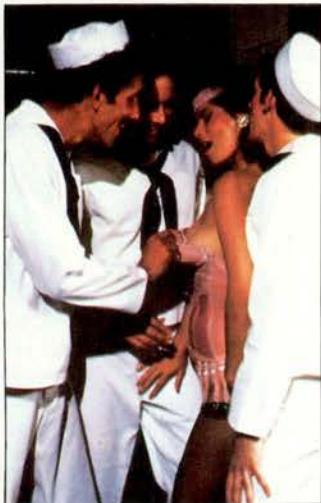
Not exactly *Gone With the Wind*, right? The dialogue is naive and at some points ridiculous. And technically, the film is a waste. Distractingly dim lighting and annoying ultra-slow motion can't help but hamper your enjoyment. The only positive aspect of the production is the musical score, including an infectious title track sung by a Go-Go's-type rock group. Aside from that, *Golden Girls* is a sloppy piece of porn workmanship.

But the sex is real. And that's what you go to a porn movie to see. By using newcomers, the filmmakers added a freshness to the sex action that's going to test the strength of your zipper. Plus, I was impressed to see that there was a beautiful black girl in this film. With the white-wash that's been going on in X-rated pictures—and straight ones—since the late '70s, Blackstar's ebony face was a welcome change. There should be more blacks, especially women, in porn films today. It's all "pink" on the inside.

Finally, I personally would have given *Golden Girls* a Full Erection simply for the sacrilegious overtones of a scene in which the girls are watching a priest being interviewed on television. In the middle of this suck-and-fuck flick we find ourselves watching a priest discussing morality and promoting "a

RATING GUIDE

FULLY ERECT
Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.
THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.
HALF ERECT
So-so. This may get you off, but its appeal is limited.
ONE-QUARTER ERECT
Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.
TOTALLY LIMP
A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.



Horny sailors descend on a brothel maiden in 'Night Hunger.'

healthy mind and a healthy body." He tells the interviewer, "A healthy mind keeps the body from wasting away." If that's the case, porn starlets have the healthiest minds around. These bodies are doing anything but wasting away.

-J. C.

Night Hunger

I Fully Erect. Produced, written and directed by Gerard Damiano; starring Sharon Mitchell, Sharon Kane, Eric Edwards, Cheri Champagne, Laurien Dominique, Veltett Summers, Jerry Butler, Honey Wilder, Joey Santi, Joey Silvera, George Payne and Michael Bruce. Running time: 85 minutes.

Screw those smug, ivory-tower critics of porn who call Gerard Damiano's films "artsy." This man makes the bluest of the blue movies, and *Night Hunger* is perhaps his bluest yet.

The epic tale begins at the

turn of the 20th century with the introduction of the noble Blair family. Lucien Blair (played by Eric Edwards) is the first of three generations of Blairs to be plagued by satyriasis—an uncontrollable desire for sex. Edwards locks himself away in his mansion filled with beautiful servants, and spends all of his time trying to satisfy his insatiable sexual cravings.

The story moves from there to the Prohibition period and the next generation of Blair, Lilith (Sharon Mitchell), a brothel madam who can't fuck enough men in one night to keep her happy. Finally, we see the third-generation Blair in the form of a sexy, hardass, bad-mouth rock vocalist named Mary Lou (brilliantly portrayed by Sharon Kane).

Cinematically, *Night Hunger* stands head-and-shoulders above anything produced in recent years. In the turn-of-the-century sequence, Damiano uses a type of film known as sepia tint, which gives everything on-screen a grainy, yellow, "antique" flavor. The scene ends with an incredible fivefold cumshot as each of the women Edwards has fucked writhes in orgasm while his cock spits and nods about.

In *Night Hunger*'s second episode, Damiano switches to black-and-white film, which gives the picture an almost-Ingmar-Bergman look. Sharon Mitchell's deflowering of a Navy-boy virgin in this sequence boasts one of the best blowjobs the seasoned veteran has given onscreen in many a year. But by far the sexual pinnacle of *Night Hunger* is the last episode—shot in vivid full-color.



Kimberly Carson tongues 'n' cheeks Ron Jeremy in 'Blue Fox.'

Showing relentless energy and lust, Sharon Kane fucks and sucks almost nonstop through the entire vignette, taking on Joey Silvera, Michael Bruce and George Payne. Kane's character—dirty, feverish and intense—is the epitome of a woman possessed by the devil of the flesh.

Night Hunger represents creative, erotic storytelling at its very best. It moves from the purest passion to the hottest hardcore...and it sacrifices nothing in the way of acting or production values. Don't miss this one....

-L. M. F.

Greystone make a deal to re-open the club.

While raking in the bucks, Jeremy fucks every bimbo dancer who happens into his office. At the same time, scumbag Greystone is feeding the hungry audiences bowls of his shit-inducing chili. The film ends when Jeremy and his bimbos es-



In 'Fox,' Ray Wells and Herschel Savage threeway with Teresa Jones.

cape the club and Greystone by stealing the cop's police car.

The plot of *Blue Fox* is stupid, pointless, confusing...and littered with one-liners like this one: Dominique says to Jeremy after he assures her he won't come in her mouth, "Don't worry about it; everyone comes in my mouth." But what's most frustrating about *Blue Fox* is its inability to make good use of the film's individual moments of wit and candor. For instance, in one hilarious scene, sleazy cop Greystone bends over Pamela Mann to reveal a hideously shit-stained pair of oversize boxer shorts.

Instead of showing Greystone



Beauties in extravagant costumes consume the scene in 'Night Hunger.'

barreling into the buxom Mann, however, the film cuts to an obnoxious group of "extras" who're banging down the club's bathroom door. Wouldn't you rather see how a talented and sexy porn actress deals with soiled boxers than watch a bunch of no-names rambling about aimlessly with their clothes on? Sure you would.

However, within all this mess you can pick out some hot sex scenes. The dramatically lit opening fuck between the platinum-haired Desere Lane and macho man Frank James is sizzling, sweaty, hard-core humping at its raunchiest. Then, in what must be a cinematic first, we're introduced to a strangely endowed young actor named Blake Palmer. Possessing a cock which is just about as wide as it is long and which looks more like a Chicago chub salami than a male sex organ, Palmer pounds his meat into Pamela Mann, whose tits look like a pair of beanbag chairs with nipples sewn on them. The scene is a barn-and-ball-burner.

Don't get us wrong. *Blue Fox* is not a bad flick, but better direction and about a \$50,000-fatter budget could have made it a really good one.

-L. M. F.

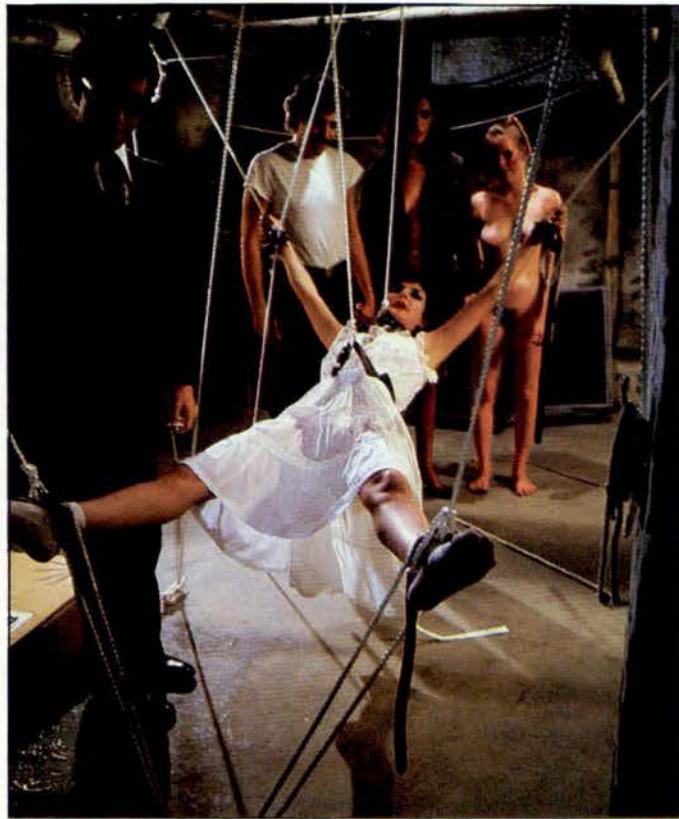
Smoker

 *Half Erect*. Produced, written and directed by Veronika Rocket; starring John Leslie, Sharon Mitchell, Joanna Storm, Ron Jeremy, David Christopher, Diana Sloan, Troye Lane and Eric Edwards. Running time: 80 minutes.

Here it is: the first *Cafe Flesh*.



'Smoker': A masked Troye Lane is bound for trouble in a dungeon.



In 'Smoker,' Sharon Mitchell is strung out at the hands of her foes.

clone, and what a disappointment. Granted, there is something to be said about an adult-film maker who tries to create something outlandishly different. But as far as Veronika Rocket's *Smoker* goes, it's a case of trying too hard.

Smoker's story follows the bizarre escapades of Madame Suque (pronounced SUCK), a left-wing, revolutionary, bondage-clad New Wave fanatic played by Sharon Mitchell. Suque owns a futuristic sex shop, where she's hidden a bomb in one of the metallic vibrators. Mistakenly, her moronic henchman (Ron Jeremy) sells the device to a blond bimbo (Troye Lane) who takes it home and uses it on her girlfriend (Diana Sloan).

Realizing her vibrator's gone, Suque goes berserk and turns the town upside down. Meanwhile, a government agent (John Leslie) is looking for Suque and the dildo too. (If you think this makes little or no sense, you're right!) Anyway, good eventually wins out when Leslie gets to the dildo first, and the evil Madam Suque is strung up by all fours and sexually debased.

Smoker's script is convoluted and frantic . . . and so is the sex.

There is no emotion in the fucking scenes. In fact, most of the lovemaking is cold and mean, with overtones of S&M—and that's a tease, because the film never gives you any real S&M—it just alludes to it. And there are elements of perversion and transvestism—as in the case of a guy (David Christopher) who steals women's undergarments and puts them on before masturbating in front of his one-way mirror.

Now, all this isn't necessarily bad—it's just that *Smoker* tries to throw in so much off-color kink and perversion, the thrill gets lost in the filmmaker's attempt to be too radical and too different.

There are some hot moments, though, in this futuristic porn farce. In one scene, Eric Edwards and Ron Jeremy fuck Troye Lane's cunt and asshole simultaneously while she's suspended by ropes. And in the funniest moment onscreen, John Leslie takes the gorgeous Joanna Storm on a titillating trip around the kitchen—fucking her on the stove, the table and bent over with her head in the refrigerator.

On the whole, however, *Smoker* never really catches fire; it just kind of smolders.

-L. M. F.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

- Debbie Does Dallas II**
- Doing It**
- Indecent Exposure**
- In Love**
- Irresistible**
- Naughty Girls Need Love Too**
- Scoundrels**
- Sexcapades**
- Society Affairs**
- That's Outrageous**
- The Devil in Miss Jones II**
- The Young Like It Hot**

Three-Quarters Erect

- Bubblegum**
- Expose Me Now**
- Hot Dreams**
- Intimate Lessons**
- Mascara**
- Midnight Heat**
- Touch of Blue**
- Up 'n' Coming**

Half Erect

- A Taste of Money**
- Baby Cakes**
- Between Lovers**
- California Valley Girls**
- Liquid Assets**
- Little Girls Lost**
- Nightlife**
- Oui, Girls**
- Puss 'n' Boots**
- Sorority Sweethearts**
- That's My Daughter**
- Trashy**
- Treasure Box**
- White Heat**

One-Quarter Erect

- Body Talk**
- Daddy's Little Girls**
- Fox Holes**
- Let's Talk Sex**
- Peep Holes**
- Sweet Young Foxes**
- The Starmaker**

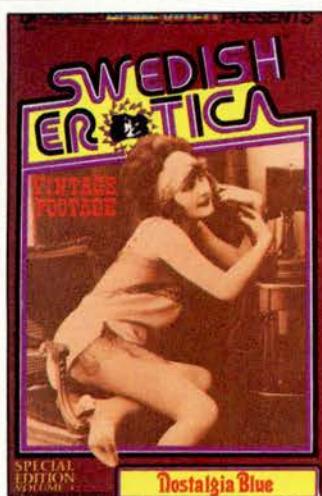
Totally Limp

- All About Annette**
- Little Orphan Dusty, Part II**
- Starlet Nights**

PORNPOURRI

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 9,000 video stores, or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, HUSTLER provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.



Nostalgia Blue

(Caballero Control Corporation)

A special feature in the fine *Swedish Erotica* series, *Nostalgia* is a fun and entertaining work. It contains footage from some hard-core stag films that were made in the 1920s and '30s. And after looking at this ancient stuff, it's really surprising how little the overall approach and technique to shooting pornography have changed. The performances are as silly and unpolished as today's, with the same ultra-close-ups of cocksucking and copulation. But it seems—at least according to these examples—that the oldies were a lot wittier and funnier than the current fare. A couple of the shorts

in this package—"The Pick-up" and "A Trip to Pleasure Island"—maintain an erotic/comic style that's refreshing to watch, especially if you've been inundated by the modern day's calculated and creatively lacking porn. For adult-film connoisseurs, this one's a must.

—Kent Smith

Centerfold Celebrities #3

(Visual Entertainment Productions) The latest *Centerfold Celebrities*—a video-magazine-formatted sex tape—is the best to date. It combines some slick lighting, editing and original music with a number of very explosive sexual encounters. The tape includes interviews with featured male and female porn stars (like Jamie Gillis and Shauna Grant). Bobby Hollander—who's quickly becoming the Merv Griffin of porn—comes up with some off-the-wall questions in a raunchy-but-charming manner. Also appearing in this production is recent HUSTLER centerfold Ashley St. John in her very first hard-core performance. The show's highlight, however, is a light bondage encounter between Allan Royce and Tara Flynn, neither of whom is going to win any beautiful-people awards. But Flynn, a witchy red-



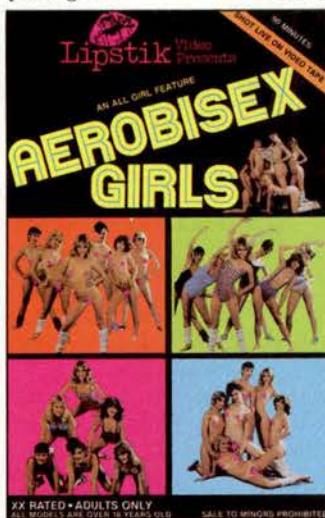
In 'Centerfold Celebrities,' Jamie Gillis gets a taste of Shauna Grant.



'Celebrities': Host Bobby Hollander inspects newcomer Ashley St. John.

head, drives handcuffed Royce to the brink of orgasmic frustration as she taunts and teases him with tits and ass. All in all, *Centerfold #3* is a pretty entertaining package.

—K. S.



Aerobisex Girls

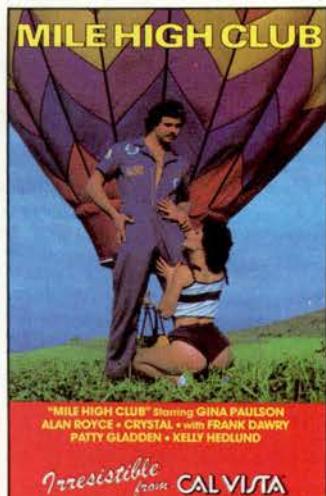
(Lipstik Video) The people at Lipstik obviously have a knack for making incomparable lesbian videos. *Aerobisex* is even hotter than its other title reviewed elsewhere in this column. The highlights in this offering are many, but most visible is the sexy, cute, almost-little-girl-looking cast. The star is an impeccably built blonde named Tina, whose sole purpose in the 90-minute feature is to roller-skate around town and recruit new girls for her lady friend's aerobics class. Naturally, Tina can't help but get down

with every prospective exerciser she encounters. The opening threeway between her and a pair of young brunettes is a long and luscious escapade of girl/girl fondling, fingering and frolicking that has these nymphets coming literally dozens of times. However, the tape's *piece de resistance* is the final scene—a six-girl, Wesson Oil rubdown that must be seen to be believed.

—K. S.

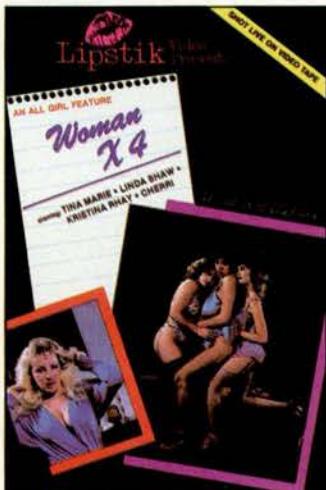
Mile High Club

(Cal Vista Video) This is a hard tape to figure out. The package leads you to believe this video is about a bunch of people who enjoy screwing in hot-air balloons while flying high above the countryside. Unfortunately, it takes more than an hour of very tedious and downright boring sex until the tape literally



"takes off." But when the lovemaking cast finally does get airborne, the fucking and sucking really soar. There are some interesting shots here as the camera pans from super crotch-action close-ups to residential neighborhoods far below. Alas, the big in-flight finale is just too little too late. This tape never blasts off.

-K. S.



Woman X 4

(*Lipstik Video*) This all-girl, shot-on-video feature is a real sizzler. There is so much tit-sucking, snatch-munching, asshole-licking and just plain hard-core lesbo lovemaking in this one-hour tape, you may soil a pair or two of undershorts watching it. The photography, unfortunately, is fairly standard, and the script serves no purpose other than to set up each of the various sex scenes. But that's forgivable

-L. M. F.

here because the sex is so hot, and the girls *really* appear to be coming . . . again and again. Especially wild is brunet Tina Marie—a voracious cunt-eater with a pair of pillow-tits that bounce ever so softly against the faces of her many onscreen mates. Don't miss this one. . . .

-K. S.

Deviations

(*Select/Essex Video*) Consider this feature-length, shot-on-video production an adult-film maker's "exercise in futility." There's almost nothing good to say about *Deviations* mainly because it's so lamely acted, lamely scripted and lamely directed. Even if sex is going on here somewhere, it's painfully overshadowed. Briefly, the story follows the sexploits of a dreadful-sounding all-girl rock group and its "rise" to stardom. Sure, a lot of fucking and cocksucking goes on behind-the-scenes in the world of rock 'n' roll, but who in the hell's ever heard of an onstage orgy during a band's gig? This whole production is limp and stupid, not to mention the fact that the guys are all so ugly, it's nauseating to watch them take sexual advantage of the semi-attractive female cast. There's nothing to be gained by viewing *Deviations* except a headache from the abysmal music the girls attempt to play and a limp dick from a series of lackluster sex sequences. You'll get a bigger hard-on from a Go-Go's concert.

-L. M. F.



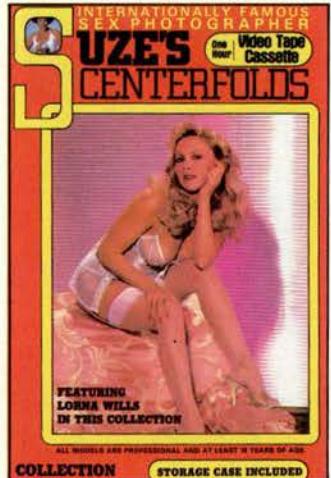
Adrienne Bellaire suckles bandmate Robin Everett in 'Deviations.'



'Deviations': The Four Foxes give a new meaning to rock 'n' roll.

Erotic Fantasies

#5 (*Cal Vista Video*) This tape contains five scenes clipped from a number of Cal Vista's feature films. Of the five, only two are really worth watching—one for having three incredibly attractive ladies and the other for its strange and exotic comedy. In a fourway sex romp Sue Nero—playing a female mechanic—takes on client John Seeman while two of her fellow garage girls (Chris Cassidy and Dorothy Le May) join the party. The sex/comedy sequence takes place at a public bathhouse in which a couple are fucking wildly. All of a sudden a



strange man walks in on them (of course). He soon joins the fun (of course), and everyone laps up each other's wet and writhing bodies. What makes this so hilarious is that the characters look like '60s hippies lost in a time warp who just happened to wind up in a modern sex flick. It's funny stuff, whether the humor was intentional or not. Other featured performers are John Holmes, Linda Wong, Herschel Savage, Darby Lloyd Rains and Eric Edwards.

-K. S.

Suze's Centerfold #6

(*Caballero Control Corporation*) Noted men's-magazine photographer Suze Randall has created a line of one-hour, explicit sex videotapes that have usually matched her exceptional talent with the camera. Unfortunately, not every filmmaker is in top form all the time, and consequently, two of the four episodes in this tape are truly disappointing. Lorna Wills (usually billed as Linda Shaw) and Paul Thomas are so unexciting, it's a wonder they don't fall asleep on each other. The one really inspiring vignette features blond lovely Cara Lott, who has been mysteriously tied up with a towel in a hotel room. Room service comes in and asks the bound girl if there's anything he can do for her. "Get naked and suck my toes," she orders. That begins an all-out suck-and-fuck roll-in-the-sheets featuring a great blowjob during which Lott transforms her mouth into an industrial-strength vacuum cleaner. More of this action would have made this *Suze* a winner, not a runner-up.

-K. S.

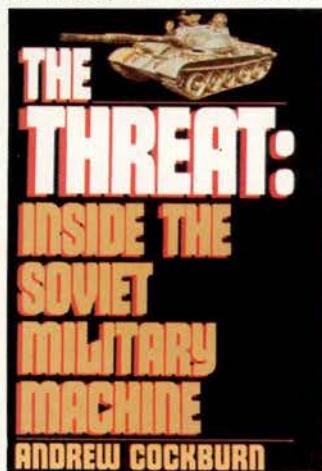
BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

The Threat

By Andrew Cockburn; Random House, 201 E. 50th St., New York, NY 10022; \$16.95.

In *The Threat: Inside the Soviet Military Machine*, author Andrew Cockburn paints an astonishing picture. The Russians, he writes, are ill-trained, ill-



equipped, paranoid and convinced that their armed forces are inferior to those of the United States, strategically and technologically.

He uses the Soviets' ineptitude as an argument for his belief that they will not start a nuclear war. As he sees it, the Russians are not, and probably never will be, prepared to "push the button."

Cockburn is the respected author of many left-wing articles for American and European publications. *The Threat* is the kind of clear, concise and expertly researched volume one would expect from a writer of his experience. But Cockburn's argument is bullshit.

No one can "prepare" for a nuclear war. Even the most efficient military machine is no match for the total destruction of the human race. The essential point Cockburn misses here is that nuclear wars are unwinnable, and therefore don't take a whole lot of preparation—in fact, a few dozen nuclear bombs will do the trick.

Certainly, the Russians are not prepared for a nuclear war—neither is the U.S. or anyone else for that matter. But the Soviets do have the technical ca-

pability to start such a war, a capability that seems even more menacing because they are so "unprepared." Accidents do happen, and seem more likely to happen when sophisticated weaponry is laid in the hands of the kinds of paranoid, militaristic morons Cockburn reveals the Russians to be.

Cockburn's attempts to look into the Soviet military machine are commendable. But his attempt to dismiss the threat of a Soviet-started nuclear war fails. That threat is still real, and will be until there are no more bombs... period.

Bananasplit

By Cheyco Leidmann and Ypsitilla von Nazareth; Love Me Tender, 62 Blvd. de Sebastopol, 75003 Paris, France; \$29.95.

Inside the front cover of this glossy, expensive coffee-table volume is a sketch of a mostly unpeeled banana with *JUST FOR FUN* written on it. You won't see this at first because you'll be too busy flipping through the big, shiny pages wondering what in hell this book is all about. If you come to any conclusion at all, it'll be that you're holding one weird collection of avant-garde, super-pop, pseudo Art (with a capital A).

Bananasplit is full of eye-popping color photos of conceptual "things" like the word *WHAM!* splattered across a page, and a huge picture of a bottle cap blurred from one end of the book page to the other. But I can't see much fun—or Art, for that matter—in a girl in a bathtub filled with blue gelatin or a lady's hand squeezing a condom full of green gunk. Maybe I'm just old-fashioned, but doesn't modern art have to have a little rhyme or reason?



'Dolly Close Up/Up Close': Glossy and sparkly, but not naked.

Bananasplit is, without question, a book to look at. Unfortunately, it gives you practically nothing to think about, and there are lots of things in this world to wonder about without spending \$30 to do it.

Dolly Close Up/ Up Close

By Ed Caraeff; Delilah Communications Inc., 118 E. 25th St., New York, NY 10010; \$9.95.

This book is Dolly Parton—at her glossy, sparkly best. Photographer Ed Caraeff has the "by-line," and without him there

would certainly be no book; maybe there wouldn't even be a Dolly. Caraeff was influential in making the bountiful-chested, bird-voiced blonde a sensation with a whole world of fans beyond country music. The incomparable covers he shot for her three "pop" LPs helped bring Dolly to the eyes and ears of America.

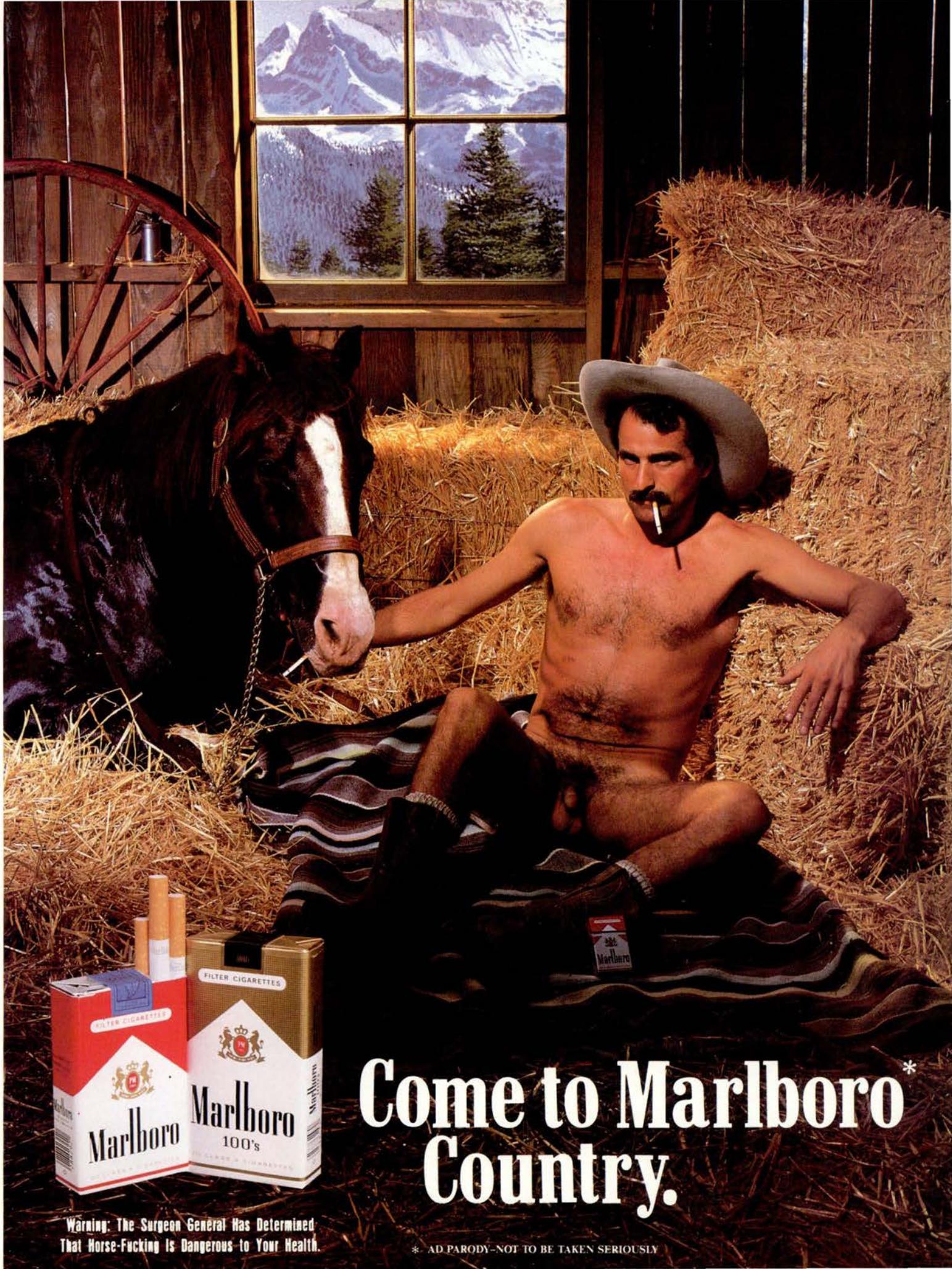
In the pages of *Dolly* we see the sexy starlet in virtually every pose and costume imaginable. But we don't get a glimpse of the naked Dolly—a sight many would give their eyeteeth and firstborn to witness.

In addition to all the color and black-and-white photographs, there's an enlightening biographical text by Richard Amdor. And the prose is as light and bright as the pictures. One interesting passage recalls the 1974 split between Dolly and her producer/mentor, Porter Waggoner. That division resulted in bitter feelings, animosity and a spate of legal actions.

Dolly is a lovely little book about a lovely little lady whose popularity is no fluke. Even if you're not a fan, pick this one up. Who knows? After a couple of pages you might become one....



'Bananasplit': A weird collection of avant-garde, pseudo Art.



Come to Marlboro*
Country.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Horse-Fucking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

* AD PARODY-NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY



HARVEY FIERSTEIN

Confessions of a Gay Playwright

For his initial New York theatrical success, *Torch Song Trilogy*, he dressed in a full-drag woman's wardrobe and went through the motions of experiencing anal intercourse during a scene set in a homosexual bar. He followed up this first openly gay play to make money by writing the story and dialogue for Broadway's biggest hit in years, *La Cage Aux Folles*, a musical comedy about two middle-aged homosexual lovers, a boy who accepts a man as his mother and a chorus line of flashily costumed transvestites.

Despite the outwardly deviant subject matter, 29-year-old Harvey Fierstein is being hailed as the toast of Broadway. Winning the 1983 Tony Awards for both writing and acting in *Torch Song*, he not only brought American theater out of the closet—he dismantled that closet, ripped the door from the jamb and gave a new bent to theatrical history.

Who would have believed audiences would sit still, much less return again and again, for a 3½-hour monologue featuring Fierstein as Arnold Beckoff, drag-queen philosopher? And who

would have prophesized that *La Cage Aux Folles* (literally "Cage of Crazies") would chalk up a record \$6 million in advance sales?

Certainly not Fierstein (pronounced Fire-stein), who just six years ago contemplated suicide following the breakup of an affair with one of his gay lovers. Fortunately, he took a psychiatrist's advice and got over that heartbreak by writing about it in *Torch*

Song Trilogy. And the rest is now history.

It would be easy to let the praise avalanche and allow the widespread acclaim to convince you that his overnight sensation leapt fully formed from the midst of applause, awards and magazine cover stories. The first indication that this may not be the case, that there may be some sort of history here, is Harvey Fierstein himself.

He fills no stereotypes; he is not flakily effeminate nor prissily intellectual. He carries none of the usual trappings of success. He wears sneakers—not Gucci loafers—and he still lives in the same Brooklyn apartment he occupied when he suddenly became the Great Gay Hope of the Great White Way. He is unassuming, direct and immune—but obviously compassionate. Speaking in an astonishing, nicotine-thickened voice, Fierstein wins you over in a more subtle way than his stage presence. More subtle, but just as sure.

One reason why Fierstein hasn't been changed by success is all the practice he's had in insisting on being himself. He was always

by Al Goldstein



Al Goldstein (left) and Harvey Fierstein get down and dirty.

Photography by Bill Bernstein

open about being gay ever since he informed his parents of that fact at age 13. "There were no big crying or screaming scenes," he recalls. "I was what I was." His late father, a handkerchief manufacturer, and his mother both felt the cohesion of the family was more important than whatever problems might be caused by their son's homosexuality.

But there were other problems: At 13 Fierstein had ballooned to 200 pounds and was still putting on weight. To compensate for his appearance and for being a sexual outsider, he developed a heightened fantasy life and lived out those fantasies by publicly dressing in drag to both disguise the body he loathed and make himself attractive to men. By the dawn of the 1970s he was a bloated, sensitive adolescent drag princess who loved prick—a figure bizarre enough to nail down the role of an asthmatic lesbian cleaning lady in an Andy Warhol play, *Pork*.

What followed was a crazed, derailed rush along the tracks of New York's off-off-Broadway theatrical underground. In *Xircus, the Private Life of Jesus Christ*, Fierstein damaged an already-hoarse voice by trying to out-bellow a five-minute Kate Smith recording of "God Bless America." Then he starred in his own play, *Freak Pussy*, a contender for the Weird Shit Hall of Fame that concerned a transvestite hooker who operated out of a subway men's room. Then, as now, Fierstein insisted that the world could take him as he was or kindly go fuck itself.

His true appeal is an ability to make his homosexual self-determination vibrate through everyone—straight or gay. *Torch Song* audiences get the idea that if they fought for their identity with the quiet relentlessness of Arnold Beckoff, they'd be better off. Fierstein presents not a gay-rights platform but a human-rights platform—a plea for acceptance not of faggotry but of human variety. His message certainly will not cheer the forces in this country who would impose their morality on others. But it will undoubtedly find some acceptance by many of us, simply because his plays have been so successful. One of *La Cage Aux Folles*' smashing musical finales, "I Am What I Am," serves as an anthem of this attitude.

Fierstein's latest projects include the film version of *Torch Song*, a PBS television special and *Spookhouse*—an off-Broadway play. Then there's his upcoming appearance in London as the lead in *Torch Song* and some delicate negotiations with a major TV network concerning a comedy series.

For a no-holds-barred, down-and-dirty insight into this unusual man, *HUSTLER* assigned a most appropriate interviewer: Al Goldstein, the editor and publisher of *Screw* magazine. "When I first met Fierstein in his dressing room, he was simultaneously performing the grueling lead role in *Torch Song* while writing *La Cage* on his subway rides to and from the theater," Goldstein reports. "Later, during a follow-up session conducted

in the cramped quarters of his press agent, Harvey was warm, personable and funny—even though the flurry of activity around him hinted at the transformation of his life.

"When I was doing a play in Boston," he told me, "I used to buy *HUSTLER* Magazines. I kept them in the bathroom. All of my guests would say, 'Ooh, this is disgusting! Ooh, that gross page!' But we couldn't get people out of that fucking bathroom! They'd stay in there for hours."

"Then, as before, his relaxed attitude and humor were contagious."

HUSTLER: Your spectacular success on Broadway is virtually without precedent. It almost seems as if you've been bronzed, immortalized, and your epitaph has been written.

FIERSTEIN: Don't say that! You know what happens when you hear that kind of stuff? First of all, the critics go after you with sledgehammers. They hate nothing more than success. They'd love to take the kid from Brooklyn, make him a success and then throw him right back to where he came from. The reason I haven't moved out of my Brooklyn apartment is that I don't want to have to move back when they hit me over the head with sledgehammers. Otherwise, success feels great because—despite what some people have said—I have done exactly what I set out to do, and I haven't had to sell out in the least. *Torch Song Trilogy* and *La Cage Aux Folles* talk not just to gays—but to everyone.

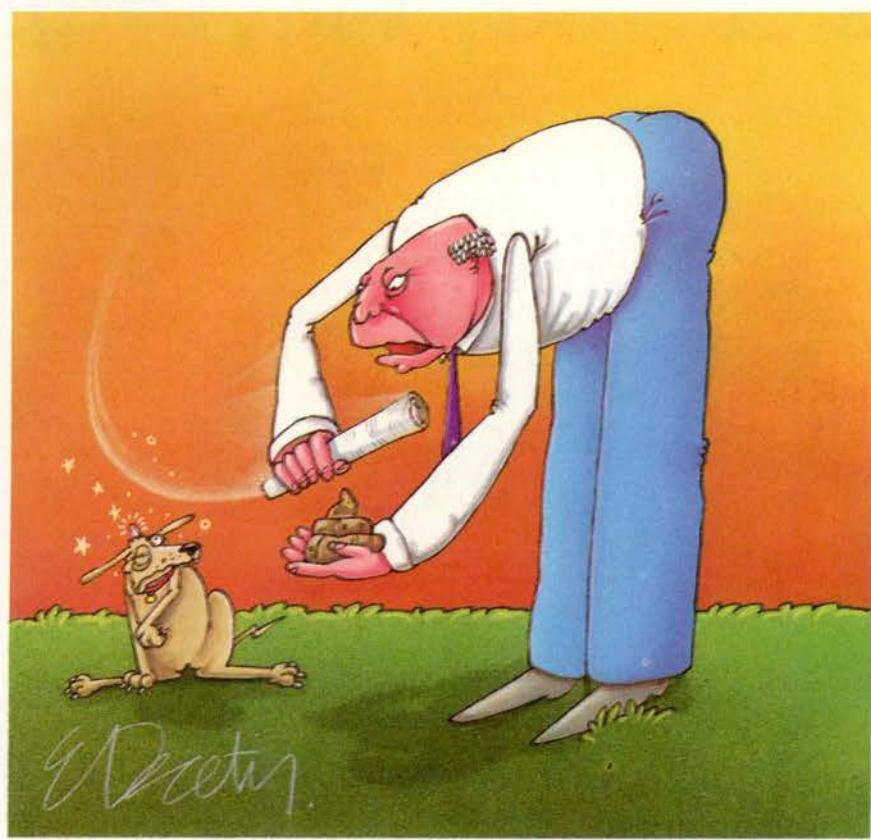
HUSTLER: When did you first realize you were gay?

FIERSTEIN: It's so hard to define. I did not put a name to it until some years after I knew what I was. I have memories of being attracted to men from when I was five or six years old. I would watch movies like *Gone With the Wind* on television and be attracted to Clark Gable; so I identified with his co-star, Vivien Leigh. Like other kids, I would call somebody a faggot or a fruit or a pansy. Then it sort of hit me one day . . . that's me!

HUSTLER: Did it scare you?

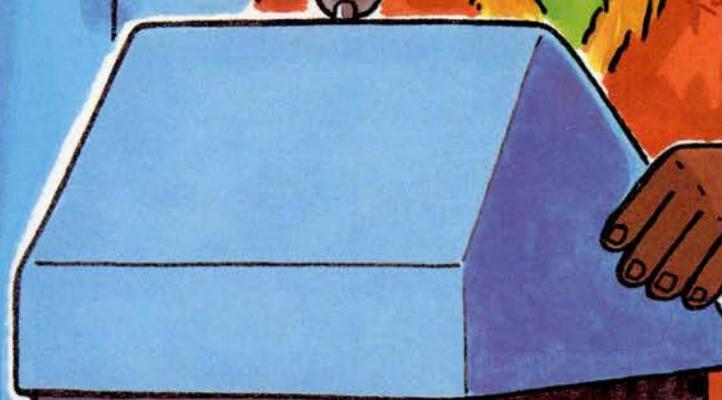
FIERSTEIN: No, because it was so natural to me. You always do question it—every day of your life. But if you're straight and you have any brains, you're questioning your heterosexuality too. It was always so right and so me that it was not like I could ever say when the point was that I came out. I could tell you the first person I had sex with, but I was gay well before. When I was around 13, I used to hang out with other young gays in Greenwich Village. Outside a particular store we would sit and watch people cruising. One day I was sitting there with a gay friend who had actually had sex with one person already. He was the real experienced one in the group;

(continued on page 50)



"...and just consider yourself damn lucky I didn't step in this!"

CAMPAIGN '84



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"I wanna answer this jive bullshit that I ain't hip to the needs of black people."





HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC

Photography by James Ba



Ronnie loves flowers. And surrounding herself with them keeps her feeling sexy—and horny. Flowers add beauty to Ronnie's life, making her feel as beautiful as she is. But it's the caring and romance that flowers have that make Ronnie horny. She opens herself, like a flower in bloom, to everyone. When men admire her beauty, she feels she must return the attention—in the way she knows best. She'll smother men with love, becoming a slave to their whims. Like flowers, she'll let people take her home. But Ronnie never gets shy and wilts. She's always ready for picking.













HARVEY FIERSTEIN

(continued from page 40)

he'd actually gone home with someone. When somebody cruised by and picked him up that day, it was more exciting for me than the first time I had sex. I was intrigued by how the pickup was made. How people react to other people and get what they want from them—the way they play with each other—has always been important to me. That's exactly what I'm dealing with in *Torch Song*.

HUSTLER: Have you kept in touch with any of these old friends from Greenwich Village?

FIERSTEIN: Sure. When you're in a play like *Torch Song*, all the old friends come back to see you—even people you haven't seen since you were six years old. Most of them have turned out to be gay. I call my mother and say, "You'll never believe who came to see the show." She asks, "How did he look?" "Just fine." "Is he married?" "Yes," I tell her, "to a nice colored guy."

HUSTLER: What happened on your first date with another guy? Did you wake up with a cock in your mouth?

FIERSTEIN: No, no. It was somebody I knew through a friend, and we met at a party. I sort of knew that he liked me, and I liked him, and we sort of snuck off into the bedroom. Very boys-behind-the-barn. We were both new to it; so it was very inno-

cent and sweet and nice. I didn't even know what we were doing, and I blushed for a few days afterward.

HUSTLER: Did you go down on him?

FIERSTEIN: There's no reason to get into all that silliness. What I'm saying is that it was definite, gentle, sexual loving—as innocent as can be. It's a very sweet memory. I saw him two or three times after that. I recently heard he's become a drag queen!

HUSTLER: Have you ever had sex with a woman?

FIERSTEIN: No.

HUSTLER: Does the thought of physical contact with a woman make you feel squeamish?

FIERSTEIN: Not at all. You should see me carry on with my woman friends. They get lots of affection from me. I love holding and kissing them. I'm excited in a warm, loving way—but not in a sexual way. It's not the impassioned feeling I have for a man. I don't get an erection.

HUSTLER: How big is your cock?

FIERSTEIN: Oh, it's Brooklyn size. Jewish.

HUSTLER: Sausage?

FIERSTEIN: We're talking weiner. But there's plenty of mustard in little packages. When I have sex with another man, the two things I don't like are a really big one or a really small one. A really big one hurts too much; it's always getting in the

way. You want to put it on a chair and leave it until the morning. When I'm in a room filled with men, I very rarely hear someone say, "Oh, God, I got to go out and get me a big dick tonight." But I always hear, "Oh, he's going to be so disappointed when he sees mine."

Everybody is always complaining about their dicks. I went to see the all-nude show *Naked Highway*, and all the actors seemed to be nicely put together. Then afterward they were complaining about the size of the dicks. That really made me laugh. There's a line in one of my plays where a matchmaker wants a client to indicate the dick size he wants his date to have. "Haven't you ever heard—size doesn't count?" the client says. To which the matchmaker responds: "Honey, anyone who says size doesn't count doesn't know how to count." For some strange reason, everybody seems to be guilty about their cock size. Or if they have a big dick, then they're always putting down other people who don't.

HUSTLER: Are you promiscuous?

FIERSTEIN: In the old days I was. I didn't ask names first. When a one-night-stand lover tried to tell me his name, I said, "What's the difference? I ain't going to remember it. Here's a subway token and two aspirin. Go home."

HUSTLER: You were just a tramp, Harvey.

FIERSTEIN: That's true. I was a person who had many affairs. When I was in love, it was jealous time. I would never even look at anybody else. But during the periods in between I was very loose.

HUSTLER: How kinky did you get? Would you ever have sex, say, with a paraplegic?

FIERSTEIN: That never happened. But I did have sex with a eunuch. It was exhausting because he did not have any semen. He had orgasms, but there was no sperm—so he never got tired. He immediately got hard and could come again. He could go all night.

HUSTLER: Is your sex life any different today?

FIERSTEIN: Yes. Until recently I was completely celibate for more than two years. Things got to the point where I just said, "What are you doing? You're totally unfocused. You're just having sex for the sake of having sex." It was the same as staying home and masturbating. And I didn't feel any more relaxed when it was over. So I decided to stop and take a look at myself. The first couple of weeks were very hard. After that it was not so difficult. Two-and-a-half years went by before I decided to get back into circulation. My first date is tonight. Who knows what will happen? Maybe my damn cock has atrophied.

HUSTLER: Can we take pictures?

(continued on page 54)



"Evelyn, if you don't care about me, at least think of the kids!
Shitcan the *Flashdance* look!"



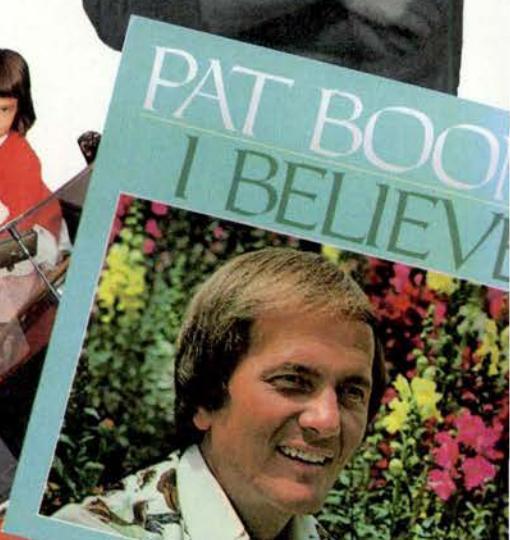
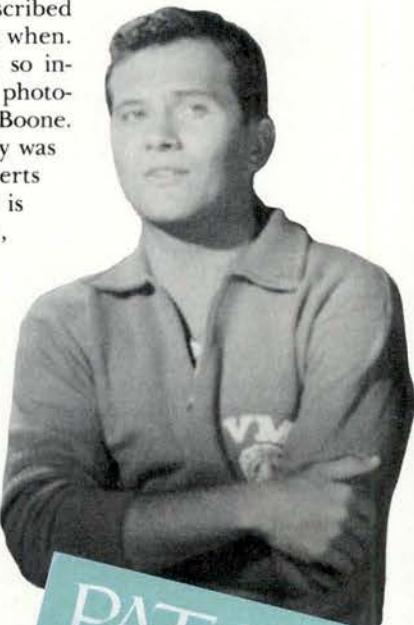
"Sorry, Son, you're too late."



Pat Boone NUDE!

This isn't a joke, a strip-in or any elaborate photographic hoax. The photo at the right is Pat Boone . . . and he's not promoting Hoffy hot dogs. When someone calls and offers you a picture of "Pat Boone with his genitals in a box," you just *have* to look no matter how ridiculous it sounds, right? So we looked, and we couldn't believe our eyes. Someone, while rummaging through garbage in Beverly Hills, came across this amazing photo. And suddenly *we* were faced with the decision of whether or not to run it. Now, we *knew* that Pat Boone had a wild youth. In our November 1977 issue we made Pat Asshole of the Month and described some of his antics as told to us by friends who knew the fun guy in white bucks way back when. These included a romantic interlude with a horse. In light of that story, it didn't seem so incredible that Pat would flash for the camera. But we still weren't convinced. So we sent photocopies to some of his old school chums from Tennessee. They positively identified Pat Boone.

Yet that wasn't enough. We went to terrific expense to scientifically verify that not only was the original Polaroid unretouched but that the man in the photo was indeed Boone. Experts at face-structure comparisons have confirmed this to be the gospel truth. So HUSTLER is proud to present America with its first look at Pat Boone's cock and balls. If nothing else, we hope this photo serves to jog Pat's memory of his freewheeling younger days when sex was fun. Since the early 1960s Pat has become a heavy-handed pusher for the Lord, chastising those who stray from the "moral" fold. His participation in such groups as the porn-hating, Cleveland-based





Citizens for Decency Through Law and the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade has taken Pat from "Love Letters in the Sand" to spokesman for sexual repression. In his book *Between You, Me and the Gatepost* he asks, "Don't you feel a little guilty when somebody catches you looking at one of those foldout pictures in the mens's magazines?" Well, Pat . . . check out *this* layout. Do you feel a little guilty?

HARVEY FIERSTEIN

(continued from page 50)

FIERSTEIN: Of what, the date? No!

HUSTLER: The consummation.

FIERSTEIN: Call in a couple of weeks. We'll talk.

HUSTLER: How did you deal with celibacy?

FIERSTEIN: How else? I masturbated a lot—especially when I was writing. Every joke in *Torch Song Trilogy* has one of my orgasms in it. I once was part of a writing seminar where a different playwright was scheduled to speak each week. Although my turn was 15 weeks away, the first time the group met, I was already nervous about answering the inevitable question, "How do you write?" What else could I say but the truth: "I sit naked in front of my typewriter, and I write and masturbate at the same time." If I did that, however, I was afraid they would throw me out. That very first week a woman playwright admitted she always put a spotlight on photographs over her desk, sat at the typewriter, put the blank page in, took off her clothes and started masturbating. Everyone in the room applauded, and it turned out that all of them were masturbators.

It may have something to do with where you put your head when you're writing plays, trying to hear the voices of the characters you create. Because in playwriting

you're never trying to be yourself.

HUSTLER: What makes people gay or bisexual?

FIERSTEIN: Edward O. Wilson, the author of *A Boy's Own Story*, believes that we're born gay. He says that like the worker bees or the worker ants, we are born not to breed but to do the work that cannot be done by breeders. I don't know if he's right. But it makes much more sense than the strong-mother-and-weak-father explanation. My brother and I were brought up by the same parents, in the same home. In school we had the same teachers. He's straight, and I'm not. So that theory just doesn't work.

HUSTLER: Then you see homosexuality as being a predetermined genetic imprint?

FIERSTEIN: Absolutely. You don't develop a taste for men as a homosexual. It's not like learning to like quiche.

HUSTLER: How much of the population do you estimate is gay or bisexual?

FIERSTEIN: Roughly 10%. That means that 10% of truck drivers, policemen and firemen are gay, just like 10% of the general population is gay. It's probably hardest on people in that kind of macho work. They probably have to be quiet or laugh along when their fellow workers tell the typical faggot jokes or stories about beating up on queers.

HUSTLER: Some male hustlers contend

that if they're initiating sex with another male—pitching instead of catching—then they're not really homosexuals.

FIERSTEIN: That's all silliness. You call yourself whatever you want; you know what you are in your heart. People who have to make excuses for what they do are people without any pride. They should be pitied.

HUSTLER: How has the AIDS epidemic affected sexual behavior in the gay community?

FIERSTEIN: Pre-AIDS, I knew several gay truck drivers who regularly had sex at truck stops. But they—like most gays—are being very careful now. Syphilis and the clap don't frighten me. But AIDS is scary, because there are no shots to take for it. Several of my friends have died of the disease, and I have a growing number of friends who are getting it. What makes AIDS especially scary is that you don't necessarily have to sleep with a lot of people to be infected. It can be just one person.

All of us are fighting a war against a disease that we don't want to spread anymore. One way to do that is to have sex with rubbers. And you can also have affectionate sex without ejaculating into each other's private parts. Incredibly, some people who come down with AIDS and are afraid of dying get very angry at the world. So they go out and sleep with as many people as they can and continue its spread.

HUSTLER: Obviously this has contributed to the increasing hatred of gays. More and more the newspapers are running stories about fag-bashers—people who beat up homosexuals.

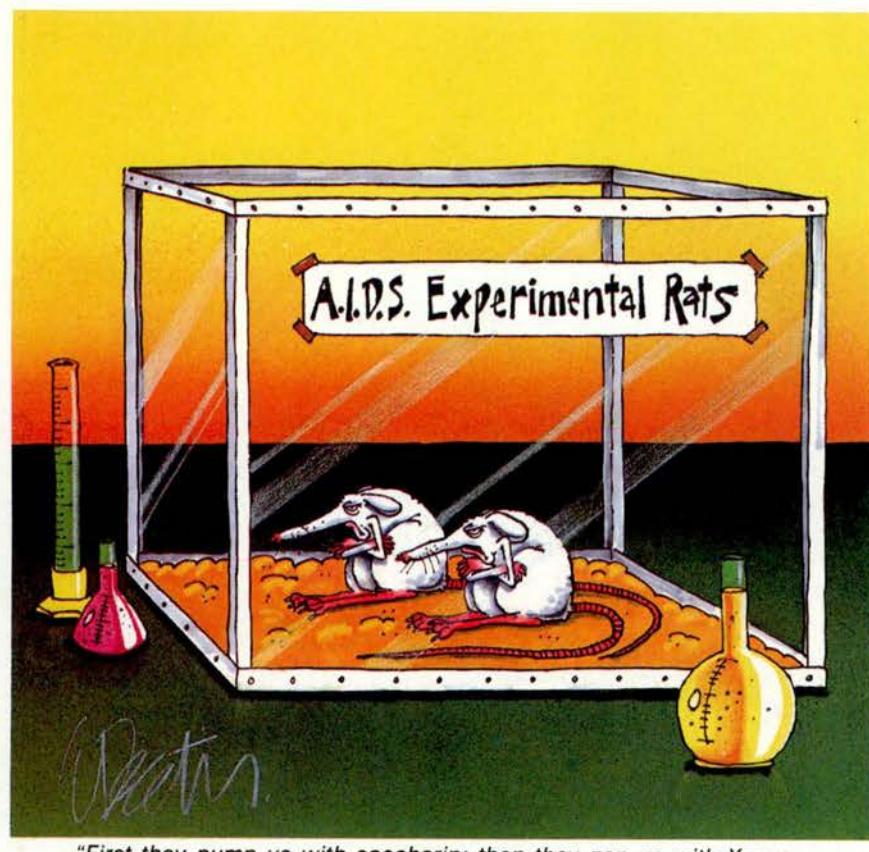
FIERSTEIN: Fag-bashers are gays who are scared of being gay, and that's why they're doing such things. There's more than ample proof that they're mostly gays who haven't come out. Eventually they'll turn around, admit their sexuality and admit their lies. I don't know how anyone can live with the guilt of hurting another person. War is bad enough. But to commit aggressive acts on the street for no purpose is just the worst.

HUSTLER: How do you react to gay detractors such as Rabbi William Handler, who insists that homosexuality is a mental, biological and moral perversion?

FIERSTEIN: They frighten me. Their intolerance is incredible. You see, for people who study the Talmud—the Jewish holy book—the spilling of semen, which is considered to be a gift from God, is a terrible sin. The greatest curse you can put on somebody is, "May your seed spill on the sands"—meaning that you will have no children. Having children is very important in Jewish culture since down through history bigots have rubbed us out so often.

The same Talmud which says that homosexuality is bad also says that rabbits

(continued on page 84)



"First they pump us with saccharin; then they zap us with X-rays;
now they want us to butt-fuck. No-o-o-o way!"



"I can't wait to see what's on this flight recorder."



Lon Busell
TIME

EXPLOSIVE TRUTH ABOUT **PEARL HARBOR:** **THE STORY THE REST OF THE MEDIA WON'T TELL**

What you're about to read will amaze and astound you. More than 40 years after Japan's cowardly sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, HUSTLER has uncovered unquestionable factual

REPORT BY JOSEPH LEIB

evidence that President Franklin Delano Roosevelt knew almost to the hour when the Japanese assault would begin—and deliberately did nothing to prevent it. In fact, he had been working on his celebrated "Date Which Will Live in Infamy" speech several days before swarms of Jap bombers and fighter planes demolished the U.S. fleet and killed in excess of 2,400 American citizens. Now, for the first time, HUSTLER reveals the incredibly sordid story of how our 32nd President sold his country down the river.

* * *

There was an eerie calm over Hawaii that morning. Perhaps it was a silent warning of what was to come. On every prior Sunday for nearly two months, U.S. Navy carrier-based fliers posing as enemy aviators had conducted mock bombing raids while Army antiaircraft batteries directed simulated fire in defense of the island. Just a week earlier the sky over Oahu had resembled a three-ring circus as Navy planes circled, dove and buzzed the decks of the mighty Pacific Fleet's warships lying at anchor in Pearl Harbor.

But Sunday, December 7, 1941, was different. With just a few exceptions nearly all the Navy's and the Army's aircraft were on the ground. No Army gunners were ready at their posts. Not a single Navy reconnaissance plane was in the air. Instead, the fighters, bombers, patrol planes, transports and trainers were carefully lined up on runway aprons—wing to wing, tip to tip, in perfect target position.

The sailors of the fleet were also unaware that the clear blue sky above would soon begin raining death and destruction



For his efforts in exposing \$36 billion of defense-contract profiteering, Joseph Leib was presented a plaque from General James Fogle.

on their gently lolling ships. Except for the carriers *Enterprise* and *Lexington*—which were at sea along with a few heavy cruisers and destroyers—virtually the entire Pacific Fleet was in the harbor.

Curiously, though the USS *Ward* reported sinking a submarine in the prohibited area off Pearl at 6:45 a.m., no alert was sounded. Instead, each vessel's crew routinely prepared for Sunday religious services.

Aboard the battlewagon USS *Arizona* the members of the band were excused from performing at morning muster since they had won second place in a contest the

night before. They snoozed contentedly, little knowing that their bunks would soon become their eternal resting place and the ship their tomb.

At 7:50 a.m. swarms of Japanese planes swept over the island. From the north, bombers roared over the Army's Schofield Barracks and past Wheeler Field toward the fleet. Another force came from the east, attacking Kaneohe Field, then Bellows Field and on to the harbor. From the south a third group of planes pockmarked Hickam Air Field with bomb craters and ignited a chain of exploding U.S. planes before continuing toward the helplessly moored warships.

In rapid succession the battleship USS *Utah* and the light cruiser USS *Raleigh* were struck by torpedoes from the diving Japanese planes. A single torpedo crippled both the *Oglala* and the *Helena*. Moments later an 1,800-pound bomb pen-

Japanese May Strike Over Weekend

The Honolulu Advertiser
Hawaii's Technological Newspaper

FINAL EDITION
Price 10 Cents

KURUSU BLUNTLY WARNED NATION READY FOR BATTLE

Mexican Cop Leaders Call
Says Torrance Troops Back
In Singapore
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Will Santa Fit The Plane?

Nazis Clamp Foreign Af-
Curfew Over
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Terroristic Bombings
Bring Bigg Shambles
On Dow Tan Doctor
Of Famous Cafeteria

Tokio M



British Reveal
Naval Help To
Rede In Arctic

Hey Kids, Santa Claus

Japanese May Strike Over Weekend
The Honolulu Advertiser
KURUSU BLUNTLY WARNED
NATION READY FOR BATTLE

One week before the Japanese attack, the 'Honolulu Advertiser' printed this front-page story based on information supplied by Leib. Astonishingly, no one took it seriously.



trated the Arizona's deck and ignited fuel and ammunition caches below, sending more than a thousand sailors and Marines aboard her to a watery grave.

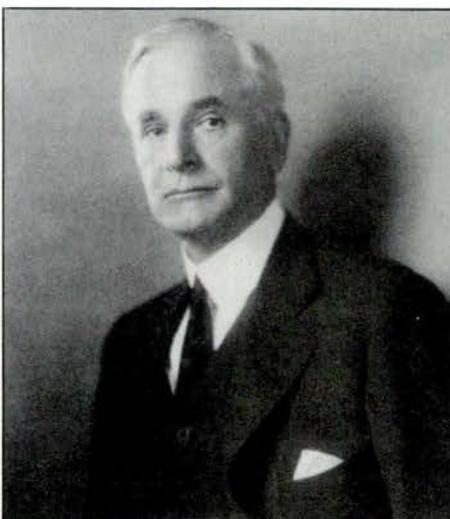
Wave after wave of Japanese planes descended on the harbor, bombing, strafing and torpedoing their targets. By 11 a.m. the attack was over; only the flotsam and jetsam of a once-mighty fleet was left bobbing in its wake.

A terrible price in lives and equipment had been paid. More than 2,400 men were killed outright or died of their wounds soon after. Another 1,178 were wounded. A total of 18 vessels—eight battleships, three light cruisers, three destroyers and four auxiliary ships—were either sunk or knocked out of commission. Eighty-seven naval aircraft were also destroyed along with 77 Army planes.

Equally devastating, the pride of the U.S. Navy also sank that morning. By contrast, the Japanese lost only 29 planes, one attack submarine and five midget subs in their daring raid.

As news about the attack flashed across the nation, Americans reacted with shock, fear and then rage and anger. Yet, as emotions calmed, the inevitable questions were raised.

How could the Japanese fleet sail across the Pacific without detection? Where did Japan obtain the detailed information



Roosevelt's secretary of state, Cordell Hull, was Leib's long-time friend and confidant.

about the deployment of U.S. forces on Oahu? Why were our ships and planes lined up so neatly together, inviting attack? How could our fighting forces be caught so off-guard? How could they be taken so totally by surprise?

Today, more than four decades later, some of those questions can now be answered. Most of the players in the tragic drama staged at Pearl Harbor are dead now, their terrible secrets taken with them to the grave. There is little owed to them.

A far greater debt must be paid to historical truth.

Within hours of the attack on Pearl Harbor, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt was hand-correcting a speech he planned to deliver the next evening before a joint session of Congress. That draft is among my most prized possessions. In faded pencil is the unmistakable scrawl of Roosevelt, inserting a word here, a phrase there.

The next day the third-term President gave one of his best-remembered addresses. In his lilting, sing-song cadence, Roosevelt called the grieving nation to arms. He labeled December 7, 1941, as "a date which will live in infamy." His words were so carefully crafted and eloquent, it was difficult to believe he had managed to compose them in the haste and confusion following the attack.

In fact, the treachery of our nation's leader rivaled that of the Japanese. Roosevelt had labored on the speech for days. He knew well in advance that the Japanese were planning a sneak attack. He knew to the day, almost to the hour, when the assault on Pearl Harbor would begin. December 7, 1941, held no surprises for Roosevelt, nor for me.

A full week earlier, on November 29, I learned about the impending attack from an unlikely source—Cordell Hull, Roosevelt's own secretary of state. To put

- 2 -

Yesterday the Japanese Government also launched an attack against Malaya.

Last night Japanese forces attacked Hong Kong.

Last night Japanese forces attacked Guam.

Last night Japanese forces attacked the Philippine Islands.

Last night the Japanese attacked Wake Island.

This morning the Japanese attacked Midway Island.

Japan has, therefore, undertaken a surprise offensive extending throughout the Pacific area. The facts of yesterday speak for themselves. The people of the United States have already formed their opinions and well understand the implications to the very safety of our nation.

As Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy I have directed that all measures be taken for our defense.

Always will we remember the character of the onslaught against us.

No matter how long it may take us to overcome this pre-meditated invasion, the American people will in their righteous fight win through to absolute victory.

I believe I interpret the will of the Congress and of the people when I assert that we will not only defend ourselves to the utmost but will make very certain that this form of treachery shall never endanger us again.

Hostilities exist. There is no blinking at the fact that our people, our territory and our interests are in grave danger.

With confidence in our armed forces -- with the unbounding determination of our people -- we will gain the inevitable triumph -- no matter how long it may take us.

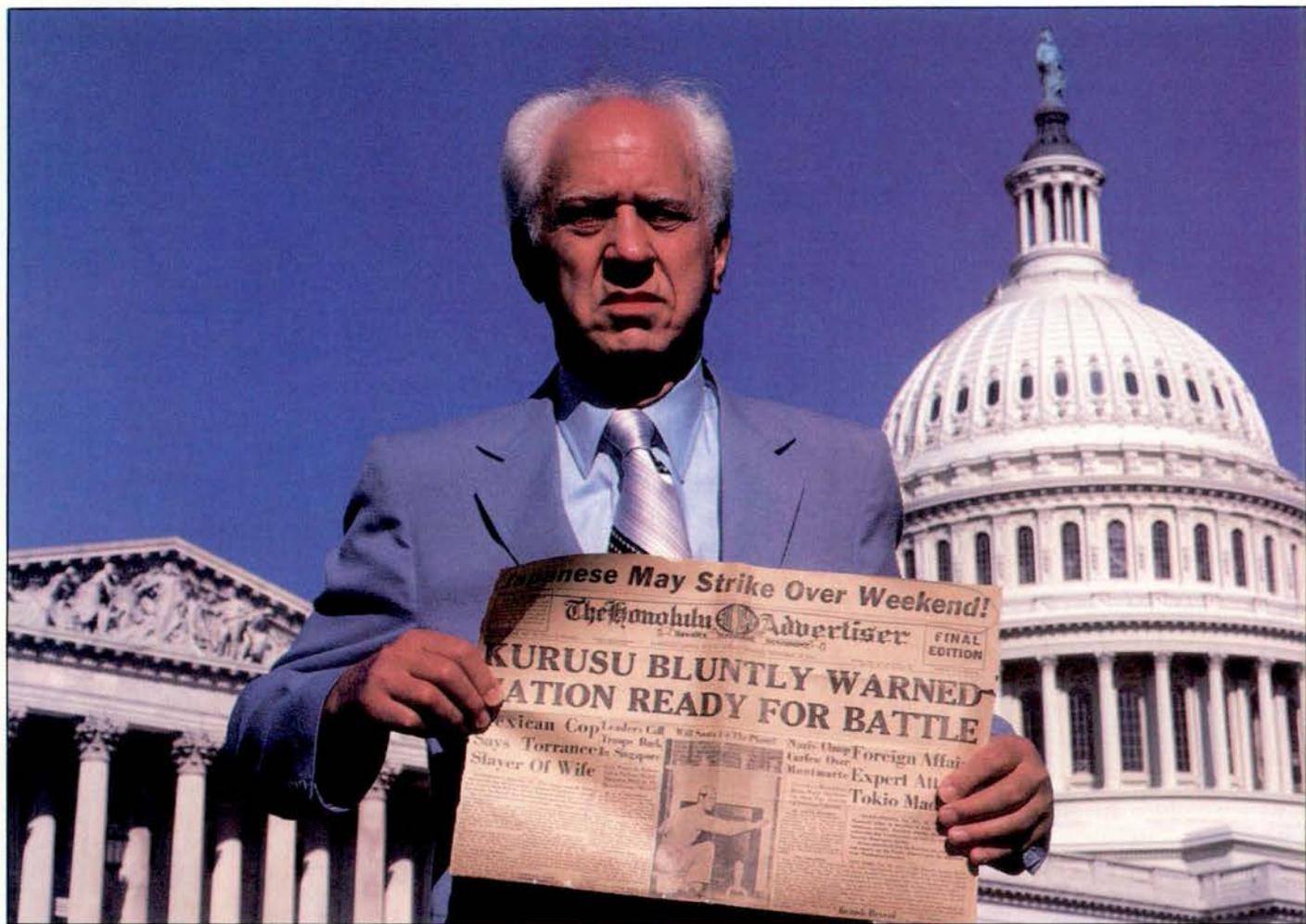
I ask that the Congress declare that since the unprovoked and dastardly attack by Japan on Sunday, December seventh, a state of war has existed between the United States and the Japanese Empire.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

THE WHITE HOUSE,

December 8, 1941.

On December 8, 1941, Roosevelt delivered his "Date That Will Live in Infamy" address. FDR's corrected version is in Leib's possession.



For more than 30 years Leib stalked the halls of Congress as a cost-cutting federal employee, lobbyist, speechwriter and muckraking journalist.

the matter into proper perspective, I should explain how and why Hull came to entrust me with the terrible secret of Pearl Harbor.

I arrived in Washington, D.C., on the same train that carried President-elect Roosevelt in March 1933. Though I was only 22 at the time, I moved comfortably within the ranks of movers and shakers who were soon to inherit the reins of government.

My credentials among the Roosevelt crowd were impeccable. I had organized the first Roosevelt for President Club three years earlier in my hometown of South Bend, Indiana, while FDR himself was still running for reelection as governor of New York. By the end of 1930 I was directing active clubs in 21 states.

Prior to the Democratic National Convention of 1932 I convinced House Speaker John Nance Garner to issue public statements that he was not a candidate for the Presidency, and helped head off the "Stop Roosevelt" bloc within the party. As sort of a thank-you, Democratic National Committee Chairman Jim Farley arranged a brief visit with Roosevelt at the governor's mansion in Albany. At a private meeting with FDR following his victorious election he suggested I select a post

in his administration and submit my application directly to him after the Inaugural on March 4, 1933.

Though I had proven my political savvy during the long Roosevelt Presidential campaign, I knew little about the machinery of the government itself. I was caught

"Hull told me Japan was going to attack Pearl Harbor... and showed me a transcript of Japanese radio intercepts detailing the plan."

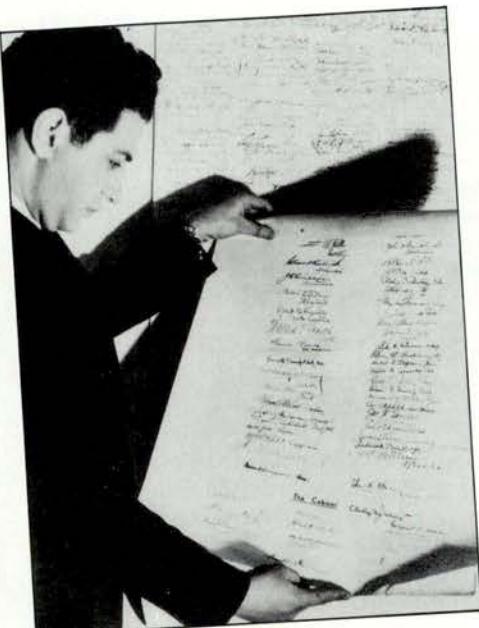
on the horns of a dilemma. Here I was, presented with an opportunity to pick nearly any job in the administration I desired short of a Cabinet post, and I couldn't decide. I wanted a job where I could meet people and rub shoulders with the power-brokers, something in public relations.

Finally, a few weeks after he formally took office, I wrote to Roosevelt and asked for an appointment as chief of the pass-

port division under the jurisdiction of the newly appointed secretary of state, Tennessee Senator Cordell Hull. By March 27, Louie Howe, Roosevelt's closest confidant, had forwarded my request to the State Department, and within a few days Hull himself telephoned to suggest I drop by his office.

Tall and distinguished, with thick-tufted brows poised above kindly eyes, Cordell Hull cut an imposing figure. He had the carriage and bearing of a king; yet he never forgot his Tennessee hill-country origins.

With a sincere twinge of sorrow in his voice Hull explained that the job I sought was held by a career civil servant who could not legally be removed, and asked whether I would be interested in an appointment as special assistant to the woman who currently held the post. After considering his offer for a few days, I thanked Hull for his time and attention but declined the position. The papers were full of rumors of sex scandals within the State Department, and I decided that that agency probably shouldn't serve as my initiation into government service. My meetings with Hull, however, began a cordial, respectful relationship that was to last throughout his nearly 12 years as secre-



In 1930 Leib joined the Roosevelt bandwagon.

tary of state.

Over the next few years I moved through several of the "alphabet soup" agencies President Roosevelt created to focus government attention on the nation's depressed economy. At the National Recovery Administration I managed to obtain the participation of the Du Pont Corporation in the NRA's work. But soon I recognized that the restrictive codes and regulations imposed by the administration were driving small Mom-and-Pop businesses into bankruptcy and launching chains of conglomerates that changed the very face of American retailing.

Next I began handling complaints for the Agriculture Adjustment Administration (AAA) until I witnessed the deliberate slaughter of hogs to keep pork production down. While millions of families starved and begged for food, the government was directing the destruction of crops, dairy products and animals to prop up prices!

I resigned in protest and took a post in the Treasury Department, which wasn't much of an improvement. As chief of correspondence of the emergency-accounts section in the department's procurement division, I could watch from a front-row seat while tax dollars were squandered on outrageous programs and federal agencies paid exorbitant sums for equipment that could have been purchased at half the price on the open market.

I argued until I was blue in the face, but it was all to no avail. The fix was in. I finally figured that government service was not for me.

Over the next months I began working as a freelance writer for the *New York Herald-Tribune*, the *Pittsburgh Press* and the Paul Block newspaper chain, among others. I also worked for a number of congressmen, writing speeches, handling



Today Joseph Leib's Virginia home is filled with historical memorabilia collected over the years.

their public relations and investigating issues.

Meanwhile, Roosevelt was finding that his smooth-sailing ship of state had run into some rough water. The Supreme Court declared both the NRA and the AAA unconstitutional and challenged other parts of Roosevelt's New Deal program.

Roosevelt, of course, fought back. He began behind-the-scenes maneuvers to purge members of the Senate who opposed his pet projects, and blatantly tried to pack the Supreme Court with justices who would be subservient to his whims. For me that was the last straw. I publicly broke with the President and began directing my efforts against his tyrannical plans.

At the height of the controversy I wrote to Supreme Court Justice James C. McReynolds and questioned him about the rumors circulating in the capital that he intended to retire. McReynolds advised me in his reply to "disregard" all the talk about his resignation, and I leaked the text of the letter to my friend Lyle Wilson, Washington bureau chief of United Press. The story put a damper on Roosevelt's court-packing plan and spelled defeat for his judicial reorganization proposal in Congress.

Only nine months after FDR took the oath of office for his second term as President, I continued my assault by revealing in the *New York Herald-Tribune* on October 31, 1937, that Roosevelt was hoping for a war in Europe so that he could sidestep the Constitutional provision limiting a President to eight years in office and seek an unprecedented third term. The story was later reprinted in full

in the *Congressional Record*, only weeks before the election in November 1940.

Of course, my organizing activities against Roosevelt earned me his undying hatred, just as my efforts in his behalf a decade earlier had won his friendship. But it was clear he had become a demagogue and wanted to be a sort of king or a president-for-life. I was not alone in that assessment, and my opposition to a third term for Roosevelt also gained for me the fellowship of many politicians and even the grudging admiration of one of Roosevelt's own Cabinet secretaries, Cordell Hull.

For decades Hull had toiled in service to the nation. He volunteered for duty in Cuba during the Spanish-American War, and upon his return he rode the Tennessee hills as a circuit judge. He was elected to Congress in 1907, and he remained there until Roosevelt beckoned him in 1933.

Between 1921 and 1924 he had paid his political dues serving as chairman of the Democratic National Committee. As secretary of state, he suffered in silence while Roosevelt used Undersecretary Sumner Welles—a closet bisexual—to direct foreign policy from the White House, undercutting Hull at every turn.



Dwight D. Eisenhower was one of three Presidents Leib knew personally.

At first, Hull had ample reason to be patient. He wanted to be President and told me later that Roosevelt had secretly promised Hull not to seek reelection to a third term. Roosevelt, Hull claimed, had even vowed to support him for the Democratic nomination. But unknown to Hull at the time, FDR had made the same guarantee to a score of others.

Months went by—crucial organizing months—while Roosevelt refused to discuss the issue of a third term publicly. Finally, when FDR made his move, Hull realized he had been betrayed. By the time Roosevelt's third term ended in 1944, Hull would be 72—too old, he figured, for a tough race for the White House.

Early in 1941 I came upon some incredible information that, if true, could have badly tarnished Hull's shining political image. Remembering his personal kindness years before, I wrote to the secretary of state and requested a private audience.

Independently, I managed to confirm the gist of the story that concerned events dating back to the beginnings of Hull's career in public life. My intention was merely to get a statement from the secretary of state and then publish the story. In a series of meetings over the following weeks Hull acknowledged the truth of what I had discovered.

The scene of our meeting in Hull's office is still etched deeply in my memory:

the courtly secretary of state, hunched over in despair, sobbing and pleading with me to keep the story secret. As Hull related to me the difficult circumstances Roosevelt had placed him in, I began to understand the sorrow and anguish he had suffered. He'd had enough, I decided. I promised Hull never to reveal the information I had obtained, and I have kept that confidence to this day.

Hull told me he never forgave Roosevelt for double-crossing him in 1939; yet he remained in office, cautiously and carefully trying to hold together the fabric of U.S. foreign policy. Hull knew he was the only man in the New Deal Cabinet who had the power and stature to blow the whistle on Roosevelt's chicanery. But he remained a loyalist for the good of the nation. It was clear that war clouds were on the horizon and that a political crisis in the United States could only benefit the enemies of democracy.

It was in this volatile and uncertain atmosphere that Cordell Hull telephoned me early on Saturday, November 29, 1941, and asked me to see him in person as soon as possible. He wanted to discuss a matter of extreme importance with me, and it was a subject of such sensitivity, it could not be talked about on the phone. There was an obvious note of urgency in his high-pitched voice, and I quickly agreed.

We met outside the State Department (then housed in what is now known as the Old Executive Office Building next door to the White House), and after exchanging brief hellos, walked briskly across the street to Lafayette Park. As we sat on a bench, Hull was fidgeting nervously, betraying the emotions usually masked by his cool demeanor. Suddenly, he burst into tears, and his lanky figure shuddered.

I resisted an impulse to drape my arm around his shoulder and waited patiently for him to regain his composure. Sucking in great gasps of air, Hull began to talk. His words came slowly at first and then fairly streamed from his mouth. It was as if he could barely wait to pronounce them he was so anxious to tell the story.

I could only sit in startled silence as Hull told me Japan was going to attack Pearl Harbor within a few days, and pulled from his inside coat pocket a transcript of Japanese radio intercepts detailing the plan. Recovering from my shock, I began to question him.

"Why are you telling me this?" I blurted out. "Why don't you hold a press conference and issue a warning?"

"I don't know anyone else I can trust," he replied, shaking his head. "I've confided in some of your colleagues in the past, but they've always gotten me into hot water. You've had the goods on me for months; yet you've kept your promise not to publish them. You're the only one I can turn to."

"Does the President know the Japs are going to attack Pearl Harbor?"

"Of course he does. He's fully aware of the plans. So is Hoover at the FBI. Roosevelt and I got into a terrible argument, but he refuses to do anything about it. He wants us in this war, and an attack in Hawaii will give him just the opportunity. That's why I can't hold a press conference. I'd be denounced by the White House. No one would believe me!"

(Hull's allegations about FBI complicity in the coverup were confirmed more than a month after Pearl Harbor. A bylined article by United Press reporter Fred Mullen in the *Washington Times-Herald* declared, "FBI Told Army Japs Planned Honolulu Raid." The article explained that the bureau had intercepted a radio-telephone conversation on December 5, which mentioned details of the planned raid. Within hours of publication Hoover pressured the newspaper into pulling the story from its later editions.)

After exacting a promise from me never to reveal where I got the document, Hull gave me a transcript of the Japanese message intercepts. I nearly ran the few short blocks to the National Press Building on 14th Street, where I had an office. I took the elevator up to the United Press bureau

(continued on page 140)



Bill Watterson

"Relax, Miss. All you have to do is moan a lot and say, 'It's too big, Ronnie, it's too big.' "





“WHAT IS ART?”
By Dennis Hopper



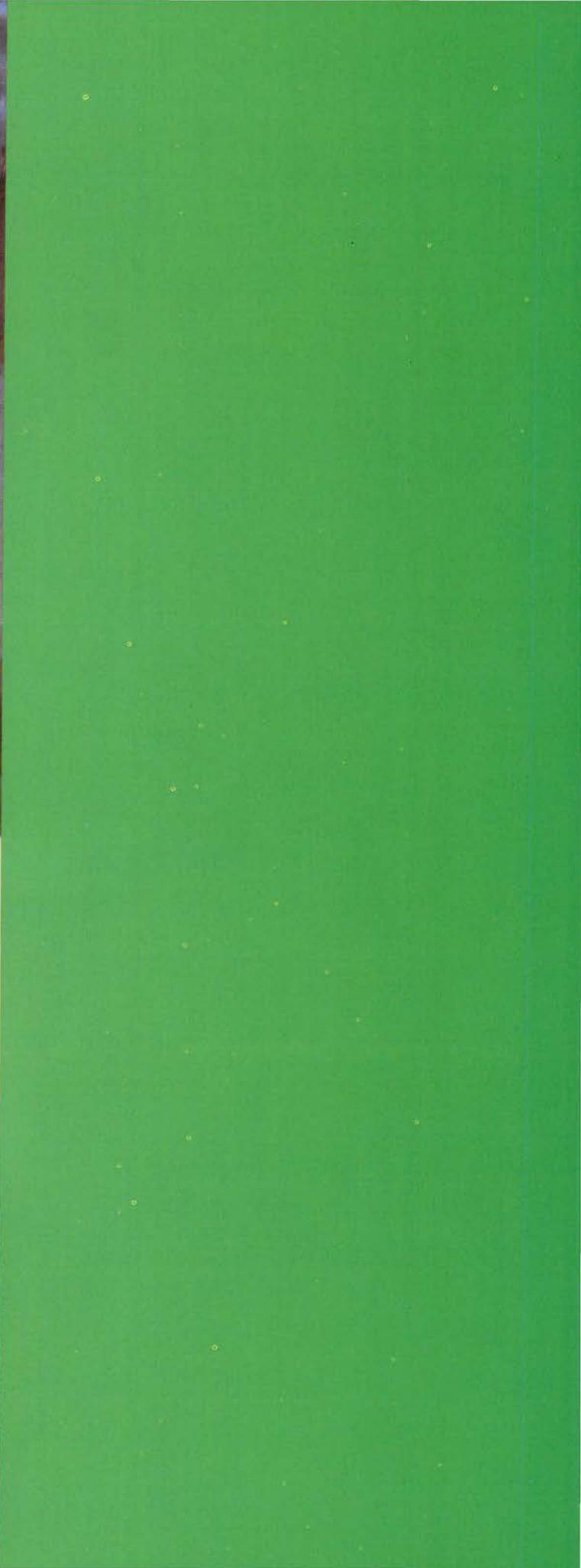
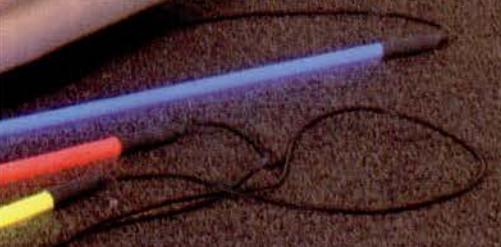






"ONE MAN'S PERVERSION IS
ANOTHER MAN'S ART."

















"I KNOW WHAT I HAVE GIVEN YOU.
I DO NOT KNOW
WHAT YOU HAVE RECEIVED."

Dennis Speaks

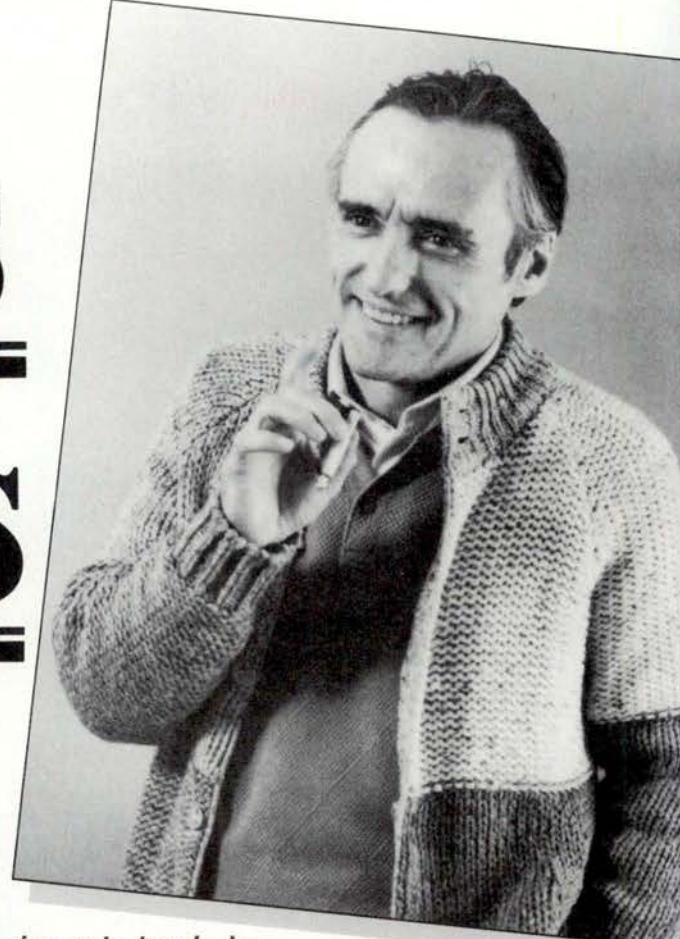
*"I love HUSTLER Magazine,
and I love Larry Flynt."*

Although many celebrities have come forth to direct a photo-session for HUSTLER, it's particularly appropriate that we've selected Dennis Hopper, "The Last American Renegade," as our first. Dennis's place in America's cultural scene was set when he first starred with James Dean in the film classic Rebel Without a Cause. He went on to appear in such pictures as Gunfight at the O.K. Corral, The Sons of Katie Elder and True Grit, but is probably best known as the director and star of the movie that defined the '60s the way Rebel defined the '50s—Easy Rider. Recent roles in major films like Apocalypse Now, Sam Peckinpah's The Osterman Weekend, Francis Ford Coppola's newest release, Rumblefish, and Robert Altman's upcoming O.C. and Stiggs have kept Dennis at the cutting edge of American cinema.

But Dennis's most ambitious project to date as a filmmaker was a little-known film called Out of the Blue—the most important and overlooked movie in the past decade. It was so real and touched such a sensitive nerve that none of the major Hollywood studios would distribute it even though it was R-rated, with no explicit sex scenes.

Dennis holds the distinction of being the only filmmaker at the Cannes Film Festival—where the tradition is to introduce a movie and the country it comes from, then raise the country's flag and play the national anthem—to have an emcee introduce his work as a Dennis Hopper film “without a country.”

But Dennis is back in the director's chair, and his next project will be Light My Fire, the life story of the legendary rock star Jim Morrison of the Doors. It's destined to be a film of heroic and epic proportion. Will the members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences consider it next year? Dennis doesn't give a fuck, because his filmmaking, like his art, is an extension of himself that he refuses to compromise. Besides, when



*the going gets tough, he
can always go to work at HUSTLER.*

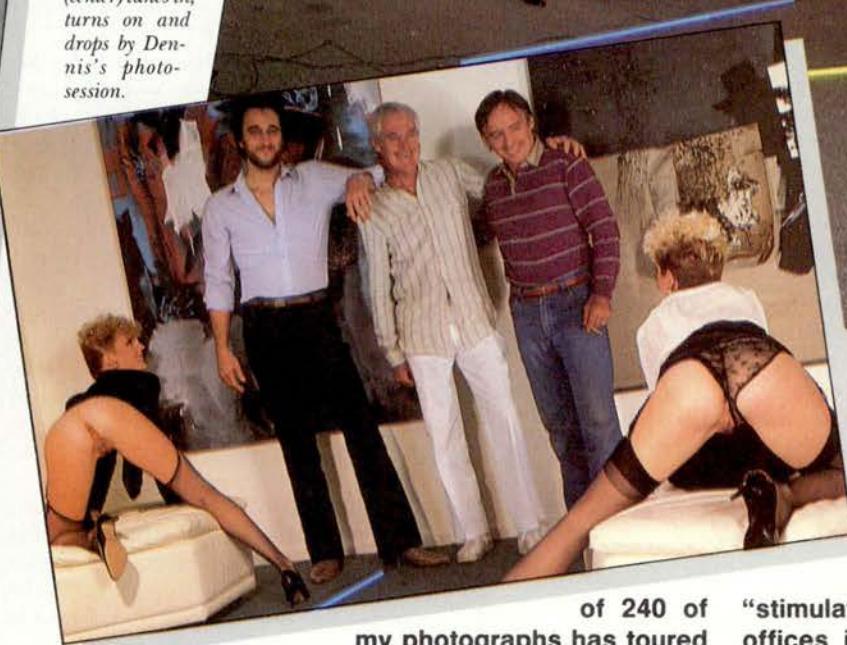
Pussy has fascinated me since I was a child. I used to look up women's dresses to get a peek at their panties. And I've always wanted to be involved with a photo-session for HUSTLER. So when I got a letter from Larry Flynt saying that I could direct a photo-shoot of my favorite sexual fantasy, I didn't even think of saying no, because that was my favorite sexual fantasy. Besides, I'm so weird, I still look up women's dresses, and working for HUSTLER is infinitely better.

And I wanted to direct and photograph. Up until 1967 I was a photographer as well as an actor. An exhibition



HUSTLER Creative Director Bill Nirenberg and Dennis Hopper hard at work on the "spread."

Timothy Leary (center) tunes in, turns on and drops by Dennis's photo-session.



of 240 of

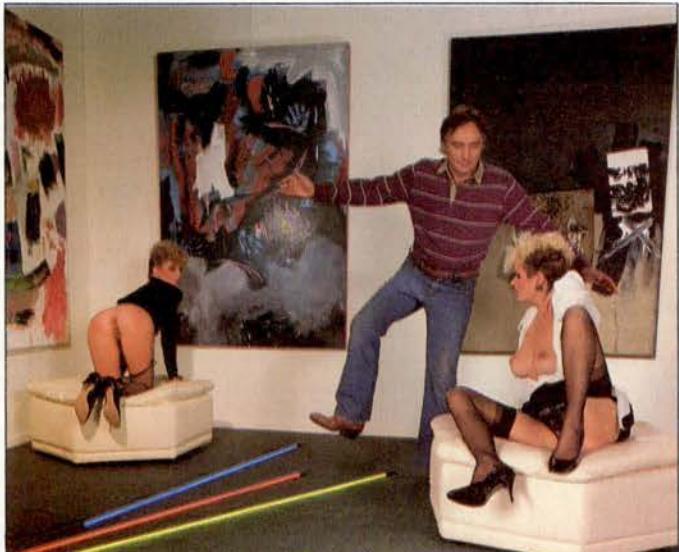
my photographs has toured

the U.S. and Europe. I have works in the permanent collection of New York's Metropolitan Museum, and I've taken photos for *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue*. But I put the camera down when I started directing *Easy Rider*, and I didn't shoot a still photo until this session

for *HUSTLER*. With all that background I still came into this project being very naïve.

I didn't know nothin' about nothin'. I'd never heard the phrase "simulated sex" before. I must have thought someone said

"stimulated sex," because while sitting in the *HUSTLER* offices interviewing these beautiful women for the shoot, I said to myself, "We're really going to be doing this for real. We're going to do a girl/girl layout, and we're going to do it for real." Then one of the models explained to me that the girls don't really "touch" each other intimately. They just simulate sex. That's when



I realized how naive I really was—as naive as Elvis when he came out to Hollywood to do his first film, *Love Me Tender*. He came to see me because he wanted to know all about James Dean. James and I had worked together in *Rebel Without a Cause*. Elvis was the biggest star in the country, but he didn't know anything about Hollywood.

We spent about a week together, and toward the end he said to me in that famous Memphis drawl, "I want to ask you an acting question. In *Love Me Tender* I have this fight scene with Richard Egan, and I have to beat him up." Elvis paused for a moment. "I can do that," he continued, "but I've also got a fight scene with Debra Paget where I really beat her up bad... and I've never hit a woman before."

I explained to him that we don't really *hit* people in the movies. It just *looks* like we hit them. Then Elvis looked at me sort of surprised and said, "I suppose you're going to tell me that those bullets that are hitting off the wood and rocks aren't real either? You're going to tell me they aren't using real bullets?"

Anyway, I felt a lot like Elvis when I heard that the sex was simulated. I wanted to get into more than simulation. I wanted their fingers and tongues to actually touch each other's vaginas. And it wasn't easy to find women who were not only right for the fantasy I had in mind but would also

engage in actual physical contact. The first one I found who met both qualifications had herpes.

Finally, I chose the two lovely ladies who appear in this layout. I put them in front of my paintings (another of my humble talents) and set the whole shooting in an art gallery because I wanted to say that showing pink is an art form. The women are displayed as art objects—sexual art objects. There's nothing wrong with a sexual art object if the sexual art object enjoys being a sexual art object.

Besides, pornography is every great artist's final dream. Whether it's Goya, Gauguin, Da Vinci, Michelangelo or Degas... they all did pornography. I'm not saying that I'm one of them, but anyone interested in art who has a visual eye is interested in the human body. And anyone interested in the human body is interested in pornography. Believe me, *every* mansion has its leather-bound volumes of pornography.

I had some problems in the transition from film to still photography. Still models *pose*. Film actresses *move*. I wanted a more natural look from my models. I spent an awful lot of time trying to talk to them and be Mr. Nice Guy. I tried to understand them psychologically. Eventually I just said, "Spread your legs! Show some pink, and get your lips right!" The girls got bitchy. They got especially *bitchy*

if they thought I didn't know what I was doing. And they were *sure* I didn't know what I was doing. They were right.

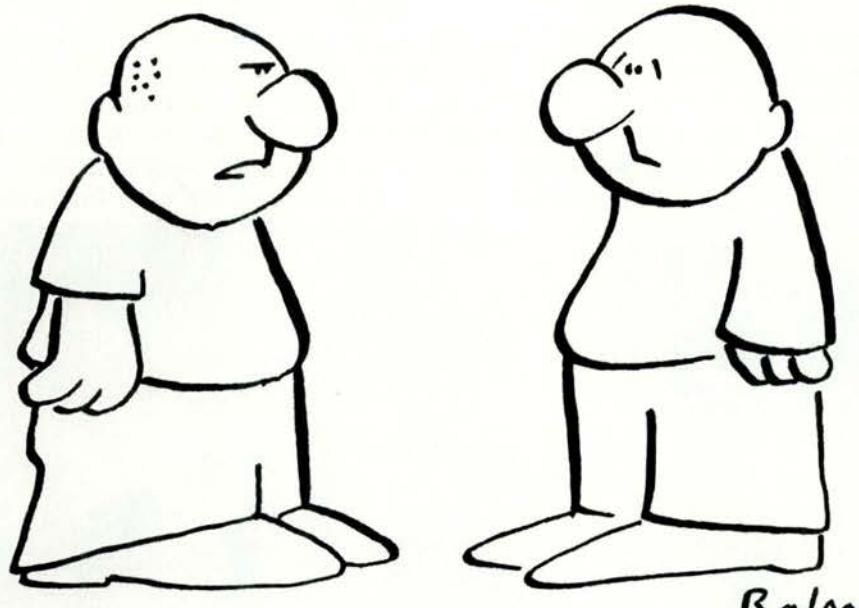
Although I was too busy to think about it at the time, I've fantasized since about having sex with the girls. Lois (the model with the blond top-knot) has a really wonderful body. They've both got great asses and legs. And I'm an ass and leg man. Tits certainly help too. Larry asked me a funny thing after the shoot. He wanted to know if I touched the lips of the girls' vaginas and arranged the pink so it looked like a flower. I jumped up and said, "No! And I'm such a dumb motherfucker... because I wanted to!" No one told me I could. But it was all a learning process. I feel like I just got my Ph.D., and now I'd like to try it again. It's been one of the greatest experiences of my life.

Of course, Larry Flynt and his crew are fucking great. While I was working there, Larry decided to replace his own photo on the editorial page with a picture of shit. But he couldn't find the right shit. He had his ace shit-cartoonist draw some shit, but that shit was shit. Then he had his staff buy some rubber novelty shit. No good. So he sent a memo to all employees offering \$300 to the staff member who could leave *just the right pile of shit* in a room where cardboard mats would be placed for people to take dumps on. Judging by the photo that finally appeared on his page, Larry's employees have their shit together.

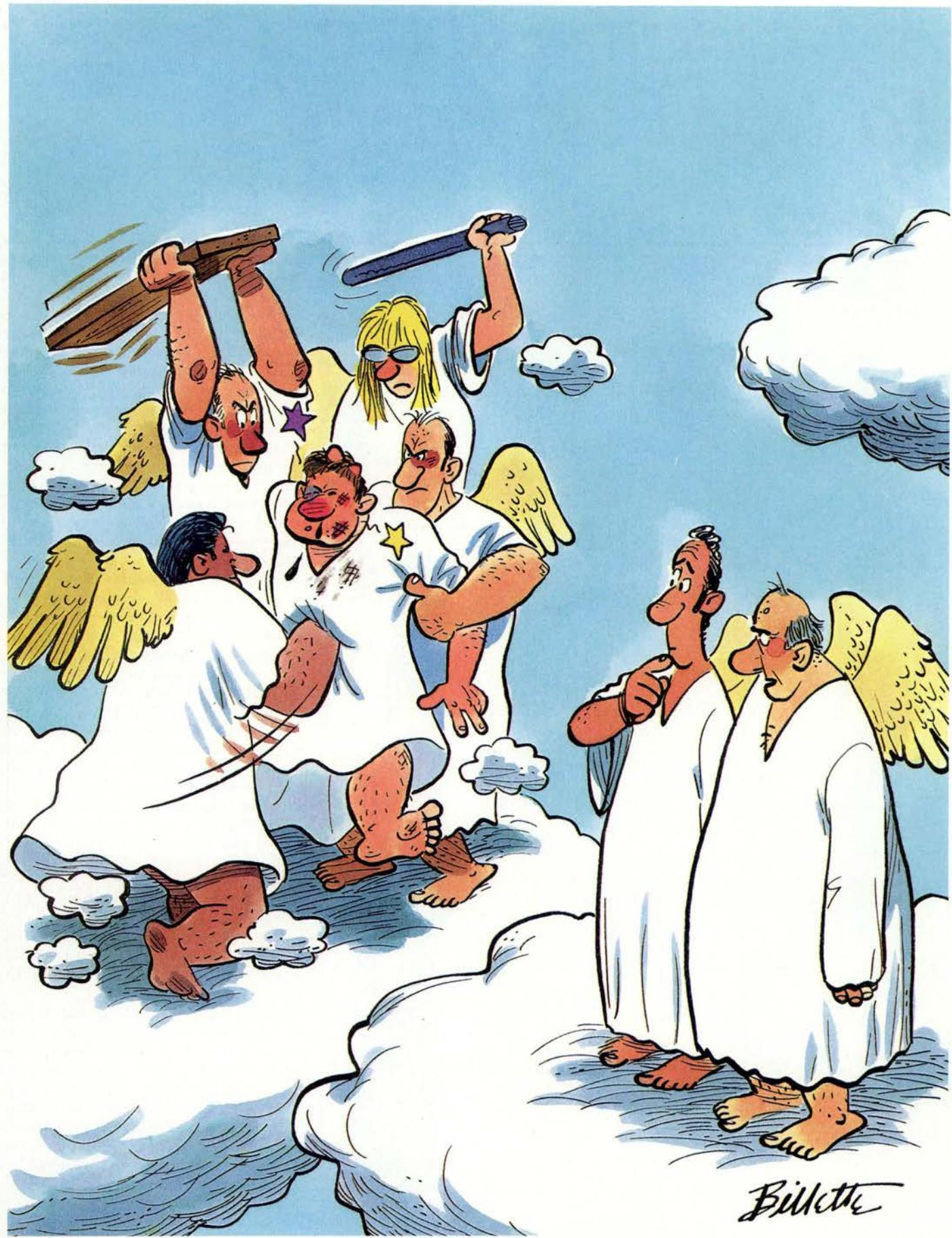
But I love HUSTLER Magazine, and I love Larry Flynt. Maybe that's what the title of this piece should be. I'm all for showing pink, and I like to jerk off to the magazine, but now I'm really *reading* it as well. The editorials are wonderful. Larry Flynt is one of the most courageous men I've ever known. His tragedy in 1978 was one of the great criminal acts of our time, and it affected me very deeply. Apparently, there are still people who want to keep Larry out of the public eye.

While staying at his home, I agreed to do an interview with *Entertainment Tonight*. They wanted to talk about *Easy Rider*. When the *Entertainment Tonight* crew arrived at Larry's home, I was wearing a "Larry Flynt for President" T-shirt, which they promptly asked me to remove. I told them I'm not accustomed to changing my clothes for interviews, and I asked why they wanted me to take the shirt off. They said that people might mistake me for Larry Flynt. I told them, "I don't think so. Try another one." I didn't take off the T-shirt; so we'll see if they air the interview.

All in all, a great thing is happening here, and I'm glad I was part of it. Art is for the common man now. And pornography is part of that art. I'm all for it—more and harder.



"If violent movies cause violence in the streets, then how come sexy movies don't cause sex in the streets?"



"Oh, that's just a bunch of lung-cancer victims getting back at a tobacco farmer."

A Modest Tribute To My Best Friend

by Larry Flynt

Photo by Charles Barksdale, Copyright © Express-News



Ruth Carter Stapleton and Larry Flynt following his 1977 revelation that he had been born again.

Last September 23 I lost my best friend, evangelist Ruth Carter Stapleton. I first met her six years ago through Joe Wershba, who had produced a special program for *60 Minutes* about Ruth and her ministry. (He later produced a *60 Minutes* segment on pornography about me.) I was staying at the Beverly Hills Hotel in California when Joe called to give me Ruth's phone number and to say that she wanted to see me.

I asked why, and he said: "Believe it or not, you two have a lot in common. Like you, Ruth feels that our inability to deal with our sexual frustrations is rooted in our inability to deal with our religious convictions." I knew right away that she was no ordinary Bible-thumper.

I called Ruth at her home in North Carolina, saying that I would be glad to meet with her but that it would be a few weeks before I could take the time off. "Larry Flynt, you son of a bitch," she replied. "You can do any damn thing you want to."

Needless to say, I boarded my private pink jet for Fayetteville, North Carolina. Ruth and her husband, Bobby, met me at the airport. When I first laid eyes on her, I thought she was one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen.

During that first meeting I told her that I didn't care for her brother, the President. She smiled and said, "What do you care for?"

"Not much of anything," I said. "You see, I'm an Anarchist."

"I never heard of that," Ruth replied. "What is it?"

"Anarchy is a society without government," I responded, adding that I felt contempt for everyone in government—especially the tax collectors.

"Jesus is an Anarchist," she said, looking deep into my eyes with a beautiful, loving and sexy smile. She then proceeded to tell me about her Jesus and how much she loved Him, even confessing that her favorite sexual fantasy was getting fucked by Him. She spoke of Jesus fondly—with deep conviction, admiration and unselfish devotion. She said that she had committed her life to Him, and in the coming months I was to find out just how true this statement really was.

A few days later Ruth and Bobby spent the weekend with my wife, Althea, and me at our Columbus, Ohio, home. During their visit Ruth asked me if I would help her buy a

holistic-medicine retreat in Denton, Texas, that she intended to name Holavita. How could I say no to the first genuine Jesus freak I had ever met?

Thus, a friendship began that would last forever, despite the six turbulent years that followed and all the adverse publicity that surrounded them. She never stopped loving, caring and praying for me. She defended me and HUSTLER even though it brought untold problems into her life.

Ruth was alone with me in my airplane, high over the Colorado Rockies, when I had my famous born-again experience. She spent that night with me in the bedroom of my Beverly Hills Hotel bungalow. No, I never fucked Ruth; she just knew that in my emotional state I could not be left alone. So she sat by my bedside and held my hand the whole night through.

Although she had agreed to come and testify at my 1978 obscenity trial in Lawrenceville, Georgia, I refused to allow her to attend. I explained that to do so would hurt Jimmy Carter in his bid for reelection; and even worse, it would damage her ministry. The following day I was shot while walking to the courthouse.

Ruth knew who shot me, and so did Jimmy. I had previously shown her all of the information I had about the conspiracy that led to the assassination of President Kennedy—including the involvement of the CIA and FBI. Ruth told me that she had placed a copy of the *L.A. Free Press*, in which I had printed this information, on Jimmy's desk in the Oval Office.

I just smiled and told her that Jimmy had his hands full with the Trilateral Commission, an organization of bankers, businessmen and politicians whose real function is to protect the interests of greedy multinational corporations. She looked as puzzled as she did when I first told her that I was an Anarchist.

She was at my bedside in the hospital and remained at my side on and off for the next five years. The pain and subsequent drug addiction that I experienced seemed to hurt her more than it did me. She would hold my aching legs for hours and plead with Jesus to make the pain go away.

She was there last year at Duke University when I had the two successful operations that eliminated my pain. Afterward, I told her what a lucky cocksucker Jesus was, because I had just spent five years on that same fucking cross. He was dead the day they hung Him on it.

Late last August, from my office in Los Angeles, I dialed Ruth's phone number at the retreat in the Bahamas where she was being treated for pancreatic cancer. Ruth

knew she was dying. She had asked me the previous day to call her at this particular time. She would be alone, she said, and could discuss something of great importance with me.

She wanted my help in getting her final books published so that her work might continue after her death. She said I was the only one who she could depend on to get it done.

While speaking with Ruth, my secretary informed me that Madalyn Murray O'Hair—the world's most famous Atheist—was holding on another line. Ruth and I finished our talk, and I took Madalyn's call. She had heard that I'd told David Hartman on *Good Morning America* that I was an Atheist and wanted to know if this was true. I acknowledged that it was; but in retrospect I had neither the courage nor the intelligence to be an Atheist.

Madalyn proceeded to tell me how terribly depressed she was over the recent Supreme

"Ruth looked terrible-seeming very weak and distant. All of a sudden she opened her eyes and said, 'Tell Larry I love him, and if I don't see him in this world, I will see him in the next one.'"

Court decisions regarding the separation of Church and State. We talked at great length about "our new Legislative Body of Government." She spoke with deep concern about her impending trial in Austin, Texas, for refusing to pray during a City Council meeting. I told her that she was showing contempt for the system. Madalyn said she thought that she was concealing it.

I said that she was not alone, because now that I had regained my health, a Cincinnati, Ohio, court was going to retry me on the 1976 obscenity charge that resulted in my being sentenced to 25 years in prison for publishing HUSTLER. I invited her to Los Angeles as my houseguest for the weekend so that we might continue our discussion about government.

The following day my friend-comedian and political activist Dick Gregory—dropped by with Martin Luther King Jr. We chatted about civil rights, Ronnie Reagan and Chicago's new black mayor—and how the fix came down in the Windy City.

The weekend came, and so did Madalyn. She stayed in the guest room that had been specially designed and built for Ruth Carter Stapleton. Keyoki, my obedient Japanese nurse who very seldom opens her mouth about anything, commented about the diversity of my house guests. The irony of Ruth and Madalyn's sleeping in the same bed made me remember something that Lenny Bruce had written in his autobiography, *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*.

Lenny told the story about how, when they lived together in Miami, his wife—Honey—

worked as a stripper at night while during the day Lenny impersonated a priest, going into nice Catholic neighborhoods, knocking on doors, listening to confessions and raising money for his nonexistent leper colony. When Lenny awakened in the morning, he would see his priest cloth hanging next to his wife's G-string and smile. Even Jesus would have smiled at that one.

In late September, Bobby Stapleton called to say that Ruth was dying and that if I wanted to see her, I should come right away. I told him that I couldn't come but that Althea would be there.

I doubt that Bobby knew about the Korean Air Lines Flight 007 advertisement in the form of an editorial that I had placed in several newspapers around the country, including the *New York Post*, the *Washington Post* and the *Los Angeles Times*. Bobby was not in the right frame of mind for me to tell him that I had speculated in the ad that

Congressman Larry McDonald may have Jim Jonesed himself into history. And he probably would not have believed me if I had told him that the FBI had asked my Chief of Security, Bill

Rider, to name his price if he would set me up so they could finish the job that was bungled five years ago in Lawrenceville, Georgia. The Birchers were waiting for me to stick my head from behind my bullet-proof windows so they could blow it off.

Having once had the opportunity to be a martyr, I declined a second offer. So I sent Ruth a note by way of Althea. Later I tried to speak with her by phone, but she could only faintly whisper my name.

When Althea returned after spending three days with Ruth, she said something real strange happened when she got ready to return home. Althea was saying goodbye to Ruth, who looked terrible-seeming very weak and really distant. All of a sudden she opened her eyes and said, "Tell Larry I love him, and if I don't see him in this world, I will see him in the next one."

A couple of days later the phone rang, and I took the saddest call of my life. "She's gone, Larry," Bobby Stapleton said. Those words kept echoing in my brain: "She's gone, Larry; she's gone, Larry." They just wouldn't go away. My mother's death had not grieved me one-tenth as much.

While I was speaking with Bobby, Doug Dowie from United Press International called for a comment on Ruth's passing. He wanted to know what she had meant to me and what she had brought into my life.

"The world will never know what she has meant to me," I said. "And they sure as hell are not ready to know what she brought into my life." ●

HARVEY FIERSTEIN

(continued from page 54)

are unkoshier and that if you eat a rabbit, you will start wearing dresses and attacking boys. And if you eat hyena, you become a child molester. What all this proves is that there's a lot of garbage in religion. But there's much that's good too—a lot of theory that doesn't really make sense but somehow works.

HUSTLER: You have received widespread acclaim as the first star of a Broadway show to openly admit that he's gay. Yet it's generally known in theatrical circles that dozens of other top Broadway actors are gay. Why don't they come out of the closet?

FIERSTEIN: Because they think that doing so might mean the end of their careers. Many gay actors—big stars who even play gays sometimes—always make the excuse "I'm straight, I'm straight, I'm straight." Yet some of them have even brought their male lovers to my house. When I tell women who watch TV soap operas every day that the actor they're in love with is gay, they sit there in shock. "Why are you so shocked?" I tell them. "Being gay doesn't affect their abilities as actors." By the way, I've gotten some very nice congratulatory telegrams from gay Broadway stars who thank me for talking freely about my homosexuality. They say

that one day maybe they'll do the same. I am approaching one of them—a rather large star—to play Arnold Beckoff in the movie version of *Torch Song*.

HUSTLER: Large? You mean ten or 11 inches?

FIERSTEIN: No, I mean that this is one of the highest-paid male actors in the world. He may do it without admitting that he's gay. Or he may do it and take the opportunity to come to terms with himself. When somebody's reached a certain plateau, as this gentleman has, life has to get real boring just sitting there doing role after role that is no different from the last. Then it becomes time to see what else life has to offer you. This is expressed in a line I use in *La Cage Aux Folles* where one of the gay middle-aged leading actors says, "Why did you sleep with that woman in the first place." And his gay lover replies, "Well, the situation presented herself, and I said why not? You've heard so much about it, why not see what all the fuss is about."

HUSTLER: The announcement that the NBC television network has approached you about writing and appearing in a prime-time comedy series caused quite a fuss of its own. Where does that project currently stand?

FIERSTEIN: When the word first got out, NBC admitted they were talking to me and said the series would not necessarily

be homosexually oriented. When I heard that, I told them they had already laid the groundwork for the asshole Moral Majority people to start exerting pressure. I told NBC it would have been better to say, "Yes, it's gay. We don't care what anybody says. We're going to run with it." I also said, "Go for the controversy. Go for the publicity. Don't start saying, 'Yes, we're talking, but we're not really sure.'" If they start with that attitude, I'm not even going to bother being involved in such a project."

HUSTLER: Do you feel that being gay gives you a unique advantage in having a comic viewpoint of life?

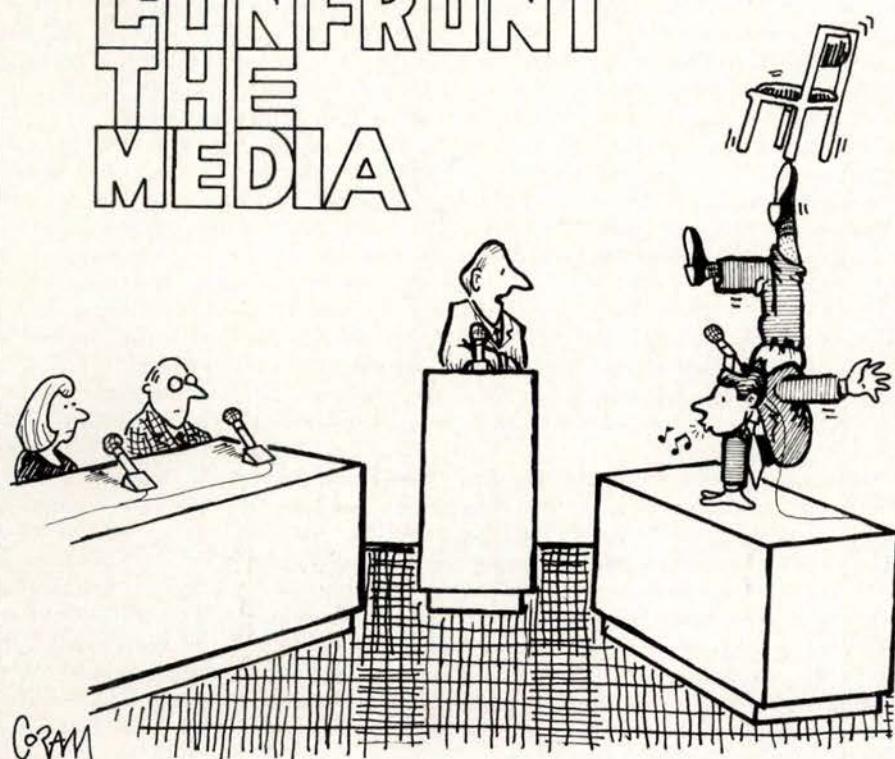
FIERSTEIN: I have a double advantage because I got two kinds of humor to give—gay and Jewish. Gay humor is putting down the world: like, "There are easier things in this world than being a drag queen, but try as I may, I can't walk in flats." That's gay humor—saying "fuck you" with the obvious. A line of Oscar Wilde's is an even more perfect gay joke. In talking about a woman whose husband has died, he says, "Yes, I hear her hair has turned quite gold with grief." That's taking the obvious and sticking it to her.

Jewish humor, on the other hand, always takes on the negative—turning things the opposite way. "What do you know from raising a child?" a Jewish mother asks her daughter. "What's to know?" she replies. "I simply imagine how you would solve a problem, and I do the opposite." And then there's the mother who says, "You don't get enough light in here; it's good for the plants." Her son replies, "So's manure." But the Jewish mother gets the last word: "So you want what's good for the plants, then put shit in the plants." That's Jewish.

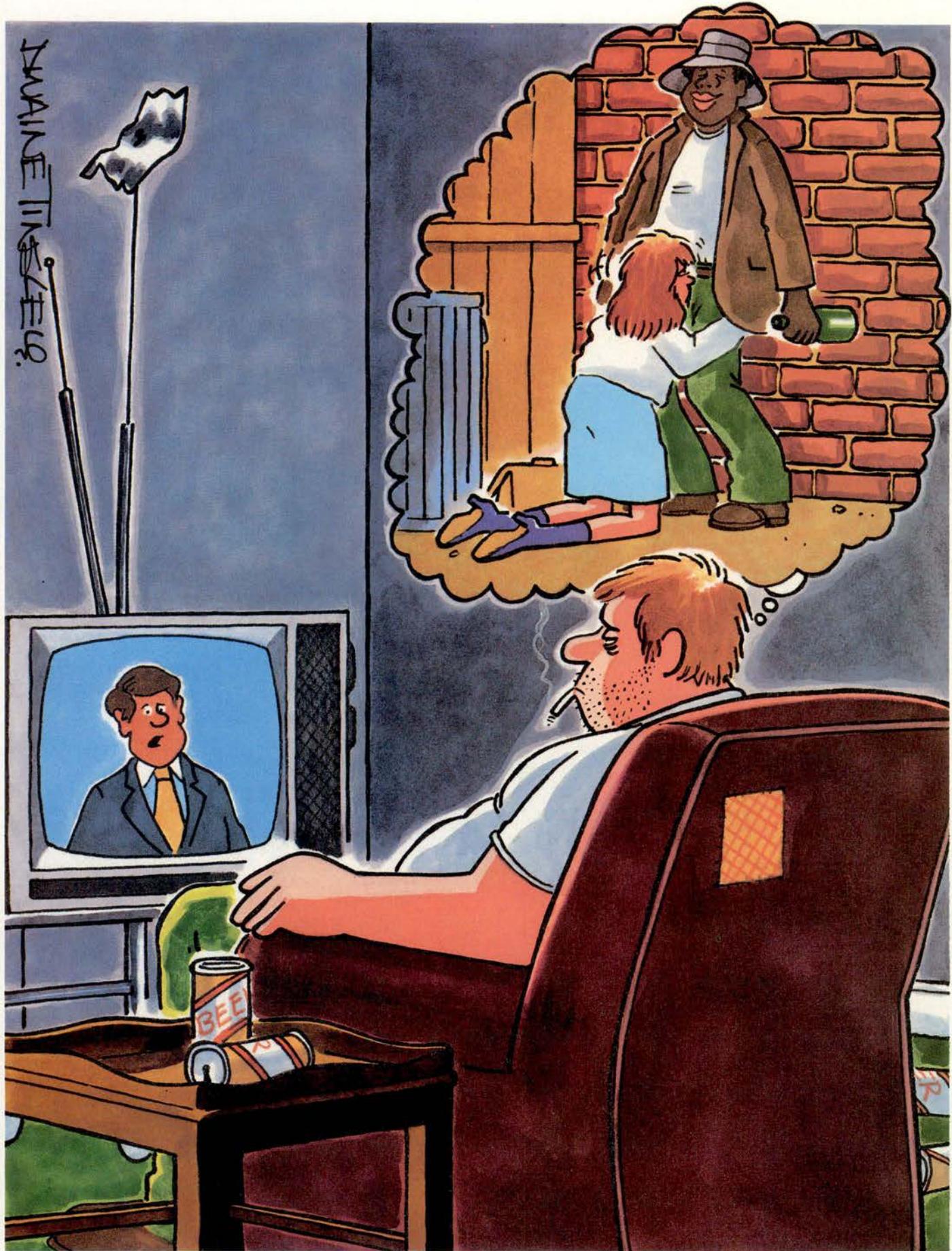
HUSTLER: Obviously, you seem very comfortable with your gayness. But there will always be those who feel uneasy and antagonistic being around homosexuals. Other than by writing plays that plead for human tolerance, how can you deal with this problem?

FIERSTEIN: By addressing it this way: If we had horns on our heads, if we wore lavender and we had to face every day with everyone knowing we were gay, we would definitely make some progress. But as long as gays hide and disappear without facing the issue, nothing will get accomplished. When someone on the subway says, "Fucking fag," and the gay man standing there doesn't turn around and punch the guy out, we ain't going to get nowhere. The reason you seldom hear people called nigger anymore is because the black people finally said, "Enough is enough. We are a race, we have pride, and we're not going to take it anymore." Gays can only benefit from the same course of action.

CONFRONT THE MEDIA



DWAINETINKEE



"It's 11 o'clock. Do you know where your children are?"





THE BASE REALITY OF AMERICAN POLITICS

The name of the game is power. Each of the 8,000 years of recorded history has seen the continuing human struggle to gain a piece of the action and thereby be linked, in however small a way, to those in control. Looking back over those turbulent centuries filled with violent

Analysis by
LARRY FLYNT

An excerpt from his soon-to-be-published book.

crimes, murderous wars, hunger, poverty, unchecked disease and man's inhumanity toward his fellow man—centuries blighted by the pall of ignorance cast over them—we can almost feel our ancestors' monumental battle against the ruling class.

Once upon a time all power rested in the hands of tribal rulers who kept their followers intellectually and psychologically impotent while telling them how to lead their lives. In the slow creep across history, absolute power was eventually assumed by priests and kings who regulated every aspect of the lives they controlled. And gradually, the first scientists—astronomers who devised a calendar by which the seasons and harvests could be predicted—won a measure of influence.

Then, in the year 1215, came one of the most significant events in political history. Under the threat of civil war, King John of England granted a *Magna Charta* (Great Charter) of liberties that became a symbol and a battle cry against oppression. For the first time a measure of power was wrested from the ruling class.

"No freemen shall be . . . imprisoned or [dispossessed] . . . except by the lawful judgment of his peers or by the law of the land," said clause 39 of that charter. (Both the U.S. and state constitutions show ideas and even phrases directly traceable to the *Magna Charta*.)

As a direct result of this development,

a portion of power was shared with what became known as the legislative body of government. While it was authorized to propose new rules and make laws, the head of state still retained the right to say no—or veto such legislation. (*Veto* in Latin means "I forbid.")

When the legislative bodies grew in size, they came to be called Assemblies—gatherings filled with aristocrats who were usually blood relations of the king. These members of the House of Lords, all of them wealthy landowners, were appointed with the advice of clergymen often related by birth to the throne.

Soon, when influential farmers and landowners began demanding a voice in government, a second legislative body was formed—the House of Commons. Despite the name, there was nothing common about this group of moneyed people intent on advancing their own interests, not those of the common man.

Continually jockeying for power, the House of Commons and the House of Lords were never really comfortable with one another. So they devised a watchdog division of government, the Judiciary, which would interpret laws made by the Legislative branch and approved by the Executive branch headed by the king.

But human rights were never protected in this evolutionary process; only property rights were important. While property

was the basis of law, however, there was one law for the peasants and another for the lord of the manor.

(That sort of economic imbalance of justice still prevails in today's society. If an indigent black steals a TV set, he may very well get 20 years in prison. Yet if a corporate executive steals a million dollars, he may never be arrested; even if he's prosecuted, it's likely he will be handed a slap-on-the-wrist sentence if he makes restitution.)

Basically, the common people were never consulted in this newly devised form of government unless it was to rally them to one side or another with hollow promises. They rioted, marched, went on strike and waged revolutions—all to no avail.

The common man in the street has never been anything but a pawn in the political power game. The rights "of all mankind" have never been meant for other than the few privileged elite.

* * *

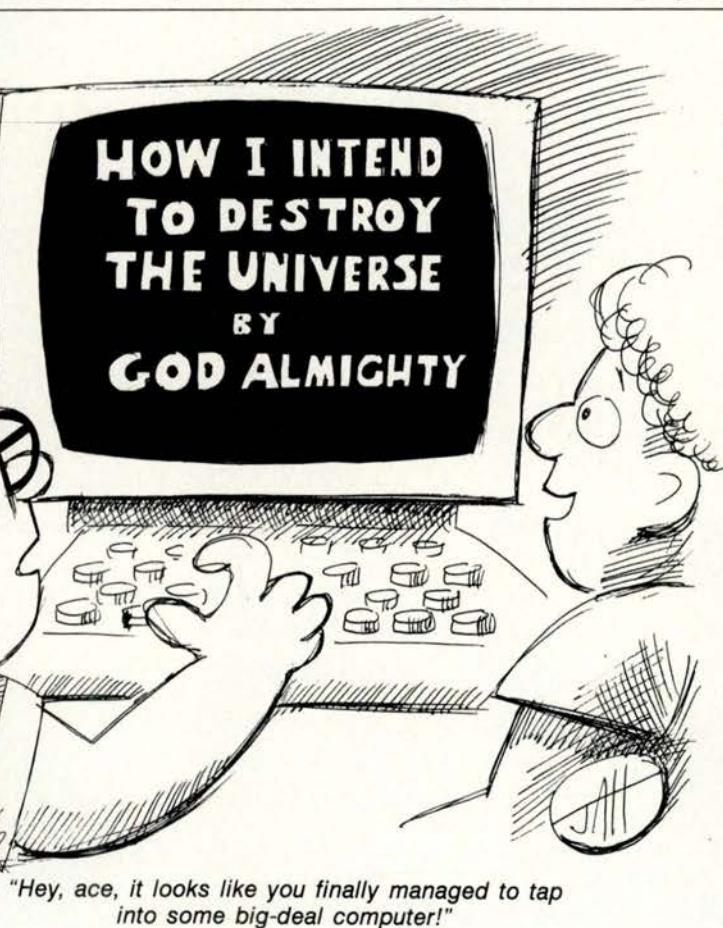
In the second half of the 18th century, England found itself involved in an industrial revolution of sorts and viewed the 13 colonies that would become America as a cheap and plentiful source of raw materials. The colonies were then under the complete economic, political and military control of England—at the time the greatest power in the world.

It took both courage and conviction, as well as an ocean 5,000 miles wide, for our Founding Fathers to make their Declaration of Independence from England. But while those founders were very special men, they were not common men. Plantation owners, merchants and lawyers, all of them were white, male and aristocratic—often descended from royalty. Fifteen of the 42 framers of the Constitution stocked their property with slaves and indentured servants.

Many of these Founding Fathers had been educated in Europe's finest institutions of higher learning. Not only did they stand in stark contrast to the average colonist, but they exploited their fellow citizens without mercy.

At that time there existed a greater disparity between the classes of society than any American today can imagine. By the end of the colonial period nine-tenths of the population lived off the land. The several thousand landlords throughout the 13 original colonies had grown rich from tenant and slave labor, and they lived in what were considered to be luxurious standards.

The huge majority of white Americans were families that owned—usually under a mortgage—small, hand-worked farms or retail stores and lived barely at a subsistence level. Literacy was rare among these average colonists. As late as 1870, 20% of all Americans could neither read nor





"Aw, you can let me suck your penis. I'm a congressman."

Bill Watterson

wrote. Those who could do both were marginal.

In that same year only 531 institutions of higher learning existed, and out of a population of 17 million just 9,372 persons received college degrees. Barely 50% of Americans between the ages of five and 17 attended school—and then for only the periods when they were not needed on the farms.

Our Founding Fathers lived in a world with slaves and docile servants attending them, never seeing society in terms of participation by the common man. They envisioned the primary participants in their newly formed government to be persons of their own stature, social ranking, education and background. Free white male landowners would be the only persons eligible to vote or participate—directly or indirectly—in this new elitist government. They never dreamed of a society so diversified that women or blacks would actually play a role in government. They conceived of the government primarily benefiting themselves and those of their ilk. On the taxation rolls, farmers were considered to be worth little more than the animal stock that grazed on the land. And slaves were counted as only three-fifths of one of those animals.

Freed from the necessities of daily common labor, the Founding Fathers sat and philosophized with their peers about the

ways in which they would keep the common people under control. They were keenly aware of the events that had transpired in England a century earlier. A full-scale civil war had broken out in 1642, after King Charles I disbanded Parliament, and that body retaliated by threatening to cut off money unless the royal powers were limited.

The Founding Fathers knew that this insurrection later inspired the legendary French Revolution of 1789, during which oppressed citizens overthrew a despotic ruler. Vowing that the same sort of thing would not happen in America, they were willing to trade off some of their power in order to assure a secure beginning for the new nation.

These men debated the idea of a democratic form of government in which the supreme powers would be vested in the elite ruling class—others such as themselves—and would be exercised by these persons or their elected agents by means of a free electoral system. Realistically, however, what emerged was a republican type of government in which the supreme powers resided in only the few citizens entitled to vote. The everyday workings of government would be handled by representatives directly or indirectly chosen by that small group.

Always keeping in mind the lessons of the revolutions in England and France,

the Founding Fathers stuck with the three-part form of government—the Executive, Legislative and Judicial branches—notably because of the checks-and-balances system built into it.

Today we commonly assume that in order to make a contractual agreement binding, the participants involved must make some sort of financial or property exchange. The common man in the colonies, however, was *never* consulted about the Constitutional agreement that forms the basis of our nation. He formed no part of that contract and could not vote to accept the government he witnessed being erected.

In the ensuing years your great-grandparents—perhaps even your grandparents or parents—were excluded from the vote by poll taxes, literacy tests and considerations of race and sex. These rules to live by were hammered out among “haves” trying to protect their regional interests. The “have nots” were excluded. Uneducated, bound primarily to the toil of land for livelihood, they had no part in the process.

Since your ancestors never really had the opportunity to participate in government, you don’t either. You have always been the governed, never a part of those who govern.

* * *

In 1776 the Declaration of Independence was signed by men of means and elegance. But it was not until 1781, following the Revolutionary War, that the 13 original colonies formed a loose association under the Articles of Confederation. Six years later, when it became obvious that these Articles were too weak to hold the colonies together, a gathering of the “haves” drafted a Constitution which could not be read or understood by the common man of that day. It was ratified by the assemblies of the 13 colonies—not by popular vote, as we are often now led to believe.

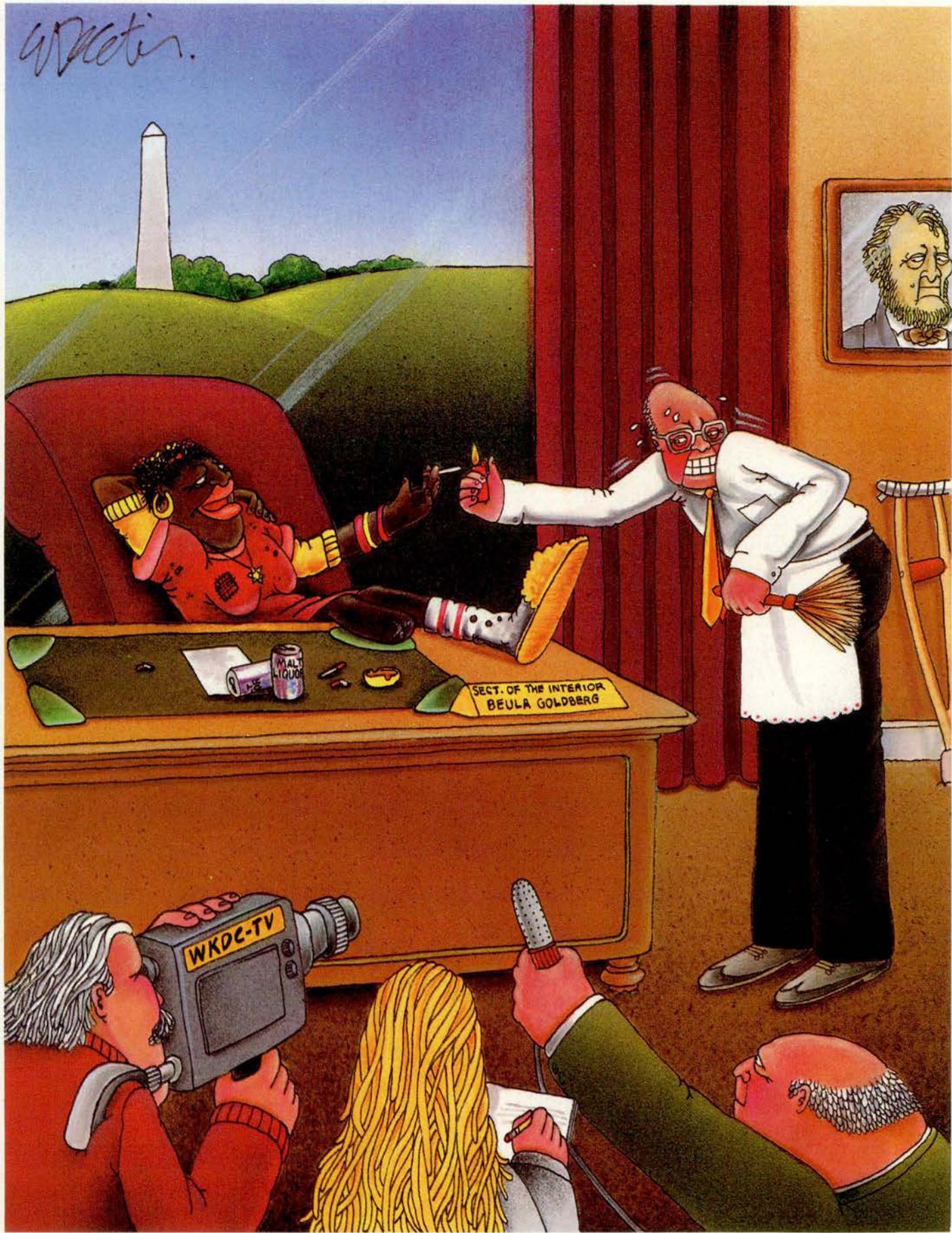
With its enactment the Constitution became the supreme law of the land. Setting down the internal structure of the newly formed government, it left power in the hands of a selected few. The states were made subordinate to the federal government and, while holding no inherent power of its own, a federal judiciary—the Supreme Court—was given the power to invalidate any law at any level found to be inconsistent with the Constitution.

(Initially, the Supreme Court ruled that the first ten amendments to the Constitution were not valid in the states. It was not until 1939 that these amendments—the Bill of Rights—became the law of the land. And nearly 80 years elapsed before the 14th Amendment made the principles of the Constitution the law in all states.)

(continued on page 140)



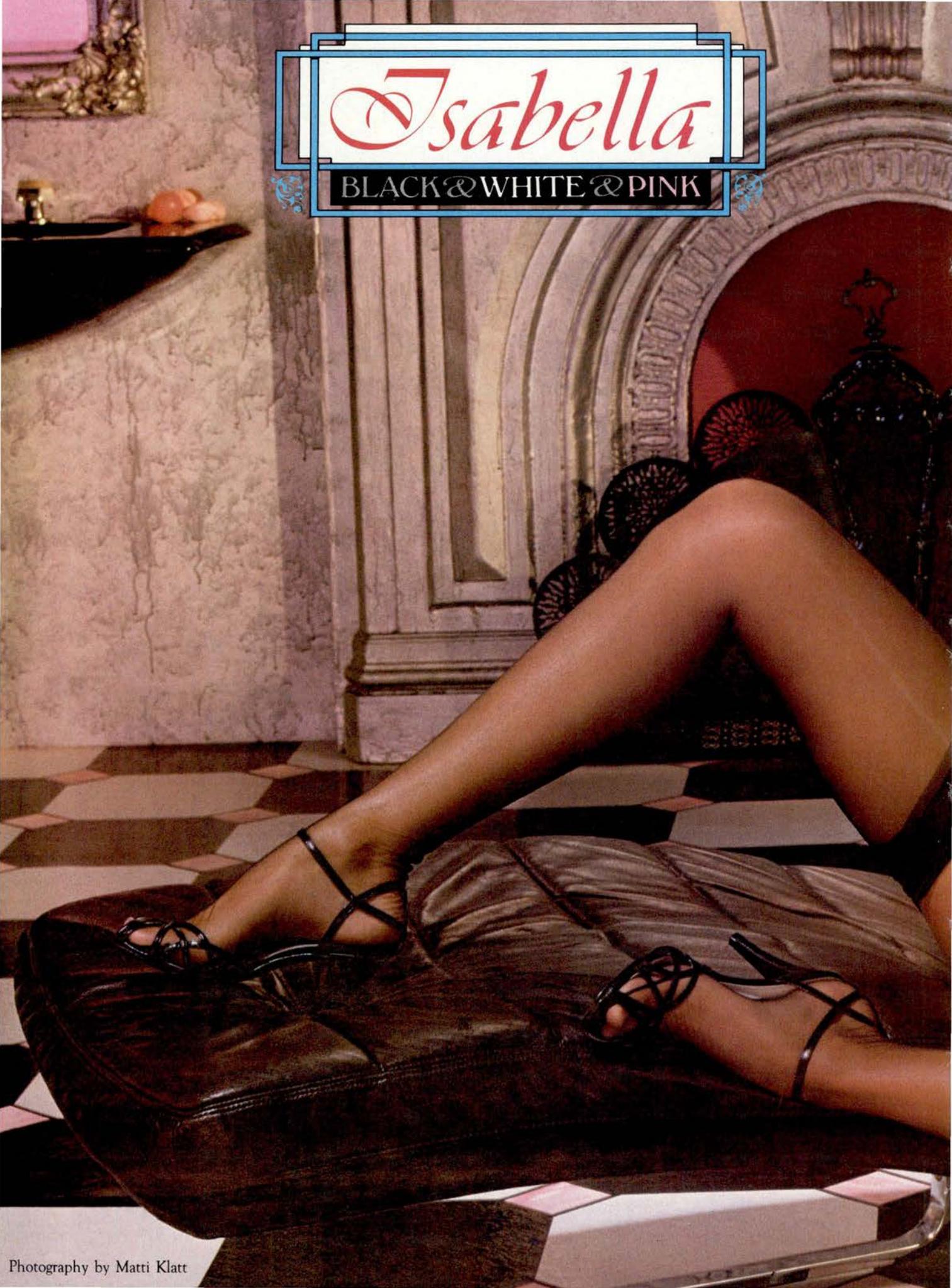
W.M. Watt.



"And thanks to Massa' Watt, here . . . a po', crippled, Jewish, black woman likes me
can get a fancy job just likes de white folk!"

Isabella

BLACK & WHITE & PINK





Colors triumph over Isabella's moods and feelings. She likes that. So she's careful to surround herself with seductive tints and alluring hues. Her enticing eyes are always gazing at the colors of passion—black and white and pink. They hypnotize her and fill her with desire. She sees her black lingerie wrapped teasingly across her flesh and wants it roughly stripped from her body. She sees creamy white milk slowly drip from her nipples and wants it licked and sucked and tasted. She sees her fresh pink cunt dripping with wetness and wants it spread and jammed with a juicy, cum-filled cock.













HUSTLER'S HONEY • JANUARY 1984

It's all pink!
It's on the inside.
Isabella







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Tragedy struck at the zoo one day when a man fell into the polar-bear pit and was eaten alive by one of the animals. A petition was filed to have the bear destroyed as a public menace. When the judge talked to the keeper, he mentioned that the man had been a member of the Moral Majority.

"So that explains it!" the zookeeper said.

"Explains what?" the judge asked.

"Ever since the accident," the zookeeper explained, "the bear's been licking his ass continuously. He must've been trying to kill the taste!"

Question: Why did Russian Premier Andropov order Korean Air Lines Flight 007 shot down?

Answer: He wanted to impress Jodie Foster.

A gay from California was telling his friend about eating hog nuts while in West Virginia. "It damned near killed me," he said.

"How come?" asked his friend.

"Why, that hog almost kicked me to death!"

A 90-year-old woman caught her 90-year-old husband in a hotel room in bed with a young girl. Furious, she threw him out the sixth-story window. Later, during police questioning, they asked her why. "It's simple," she replied. "At 90 years old, I figured if he could fuck, he could fly."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *afterbirth* as: post-natal drip.

Two veteran whores, deciding they'd had enough of street life, joined the Salvation Army. But after several months Wanda changed her mind. She told Mary that she had to have another trick and get herself a bottle. Later that night Mary was holding a street service when Wanda came staggering by. "Friends," Mary was preaching, "I used to be in the arms of sailors; I used to be in the arms of soldiers; I used to be in the arms of Marines. But now I'm in the arms of the Lord."

"Way to go, Mary," shouted Wanda. "Fuck 'em all!"

A Polack came home late one night and, without a word, grabbed his wife and made passionate love to her. The next morning the satisfied woman said, "After three months of marriage why did it take you so long to finally lay me?"

"Well," he explained, "I didn't know you were putting out until the guys at the bowling alley all told me."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *clitty litter* as: the wet spot on a girl's panties.

Question: What does Korean Air Lines Flight 007 have in common with a fat Negro hooker?

Answer: They both have black boxes that are hard to find.

A salesman checked into a motel in Texas. The next morning he came down from his room looking rattled.

"Is something wrong?" asked the motel clerk.

"Are you kidding?" the salesman replied. "About three o'clock this morning I woke up with a huge fucking cowboy sitting on my chest. He had a gun in my face, and he told me to blow him or he'd blast my fucking head off."

"What did you do?" asked the clerk.

The salesman answered, "You hear any shooting?"

A leper walked into a bar and asked the bartender if he served lepers.

"Sure, pal, what are you drinking?" the bartender said.

The leper said, "I'll have a beer."

While the barkeeper was pouring it, he looked over at the leper. What he saw made him puke ferociously. Two more times this happened. The leper felt bad and started to leave.

"Why are you leaving?" asked the bartender.

The leper responded, "You're a nice guy for letting me in here, and I don't want to keep making you sick to your stomach."

"I assure you it's not you who's making me sick."

"Then who is?" the leper inquired.

"If you really want to know, it's the drunk sitting next to you dipping his cracker in your arm."

Gus went to see a lawyer about a divorce. The lawyer asked, "What grounds do you have?"

Gus answered, "Just the usual. Front yard, backyard and a tiny little strip on each side."

The lawyer elaborated, "No, I meant to ask, 'Do you have a grudge?'"

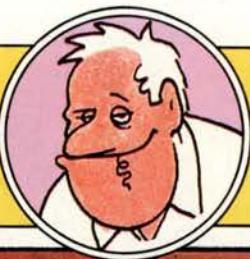
Gus shrugged, "Yeah, we have one . . . but we keep it so full of junk, we can't get the car in it."

The lawyer sighed, "Let me be more specific. Is your wife a nigger?"

Gus grunted, "No, but I caught her screwing one, and that's why I want the divorce."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—but we cannot return submissions.

CHESTER THE MOLESTER



YOU'VE GOT THE LOOK
I WANT TO KNOW
BETTER-R-R-



DWAINETINSELY.

THE HARD-NOSED WHERE ARE THEY



'60s RADICALS TODAY?

*Article by Paul Krassner
and Terry Southern*



Left to right: Abbie Hoffman, Dr. Timothy Leary, Paul Krassner, Jerry Rubin and Allen Ginsberg



Hoffman Then



Hoffman Now



Rubin Then

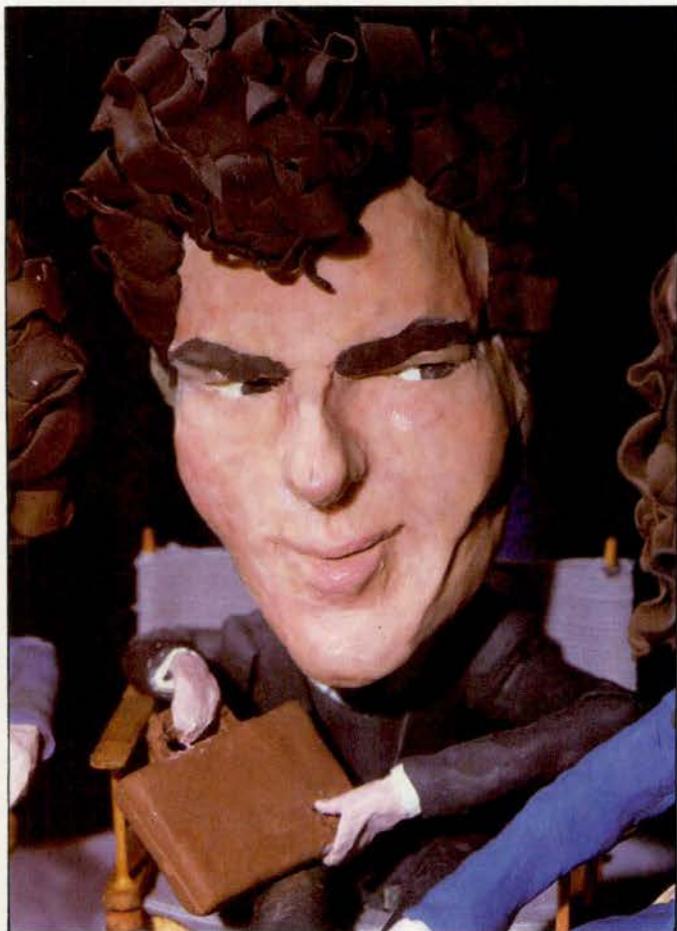


Rubin Now



Ginsberg Then

Jerry Rubin: Now his beard and headband are gone, and his costume is the suit, cravat and shined shoes appropriate for his new lifestyle.



O

nstage at the University of New Mexico a debate was raging between former Yippie leader Abbie Hoffman and G. Gordon Liddy, the former Watergate burglar. During the previous few exchanges in this battle of titans, Hoffman didn't seem to be getting through. Now it was his turn again, and he gazed pensively at his iron-willed opponent, obviously considering the options. Finally, he spoke, his tone flat and deliberate.

"Okay, Liddy, I've got a question for you," he said. "Do you eat pussy?"

The audience roared; this was pretty far-out, even for the irrepressible Hoff. Liddy's face went ashen, his jaw muscles visibly quivering, but he said nothing.

"Well," demanded Hoffman in a voice that would have raised the dead, "DO YOU EAT PUSSY?!"

Still, the man who claimed in his autobiography *Will* that he had once eaten a rat—as a kind of exercise in self-imposed weirdness—would not admit to an appetite for honeypot-pooon.

Hoffman's confrontation with Liddy was strictly a one-night stand. Dr. Timothy Leary, on the other hand, traveled around the country with Liddy, debating on campuses from the University of California at Berkeley to New York University.

This was a curiously ironic matchup, since it was Liddy himself—in his role of assistant district attorney in Upstate New York—who had arrested Leary in 1966 for presiding over an LSD research center in Millbrook. The absurdly trumped-up bust proved to be a highly resilient springboard for Liddy's star-studded career up the American Dreamboat ladder: the FBI . . . the CIA . . . and finally, the crowning glory hole of all-Tricky Dicky's infamous band of moronic thieves, the Watergate Bunglers.

During their series of confrontations Leary also challenged Liddy—not about a "box lunch" but about *dope*. "If you will consume one oil-of-hash cookie," taunted the good doctor with a twinkle, "I will eat a rat." But the notorious G-man once more declined; presumably there are things beyond even his fabled machismo.

Fifteen years ago Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin were the inseparable Til Eulinspiegels of the Youth International Party ("Yippies"), nominating a 69-pound Yorkshire piglet as their Presidential candidate at the 1968 Democratic



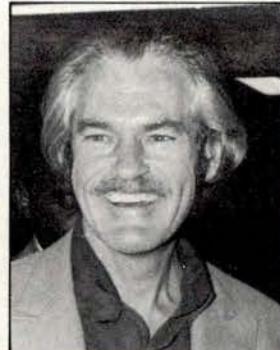
Ginsberg Now



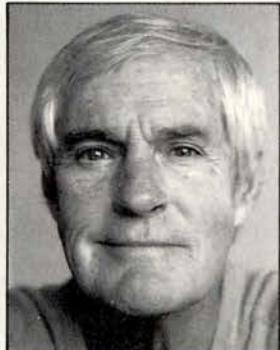
Hayden Then



Hayden Now



Leary Then



Leary Now



National Convention. Since those golden days, however, their paths have radically diverged.

Jumping bail after a government-rigged coke bust, Hoffman began low-profiling it to the extent of actually becoming invisible. He altered his ID in more ways than just the cosmetic; in fact, he became *another person*—an accomplishment not wholly devoid of a certain spooky aspect. Hoffman metamorphosed into one Barry Freed, a civic-minded resident of Fineview, New York, and community organizer *extraordinaire*. He specialized in environmental protection and was instrumental in saving the St. Lawrence River from stoppage and pollution. His two personalities—Hoffman and Freed—were so distinct that on at least one occasion a regional newspaper carried stories about both men.

As for Jerry Rubin, he once performed a humorous TV commercial on *Saturday Night Live* in which he pretended to be selling “revolutionary wallpaper” with slogans of the ‘60s scrawled over its surface. Following that he became involved with est and various other organized manifestations of the Me Generation.

After jumping bail, Abbie Hoffman metamorphosed into one Barry Freed, a civic-minded resident of Fineview, New York, and community organizer extraordinaire.

“Anybody who wears a suit and tie is actually wearing a noose around his neck,” Rubin wrote years ago. Now his beard and headband are gone, and his costume is the suit, cravat and shined shoes appropriate for his new lifestyle.

Every Wednesday evening, at the ultrasmart Studio 54 in New York City, a bevy of hip-or quasi-hip-young executives gathers to reaffirm or establish professional contacts. They call themselves the “Yuppies” (Young Urban Professionals) and are presided over by Big Jer as part of what he calls the Jerry Rubin Business Networking Salon—an institution that would appear to be the quintessence of everything he was warning America against 20 years ago.

Like Abbie Hoffman, he no longer believes that money and power are “inherently evil.” Instead, he says that they may be used for “constructive purposes.” According to Hoffman, however, he and Rubin are “working different sides of town.”

Last April, using the pseudonym Marilyn Basketcase, Hoffman wrote an article for the parody one-shot newspaper *Off the Wall Street Journal*. In it he reported:

Jerry Rubin Inc., the New York-based chain of networking salons, announced merger plans with Jane Fonda Workouts Inc. of California. The new corporation, called Net-Work-Outs Inc., will feature franchised human-engineering services to middle through upper-income singles. Investors believe the combination of shallow minds inside gorgeous, tanned bodies will provide a profit-rich market for the dynamic duo of '60s fame. . . .

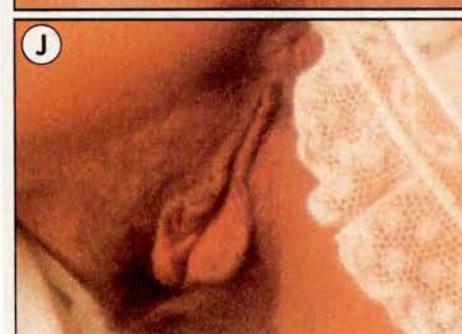
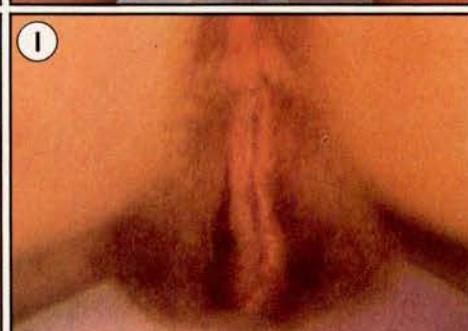
“We’re completely democratic,” (continued on page 112)

MATCH THE HONEY TO HER BEAVER!

Admit it—if a guy in a bar showed you a picture of your own wife's muff, you probably wouldn't recognize it. But if he showed you the pink privates of the latest HUSTLER Honey, you'd probably be able to give him the exact page number it appeared on. Well, let's see just how observant you

are. We'll give a *free one-year's subscription* to the first ten readers who match all the HUSTLER models below to their muffs on the opposite page. They're not all centerfolds; so give your back issues a thorough going-over to find the right ladies. Good luck.





Match the numbers in section A (faces) with the corresponding letters in section B (muffs).

Entries must be postmarked no later than February 1, 1984.

Only one winner per household.

1	3	5	7	9	11
2	4	6	8	10	12

Send your entry to "Collars and Cuffs Contest,"
HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800,
Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

'60s RADICALS

(continued from page 109)

explained Mr. Hayden [Fonda's husband, Tom Hayden, a member of the board]. "Anyone with an annual income above \$70,000 can join, regardless of race, creed or color." Glossy brochures build on the "East Meets West" theme, making a strong pitch for ambitious social climbers who would rather do it in a hot tub.

The fact is that Hoffman has not forgiven Tom Hayden for his failure to appear at a "Bring Abbie Home!" rally after the Hoff emerged on a Barbara Walters television interview following six years underground. He said Hayden did not show up "because it would have hurt his political career," and went on to dub him "the Henry Kissinger of the Left."

Even so, back at the ranch, Hayden was still saddled with his old pinko-crackpot image of yore. In 1982, when he ran for the California Assembly from Santa Monica, he was required to spend \$250,000 on TV ads alone to cool out his radical reputation. Eventually, Hayden's campaign was the most expensive in the history of the Assembly—\$1,200,000 to secure a job paying 28 thou per annum.

* * *

There is at least one other defendant in the Chicago Conspiracy Trial who has maintained a sense of social awareness and

responsibility—one aspect of which is not without a certain irony. "I went to jail one time for protesting the atom bomb," recalls Dave Dellinger. "Our slogan was 'Atoms for Peace.'" The memory makes him chuckle. "That turned out to be a big mistake," he muses—because now, of course, he is in the forefront of the fight against any use of nuclear power.

* * *

Perhaps the most bizarre change among the survivors of the trial has occurred with the clean-cut, all-American lad Rennie Davis. He became a PR man and recruiting agent for the outrageous Guru Mahara Ji, a teenage fato from Holy India whose mother insisted he was God. Later she reneged on this, admitting her mistake and saying it was his older brother instead who was really God.

His faith apparently unshaken, Davis remained with the organization—the Divine Light Mission—for many moons. Then he somehow got involved with, of all things, the insurance game.

* * *

Surely the most striking bit of sense-memory to come out of the trial was the haunting and grotesque image of former Black Panther leader Bobby Seale with his mouth gagged, his body bound to a chair, his ankles shackled to its legs and his arms tied behind him. He resembled a figure in a Goya portrait of the Spanish Inquisition.

All this was done to prevent his "disrupting the process of justice."

On the evening of August 27, 1968, Seale had delivered an extraordinarily militant speech in Lincoln Park that climaxed with the following rather colorful call to arms: "If some pig comes up and treats us unjustly, then we have the right to bring out our pieces and start barbecuing some of that pork."

FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover once characterized the Panthers as "the greatest threat to internal security." But Bobby Seale has long since mellowed. Today he is a radio talk-show host in the heartland of American suburbia, the picturesque little town of Aurora, Colorado.

In 1971 Seale served as chief negotiator during the riots at New York's Attica prison. Now he conducts behavioral workshops on "Overcoming Attitude Limitations." In his Lincoln Park address he urged the crowd to arm themselves with .357 Magnums and .45s. Currently he is trying to organize a national handgun-control program.

* * *

Once a fervent Marxist revolutionary, another great black militant—Eldridge Cleaver—has now come around to the point of publicly stating that we should "bomb the Communists off the face of the earth" if necessary. And he has somehow managed to reconcile his conversion to Christianity with his advocacy of wife-beating. He joined the Mormon Church—where, presumably, he could have a choice of several wives to pummel should the spirit move him.

Later he converted to the Unification Church of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, and he is now president of its so-called Fourth of July Movement. Recently, after the Korean Air Lines Flight 007 fiasco, he led a demonstration of protest outside the Soviet Consulate in San Francisco. Speaking through a bullhorn, he asked a hundred marching Moonies, "Are we wrong when we say they want to conquer the world?"

"No!" they shouted in response. But somehow it wasn't too convincing.

* * *

Allen Ginsberg, the Beat poet, is teaching at the Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colorado, these days. Many feel that his poem *Howl*, published in 1955, was a call to arms and a source of the civil-rights movement.

* * *

Years ago, in the turbulent heyday of the '60s, Dr. Timothy Leary used to say, "Turn on, tune in and drop out." Today, in the midst of the aimless '80s, that slogan would benefit from the following updating: "Turn on, tune in and—somebody, please—take over."



"I say that snow is God's dandruff, and Billy says it's frozen cum. Who's right?"



"Just looking at one of those babies sends a chill up my spine. How about you, Nancy?"



Photography by Clive McLean

Cabin Fever









Outside a freezing blizzard blocked their way, but inside the warm fireplace and Irish coffees were taking effect. Piece by piece they took off their clothes and explored each other's now-relaxed body. Hands and mouths felt and sucked breasts and cock. Bodies twisted together in a search for pleasure. Moans began to drown out the crackle of the fire. Each came, and came again and again. All night they continued, and they kept going even after the snow melted.







ORGIES IN CONGRESS, GAY TRYSTS EXPOSED

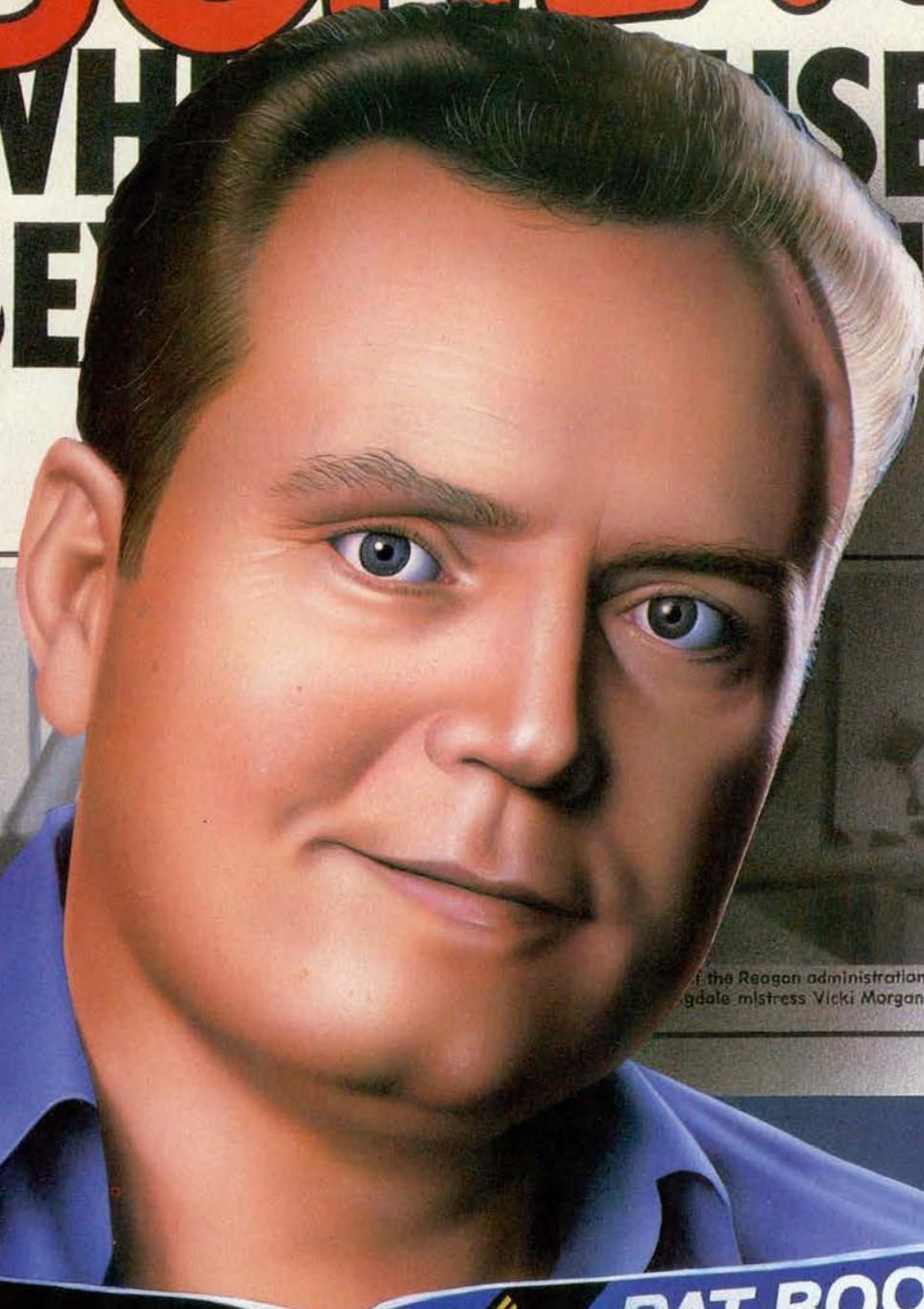
\$1.50

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SCREW

762

WHITE HOUSE
SEX



If the Reagan administration is clan-
gdale mistress Vicki Morgan (above)

EXCLUSIVE
PHOTOS

PAT BOONE NUDE

HUSTLE!

JANUARY 19



HUSTLER'S 1st Annual Biased Review of Men's Magazines

Every January for the past eight years HUSTLER has published an unbiased, uncensored consumer's guide to men's magazines written by a knowledgeable personality. Past authors have included Al Goldstein, editor and publisher of Screw; comedian Garrett

Morris of Saturday Night Live; porn director Gerard Damiano; rock musician John Mayall; and Tonight Show head writer Pat McCormick. Locating connoisseurs of men's magazines who write well enough to do this type of evaluation is no easy task. So this year, rather than settle for second best, we went directly to someone eminently qualified

to tackle the assignment: HUSTLER Editor Larry Flynt. As in the past, his views are uncensored. But this time around—for obvious reasons—we're calling this popular feature HUSTLER's 1st Annual Biased Review of Men's Magazines.

* * *

How can the Editor of HUSTLER write a credible guide to adult magazines, including those of his competitors? By telling the truth, that's how. And the undeniable fact is that almost everything in this industry is a ripoff of something else.

for a new magazine titled *Stag Party*—which was eventually changed to *Playboy*. To commercialize sex for a mass market, Hefner knew this publication would have to be packaged and presented in such a manner that it would have socially redeeming value. So he wrapped his center-fold girls in the respectability of articles and features rivaled only by *Esquire*. But it was the photographs—not the articles—that skyrocketed *Playboy*'s circulation and left *Esquire* in the dust.

For the next 15 years, other than a brief

But he failed to accomplish this because of his puritanical ties to the past, rooted deeply in his own sexual frustrations. This prevented him from going all the way in the pages of his magazine. He loves porn flicks and was watching them long before it became chic and trendy. But he would not even show pubic hair in *Playboy* until competition from *Penthouse* began to threaten circulation.

I can understand his values; he is from a different generation. I can even forgive him. But I can never accept the lack of

"With high cover prices on men's magazines and a glutted market in today's shaky economy, readers are becoming more selective about which magazines they buy. Only the very best will survive."

That's the way it is in every form of business. Even though Henry Ford built the first automobile, for example, it's doubtful whether his invention would have come to be without the advent of the horse and buggy that preceded it.

The men's-magazine market is no different. Since the 1933 debut of *Esquire*—the first mass-circulated publication designed for the male audience—dozens of imitators have come and gone. But to say that *Penthouse* ripped off *Playboy* is like saying that General Motors ripped off the Ford Motor Company.

In the beginning, *Esquire* was a superb editorial package featuring the best writers of the century—Fitzgerald, Hemingway and Steinbeck, among many others. But the most talked about and anticipated items in the magazine were the voluptuous drawings of sexy women by Alberto Vargas. For some reason these sketches—unlike photographs—were thought of as art rather than pornography, and they were defended as such when *Esquire* was busted on obscenity charges in its heyday.

Flirt, Wink and Whisper—the first real sex magazines, which began to evolve during World War II—were published by Robert Harrison. The pinups in his magazines—even though fully clothed—became extremely popular with American servicemen at home and overseas. At the same time, nudist magazines began appearing on selected newsstands, and they sold swiftly. It was then that the term "strokebook" was coined, referring to the masturbatory action of—as Lenny Bruce later put it—the one-armed reader. One wonders why these early publications were used for that purpose, since the elimination of pubic hair and genitalia by air-brushing gave models the appearance of department-store mannequins. By today's standards they were just about as erotic.

Then along came Hugh Marston Hefner. In 1953, perceiving a budding sexual revolution, the \$65-a-week *Esquire* promotional copywriter formulated plans

period of competition from *Escapade*—which outsold *Playboy* for a short time in the mid-1950s until it was permanently crippled by an obscenity bust—Hefner had the market virtually to himself. The Marilyn Monroe centerfold *Playboy* published 30 years ago was just as controversial as what HUSTLER is doing today, but Hefner copped out from that point forward, choosing to "play it safe."

Success breeds many things, such as competition and complacency. But the most common one comes with the celebrity status brought about by money and power. *Delusions of grandeur* became Hugh Hefner's mainstay. He saw himself as a crusader for the sexual revolution and *Playboy* as the light that would eliminate the darkness of sexual ignorance. Imagining himself as a modern-day Freud, he began expounding in the pages of *Playboy* a pseudosophisticated philosophy designed to free mankind from centuries of sexual repression and guilt. He said this philosophy would bring about the necessary changes in our sexual mores to enable us to live more fruitful, fulfilling and peaceful lives.

It was a noble thought, for what greater deed can man do for humanity than advocate sexual liberation (while getting laid a lot at the same time)? Hefner became a legend—if not to his readers, at least in his own mind. He convinced himself that he was spearheading the sexual revolution, when in fact he was only a by-product of a revolution that began thousands of years ago when primitive man began to carve pornographic sketches on cavern walls.

Regardless of the fact that Hefner and his philosophy were as phony as his plastic centerfolds, he has lived the good life and is the envy of most red-blooded American men. The sadness and irony in all of this is that more than anyone else in the mid-1960s—when *Playboy* reached a high-water mark of 20 million readers—Hefner was in a position to bring reforms so desperately needed in the legal and political systems.

courage displayed by this spineless, reclusive coward who fucked his brains out while counting his money in the protected haven of his Bunny Hutch, doing nothing as fascist judges and politicians fucked over the individual liberties of the people who made him rich.

Bob Guccione, a former truck driver-turned-photographer, imported *Penthouse* from England to take dead aim at *Playboy* in 1968. Although *Penthouse* was a brazen ripoff of Hefner's long-entrenched magazine, its circulation quickly started climbing—not because of the editorial package (a dismal failure compared to *Playboy*'s), but because Guccione was a good photographer and his photos were hot. *Penthouse* became the best jerkoff book around, making *Playboy* readers realize that Hefner had copped out in his magazine's photographs rather than risk losing highly profitable advertising. It was at this time that people began to imply publicly what they had long said privately: Men's magazines were primarily strokebooks.

Before *Penthouse* there had been several half-thought-out, lame-brained attempts to compete with *Playboy*, such as *Cavalier* and *Swank*. But they never achieved any significant degree of success until Ron Fenton convinced attorney F. Lee Bailey to front as publisher of *Gallery*—another *Playboy* ripoff that was so blatant, it even copied *Playboy*'s logo type style and various editorial departments.

Fenton, an ex-car salesman from Chicago, wasn't much of a businessman—much less an editor. So many people, including myself, felt that if he could make money publishing porn, then anyone could. Thus began the assault on the Bunny Kingdom. Fenton soon lost *Gallery*, which was saved from bankruptcy by New York publisher David Zentner and later sold to attorney Ed Orenstein.

Two of the people who had worked for Fenton set out to start new magazines. His editor, Steve Saunders, teamed up with

Rocky H. Aoki—owner of the Benihana restaurant chain—to publish *Genesis*, an even more inept version of *Playboy*. His staff photographer, George Santo Pietro, began *Cog* (pronounced coke), a classy magazine that was undercapitalized and not raunchy enough. It soon folded.

Rolling off the presses in 1968 came *Screw*, a weekly tabloid circulated primarily in New York City that stands as the one original adult publication since the emergence of *Esquire*. Because of *Screw's* hardcore photographs, censors have effectively curtailed its distribution, and most porn buyers have never seen a copy.

But *Screw* offers much more than just porn. Editor and publisher Al Goldstein—an intellectual genius who is witty, clever, irreverent and has a set of balls that belongs on a dinosaur—has fought hypocrisy at every level. He's taken on everyone from the *New York Times* to the President of the United States.

Then I arrived, a grade-school dropout from the Appalachian hills of Kentucky who didn't have two food stamps to rub together. But I did have a desire to make money and visions of getting laid a lot. I didn't really care how I accomplished this—short of robbing a bank. I might have done that if I thought I could have gotten away with it.

After a brief period as a dishwasher and a factory worker, I turned to bartending and eventually saved enough money to buy my own bar. At a loss for a name, I took the advice of a broken-down hooker who frequented the establishment. One day, in a drunken daze, she slapped herself on the ass and said, "Name it after my old moneymaker, Larry."

So a nightclub called The Hustler was born on East Third Street in Dayton, Ohio. It grew into a chain of eight clubs featuring strippers and go-go dancers. I was no longer living in poverty and jerking off. I was making money and getting laid.

A single-page, black-and-white newsletter was started to keep patrons abreast of club news. Then a friend said to me, "Why don't you turn your newsletter into a magazine like *Playboy*?" The idea was intriguing even though I had never seen a printing press or looked through a camera lens—much less written anything other than a letter to a relative. *How would a totally unpretentious magazine sell?* I wondered. *Would the public go for a magazine that let it all hang out, that wrote about sex the way people on the street talked about it—four-letter words and all?*

HUSTLER was launched in July 1974, and the first few issues would have embarrassed even the most seedy smut peddler. Eventually I started to get it together when I recognized that the magazine must not be an extension of myself but rather a reflection of *HUSTLER's* readers—and that the

only censorship which should exist in its pages was what was necessary to make the product acceptable in the marketplace.

As I became more familiar with the industry, I recognized the need to be different if I was to be a serious competitor. As the *HUSTLER* formula slowly started to develop, I ripped off the best—*Lui*, *National Lampoon* and *Screw*. In terms of graphics I considered *Lui*—a French publication—to be the best men's magazine in the world. I wanted *HUSTLER* to have a sense of humor like *National Lampoon's*. I admired the irreverent and iconoclastic appeal of *Screw*. *HUSTLER* also carved out its own identity by encouraging reader participation (most editorial sections have been developed by its readers).

HUSTLER grew faster than any other magazine in history, achieving a paid circulation of over 2 million per month in less than two years. Its success spawned more imitators than *Playboy* and *Penthouse* put together. Before the *HUSTLER* formula could be perfected, however, I was shot and paralyzed during an obscenity trial in Lawrenceville, Georgia, on March 6, 1978. Because of my health, I was unable to actively participate in publishing *HUSTLER*. I was involved in name only for five years. My wife, Althea, and the staff continued with the formula the best they knew how. Meanwhile, *HUSTLER* remained in limbo while newly created imitators—such as *Club*, *High Society*, *Cheri*, *Velvet*, *Partner* and *Game*—gnawed at its heels.

Having regained my health, I am back now—older and wiser. In the months to come I will prove that I still have no real competitor on the horizon. With high cover prices on men's magazines and a glutted market in today's shaky economy, readers are becoming more selective about which magazines they buy. Only the very best will survive.

SCREW

(\$1.50; Milky Way Productions, 116 W. 14th St., New York, NY 10011.) A tabloid rather than a glossy men's magazine, *Screw* is without a doubt the most important sex publication in the world. For more than a decade its editor and publisher,

Al Goldstein, has fought a fierce battle for the right to publish hard-core pornography. He has been entrapped by federal officials and arrested about as many times as any publisher in history. We who cherish civil liberties owe a hefty debt to all of those who have lived on the edge—

people like the late comedian Lenny Bruce and Al Goldstein.

Today's connoisseurs of porn are also indebted to Al. *Screw* is satirical, witty and well edited from cover to cover. Being a weekly helps it keep current in reviewing sex in the news—covering everything from the latest kinks to the hottest fuck flicks and fuck books available. It offers the most comprehensive erotic-entertainment guide ever. Entertaining and downright amusing, Al's weekly editorial Shit List takes on City Hall, the bureaucrats, politicians, celebrities and hypocrites from all walks of life.

It's must reading. If you want to be in the know about all facets of smut—plus much more—*Screw* is for you. Even if you don't live in New York City, it's well worth subscribing to.

STRENGTHS: Hard-core photographs. Fierce editorial stance. Well-written text. The best sex reviews.

WEAKNESSES: Being printed on black-and-white newsprint. Editorial focus is primarily on New York.

HUSTLER

(\$4.95; Larry Flynt Publications, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.) *HUSTLER* got off to an awkward start in 1974, but in two years' time it climbed past 2 million circulation and made *pink* a household word. Hot, well-produced photographs by the talented James Baes and Clive McLean added a new dimension to men's magazines. Because of my lack of knowledge about publishing and journalism, *HUSTLER's* graphics and overall editorial text remained weak despite the magazine's huge financial success.

I learned fast, implementing monthly improvements that rapidly molded *HUSTLER* into a number-one contender before I was gunned down in Georgia in 1978. With my health restored, I returned to full-time duty last February.

Playing catch-up hasn't been easy, but within the next few months you will see a drastic improvement in *HUSTLER's* overall appeal. We already have the best articles, erotic fiction, X-rated-film guide, cartoons and humor. The satire in *Bits & Pieces* is unequaled anywhere. Photography and reproduction quality are poorer today than they were six years ago, but steps are in motion to restore their old level of excellence. While other maga-



zines may be outclassing HUSTLER in some areas, it won't be for long.

STRENGTHS: Hot photography. Top-notch humor.

WEAKNESSES: Graphics. Design. Poor reproduction. Improper editorial focus.

PLAYBOY

(\$3; *Playboy*, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611.) A *Playboy* editor recently described the magazine's typical reader this way: "He's a modern guy with modern hair." The editor went on to say, "I think our readers are not quite 'finished,' and that's where we come in." Those are perfect examples of why *Playboy* has always been too pretentious for me even though the graphics are unparalleled in any American magazine, and the interviews—as well as most of the articles—are superb. There's no doubt that the girls are beautiful and well photographed.

But those are the only positive things I can say about this antique relic with its roots still in the 1950s. The photos may be good, but they have little erotic appeal. If I could, I would personally rather jerk off to a Calvin Klein jeans commercial. The cartoons are a waste of paper and ink.

The lifestyle and service pieces are 5s on a scale of 10; few people read them anyway. Hefner has some talented people, including his daughter Christie. If he would turn over the reins to them, *Playboy* might be saved from its present financial tailspin.

STRENGTHS: Christie Hefner, President of Playboy Enterprises Inc. Associate Publisher Nat Lehrman. Editorial Director Arthur Kretchmer. Art Director Tom Staebler.

WEAKNESS: Hugh Hefner, Editor and Publisher.

PENTHOUSE

(\$3; *Penthouse International Ltd.*, 909 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022.) I must confess that only one time in my life have I jerked off to a men's magazine. That was *Penthouse*. When it comes to stimulating the libido, *Penthouse* presently outclasses all the glossies—including HUSTLER. The king of the men's sophisticates is also well art-directed and features outstanding illustrations. The printing, paper quality and reproduction are first-rate.



But the well-styled and well-directed photography—mostly by Guccione himself—is what puts *Penthouse* out front. He has the uncanny ability to make the most innocent girl look fuckable and to make sluts so presentable, you would gladly take them home to Mom and Dad. (In the past I have attacked Bob Guccione in the pages of HUSTLER, but it has all been in the spirit of good, dirty fun. I wish this greaseball could take a joke though. He has already cost me more than \$500,000 in attorney's fees.)

The articles in *Penthouse* have always been second-rate compared to those in *Playboy*. It must have total nerds in the copy department. At times, trying to read *Penthouse* can be downright frustrating. Its investigative, muckraking articles are grossly overrated. The cartoons are mediocre at best. *Penthouse* is strictly raw raunch to be pursued by one hand while the other gropes for your groin.

STRENGTHS: Erotic photography. High-quality reproduction. Good art direction. A great Managing Editor, Heidi Handman.

WEAKNESSES: Vice-Chairman Kathy Keeton, the puppet in charge of day-to-day operations. No substance to editorial text. Lacks a sense of humor.

STRENGTHS: Raunchy photos. Attractive models.

WEAKNESSES: Lousy articles. Poor art direction and production.

CHIC

(\$3.50; *Larry Flynt Publications*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.) Well art-directed and printed on the best paper, *Chic* is a high-quality magazine with good articles, photos and cartoons.

As HUSTLER's step-sister, it has always been in the shadow of someone more notorious. Many friends and readers have told me that they prefer *Chic* over HUSTLER. Yet *Chic* has not been able to carve out its market. I attribute this to my inability to chew gum and publish two magazines at the same time. This is the most underrated glossy available on the newsstand.

STRENGTHS: Many.
WEAKNESSES: Few.

GENTLEMAN'S

COMPANION

(\$3.50; *Hudson Communications*, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013.) This magazine was initially created to publish material rejected by HUSTLER and *Chic*. In the past few months Executive Editor Jim Heinisch has added some interesting kinks that appear to have stimulated sales. As of this writing, *Gentleman's Companion* has been sold to Hudson Communications—a New York publishing house with some interesting plans for the publication's future.

STRENGTHS: Kinky articles. Good jerkoff photos.

WEAKNESS: The overall editorial product is weak.



(\$3.50; *Fiona Press Inc.*, P.O. Box 6100, Newtown, CT 06470.) This is a British import that looked better when it debuted in the mid-1970s than it does now. The large format and raunchy photos featuring pretty models quickly identify *Club* as a strokebook, although their impact is reduced by poor color separation. Depressingly weak text is this magazine's biggest shortcoming. For people who are interested in swinging, *Club* offers the best swingers section of any publication—save those sold in adult-book stores. The publishers of *Club* are dollars-and-cents men who fail to devote enough time to the creative product. They should spend more money for better paper and production, as well as the magazine's overall editorial content.

Gallery

(\$3.25; *Montcalm Publishing Corporation*, 800 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017.) The most boring of all the men's sophisticates, this poor *Playboy* imitation never

overcame the incompetent effort of its original editor, Steve Saunders. *Gallery*



has the personality of a schizophrenic nun who has just been exposed to perversion. Good newsstand distribution is the only factor keeping this bland package of garbage from bankruptcy.

STRENGTHS: It doesn't have any.

WEAKNESSES: You name it, this magazine's got it.

oui

(\$3.50; Laurant Publishing Ltd., 300 W. 43rd St., New York, NY 10036.) Launched in the early 1970s by Hugh Hefner, *Oui* appeared to have a promising future. But Hefner's meddling and editorial restraints stifled whatever chance it might have had for financial success. The magazine was sold in 1981 to Murray Traub, a second-rate printer who has done a first-rate job of turning it into a complete piece of trash. I'm at a loss to recommend anything worthwhile in this rag. Even lobotomy patients won't read *Oui*.

STRENGTHS: ?

WEAKNESSES: Everything.

HIGH SOCIETY

(\$3.25; High Society Magazine Inc., 801 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017.) A cheap HUSTLER ripoff with poor articles, terrible art direction, ugly models, lousy photography, horrible color separation, abominable printing and a dumb publisher. *High Society* is a magazine for eunuchs.

STRENGTHS: Good staples.

WEAKNESSES: Every page.

VELVET

(\$3.95; Velvet Magazine, 6565 Sunset

Bld., Hollywood, CA 90029.) *Velvet* is

making an attempt to out-hustle *Cheri* as a sex-review magazine. Its photographers bounce all around the country, snapping pictures of any skin they see, trying to cover a different city and a different event each

month in hopes of giving *Velvet* local appeal. The models are raunchy but unattractive and poorly photographed. The articles are frivolous and uninteresting. The graphics are an art director's nightmare-come-true. Like many second-rate men's magazines, *Velvet* has a tough row to hoe in today's glutted market.

STRENGTH: They try.

WEAKNESS: They fail.



Genesis

(\$3.25; Cycle Guide Publications Inc., 770 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10021.) Almost as boring as *Gallery*, it also never overcame the inept editorial clutches of Steve Saunders. Publisher Rocky H. Aoki should spend all his time taking care of his Benihana restaurants and turn *Genesis* over to a creative editor. The printing and paper quality are okay, but with nothing to put on the pages, it doesn't matter. The photography attempts to emulate *Penthouse* but doesn't come close. The models are attractive, but you are left with the impression that you have seen them all somewhere before.

STRENGTHS: Average graphics and printing.

WEAKNESS: Needs sophistication and raunch.



cheri

(\$3.25; Cheri Publications, 215 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10016.) Another HUSTLER ripoff in the same league with *High Society*. But *Cheri* staffers try for some originality by offering on-the-scene photographic coverage of various sexcapades across the



country. Their fuck-film reviews have some degree of credibility, but all in all, *Cheri* is a limp, pathetic failure.

STRENGTHS: Trendy sex reviews.

WEAKNESS: Lacks editorial focus.

SWANK

(\$3.50; Swank Magazine Corporation, 888 Seventh Ave., New York, NY 10036.) Publisher Chip Goodman has done a better job than anyone else

in his attempt to rip off HUSTLER. *Swank* is raunchy and occasionally has a funny cartoon, but Goodman shortchanges the reader by giving him less pages for his money. *Swank* sells simply because it is pure, sensational smut. Its articles and graphics are both disasters.

STRENGTH: The smuttiest of the porn publications.

WEAKNESSES: No identity. Lacking in overall quality.

Adam

(\$3.50; Knight Publishing Corporation, 8060 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046.) *Adam* does a better job of reporting the porn scene than any other magazine, with the exception of HUSTLER. Interesting interviews with X-rated producers, directors and stars make for good reading. Its excellent film guide is considered to be quite authoritative. That's the extent of anything positive that can be said of *Adam*'s editorial content.

STRENGTH: Good coverage of porn industry.

WEAKNESS: Narrow editorial emphasis.

DISHONORABLE MENTION

HARVEY, PARTNER, GAME, HOOKER, EXPOSE, CAVALIER, etc.—Other men's magazines manage a marginal existence, but there is little, if anything, to be said in their favor. They are processed through the grinder each month by editorial hacks trying to squeeze out a paycheck. I predict they will vanish from the newsstands in the near future.



Photography by Matti Klatt

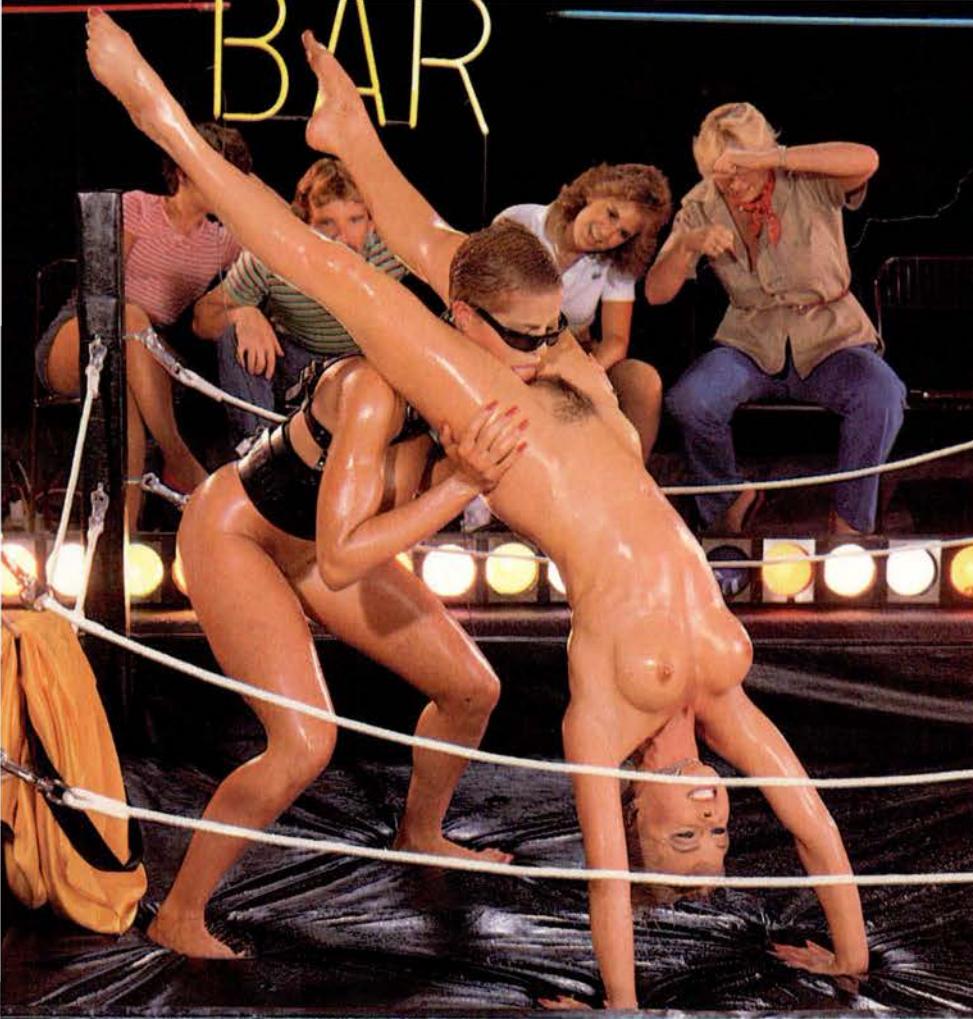


TAG TEAM

Lust













Hot steamy sex between oil wrestlers never gets more combustible than when the sex is real—not just a show for the watching rubes. But then Claudia and Susan are more than just friends. They're also roommates and do a lot of entertaining at home for johns who like to see two women get it on every way possible. Watching tongues and fingers slide into every orifice as the ladies grapple, it's hard to believe that the girls are actually holding back some. But according to our sources, their brand of home cooking is even hotter... and it's calorie free.





ARE YOU THE WORLD'S GREATEST

Here's your chance to prove it! **HUSTLER Magazine** is going to hold its own Sex Olympics in Los Angeles, the 1984 home of those other games. Men and women from all across the country are going to compete sexually for top honors in these categories:

* Sex Appeal

Oral Sex *

* Foreplay

Stamina *

* All-Around Technique *

And you can be one of the competitors—if you can convince the judges (whose names will be announced in a later issue) that you're worthy of the right to be a contestant in what's destined to be the most outrageous event of the decade. To enter, send two typewritten or neatly printed pages telling us exactly why you're qualified to compete for the title of the "World's Greatest Lover." Include a nude photograph of yourself (frontal, please) and mail it along with a \$10 entry fee and the coupon at right to: World's Greatest Lover, **HUSTLER Magazine**, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Each person entering will receive a free "Larry Flynt for President" T-shirt.

The judges will then select the best entries from both males and females, and those finalists will be flown at our expense to Los Angeles for the games. The actual sex competition will be judged by the competitors' sex partners, not by the panel of judges who reviewed the entry letters and photos. The contestants with the best total score in all categories will win the title "World's Greatest Lover," a feature role in an upcoming **HUSTLER Video Magazine** . . . and share the \$100,000 cash prize!

All entries must be received by March 31, 1984. Employees of **HUSTLER Magazine** and members of their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

**WIN
\$100,000
CASH PRIZE**

LOVER?

**ORAL
SEX**

SEX APPEAL

FOREPLAY

**ALL-AROUND
TECHNIQUE**

STAMINA

Win an all-expenses-paid trip to Los Angeles . . . just for **SEX!**
MALE AND FEMALE WINNERS

HUSTLER
**WORLD'S GREATEST
LOVER COUPON**

I have enclosed a two-page typed or neatly handwritten letter, a frontal nude photo of myself and the \$10 entry fee. I'm over 18 years of age, and you have my permission to contact me at the address below.

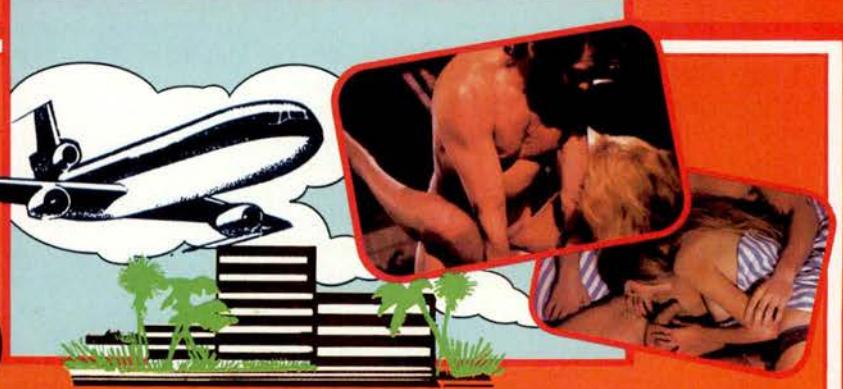
Signature _____

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please enclose this coupon with the other materials and send to: HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.



PEARL HARBOR

(continued from page 62)

and brushed past the clerks and reporters into Lyle Wilson's private office.

Wilson was a longtime friend who had used many of my stories in the past. He was also a chum of Steve Early, Roosevelt's press secretary; so I swore him to secrecy before I would reveal the purpose of my visit.

I told Wilson I had just left a high government official who gave me unimpeachable evidence that Pearl Harbor was about to be attacked and that Roosevelt knew all about it. Wilson was incredulous. He told me my story was simply unbelievable and refused to put it on the United Press wire. Again I made Wilson swear an oath that he would not divulge what I had told him, and I hurried out of his office.

After a frantic series of calls I finally located Harry Frantz, until recently the cable editor of United Press. Harry still had excellent connections at the bureau, and he managed to transmit the story on the UP foreign cable—but not the syndicate's main trunk line.

Though written in haste, the story as it left Washington contained all the important details of what Hull had confided to me earlier that morning. Yet, somehow, the text was garbled in transmission.

The only newspaper in the whole world

to use any portion of the story was the *Honolulu Advertiser*. A front-page banner headline in the paper the morning of Sunday, November 30, screamed, "JAPANESE MAY ATTACK OVER WEEKEND!" A sub-head noted, "Hawaii Troops Alerted"

Suspiciously, the story didn't mention that the target of the Japanese attack would be Pearl Harbor itself. The horrible cost paid for that simple omission is well-known.

The gloomy news of the calamity at Pearl Harbor descended on Washington like a pall. A couple of days later Lyle Wilson phoned and asked me to come to the bureau. As I walked into his private office, he handed me Roosevelt's personally edited press release about the "surprise offensive," saying simply, "I want you to have this."

"Why are you giving this to me?" I inquired. "It will probably be recorded as the most famous speech Roosevelt ever gave!"

"Steve Early gave it to me," he replied. "You see, I told him I knew about the attack and didn't use the story. It was Early's way of saying thanks. I muffed the most important story of my career. We might have saved thousands of lives."

Wilson slumped behind his desk and buried his face in his hands. Clutching FDR's press release, I sat in an empty chair and wept.

AMERICAN POLITICS

(continued from page 90)

Since our Founding Fathers did not trust the American people to elect members of Congress by popular vote, two representatives from each state were decided upon by state legislatures. Men of wealth and position who had friends in these legislatures, or who came from powerful families, were the ones named to do their benefactors' bidding in the halls of Congress.

The people never had a voice in selecting their Senatorial representatives until 1913—137 years after the nation was founded—when the 17th Amendment to the Constitution provided that this legislative body be composed of two Senators from each state elected by the people thereof.

Officials appointed by legislators of the 13 original colonies chose our first President, George Washington, in secret balloting. Once again there was no popular vote. The next six Presidents were elected by an aristocratic minority. In 1824—when the U.S. population was 10,924,000—only a paltry 362,744 voted in the Presidential election, or 3%.

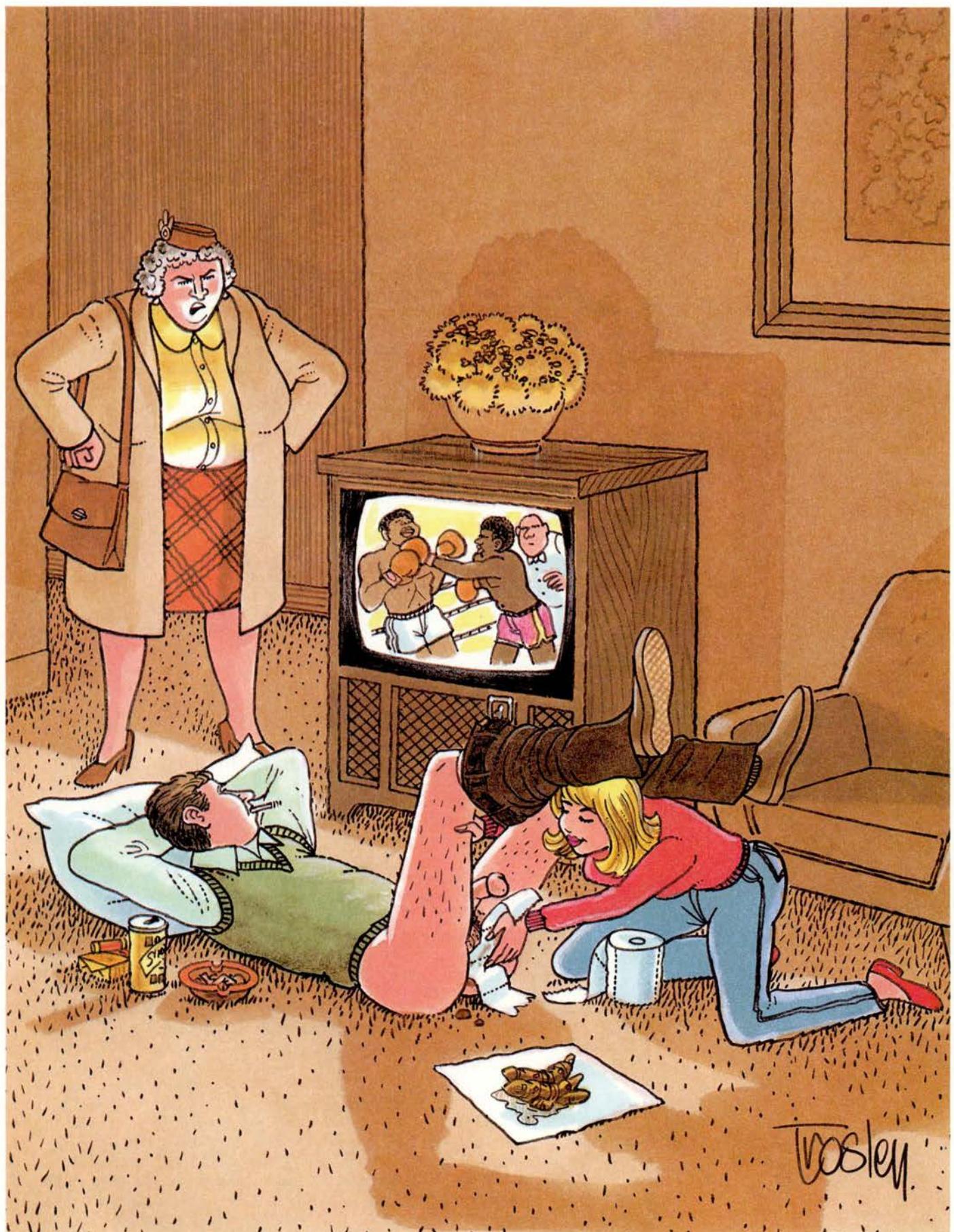
The method of picking Presidential electors changed slowly over the years until it reached the present formula: Voters who choose the name of the Presidential candidates are, in effect, choosing the electors who will elect the President by means of a majority vote in the Electoral College.

In 1868 South Carolina became the last state to theoretically agree that the electors should be elected by the citizens who were entitled to vote—and that excluded blacks, women, non-landowners, illiterates, those who could not pay a poll tax and anyone else who at that time was being kept away from the voting booth through threats and acts of terrorism. (As late as 1970, by the way, several states still restricted voting on certain issues to those who owned land.)

While the method of choosing Presidential electors may have changed, we still use the antiquated Electoral College system whereby the President and Vice President are elected on a state-by-state basis—and not by a majority of the total popular vote. For example, 49% of the people may vote for a candidate in a particular state. But under the winner-take-all system, their votes are ignored as 100% of the state's Presidential and Vice Presidential electoral votes go to the opposing candidate, who has won 51% of the ballots.

This system also makes it possible for a candidate who receives less than 50% of the vote to be elected to our nation's highest offices. In the election of 1888 Grover Cleveland received 5,540,050 votes to Benjamin Harrison's 5,444,337. But because Harrison carried the most populous





"I'm telling you, Joanne . . . you baby him too much!"

HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name _____ Name to Be Published _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____ Phone (include area code) _____

Model's Social Security Number _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer _____

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I also understand that if the editors so decide, my photographs can be published in GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION Magazine's photo contest, *My Woman... My Wife*, in which case the prize awarded is \$50, or in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature _____ Date _____

states, he received 232 electoral votes to Cleveland's 168—and won the election.

The framers of the Constitution may have written the eloquent words promising "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." But instead of living up to this promise, they returned to their respective regions to rule over their slaves and dominate their obedient housewives and children. What resulted is a government run not by the Constitution but by tradition—a tradition that is perpetrated today by the same type of political quacks.

There is compelling evidence that the elite have ruled this nation for more than 200 years as they damn well pleased. On March 5, 1857, for example, the Supreme Court decided black men were so inferior, they had no rights that the white man was obligated to respect. It was not until 13 years afterward that the Universal Male Suffrage Act—later to become the 15th Amendment to the Constitution—made it possible for them to vote.

(But in an 1896 decision of the Court, black children were permitted to be put into separate schools. And as late as 1927, Chinese-Americans were classified with blacks and sent to the same segregated schools.)

Women, another minority group, were not permitted to vote until August 1920. Finally, the denial of suffrage to any American citizen was struck down. But that didn't happen until the Voting Rights Act of 1965.

This thread of the "haves" preying on the "have nots" is a basic reality of what's wrong with the American system. Probably its most disgraceful manifestation came during World War II, when native-born Japanese-American residents of the Western states were carted to detention camps while every branch of government looked the other way.

The "haves" have always done just that when it comes to the rights of the individual. Not until 1963 did the U.S. Supreme Court validate that a defendant in a criminal action was entitled to an attorney—even if the state had to appoint one. Before that, poor people who ran afoul of the sacred property rights of our nation were considered to be just as inferior as blacks, having no rights that the ruling class was obligated to respect.

* * *

While it clearly defined the three branches of government, the Constitution of the United States formed a republic that the aristocrats ruled as a private club; people without proper connections and qualifications were refused admittance. That idea might have been sound in the 1780s, when we were an agricultural nation of 3,750,000 people spread out on the thin edge of a wilderness, and the only widely distributed book was a piece of shit

called the Bible.

But now, 200 years later, we are a sophisticated nation with a population of 233 million. Any kid in the fifth grade today knows more about history, science and life than George Washington knew when he was President. And even a person with a fifth-grade education can see the sorry state of affairs our government finds itself in.

The Executive branch is busy screwing the Legislative, while trying to get around decisions made by the Judiciary. At the same time, the Legislative is attempting to out-maneuver the Executive and upset the Judiciary.

Having been captured by the Republican Party (the financial lords of the land), the Senate would dearly love to cut the monetary controls exerted over it by the House of Representatives—which kills Senate bills whenever it can. And every chance it gets, the Judiciary—composed of eight men and one token female who, for the most part, were alive when Henry Ford built his first car—tries its best to upstage the powers of the Legislative branch.

When I was a kid in a poverty-stricken home deep in the Appalachian hills of eastern Kentucky, all of the politicians could lie to me and get away with it because I didn't know any better. But now I do. And I thank Gawd that my mind has not been polluted by the civics teachers around the country who have been duping their students into believing that the system can be changed from within.

Now that I have been dragged through the courts, met with the political quacks, drunk with the big-shot politicians—and slipped money to most of them—I know what a bunch of lying, cheating, scheming bastards they are.

The common people, who have never really been represented, can only stand back and see the idea of what liberty is supposed to be and get fucked in the ear. But now there is a fourth branch of government that must be taken into account: our greatest natural resource, the American people. GREAT BEASTS to beware of, they are beginning to flex their muscles as they stand impatiently outside the halls of power and realize it is there for the taking.

If they will seize the power that has been denied them for so long, they will abandon the old ideas of government that are no longer applicable. They will look forward, rather than backward, not to what is but to what should be.

I consider myself to be one of those common people, and I speak for them. We need to save those parts of the Constitution that were our Founding Fathers' best visions—the Bill of Rights, in particular—and throw away the rest of the garbage.

To do that, we need a revolution in
(continued on page 150)

All New!

\$10,000 Beaver Hunt Contest

\$10,000! That's what HUSTLER's offering to the girl chosen to be Beaver of the Year, and your luscious lady could be the lucky winner! Besides awarding \$100 to every Beaver whose photo appears in these pages, each issue we now select one girl to be our Beaver of the Month. She appears in HUSTLER's new photo-feature, *Beaver Spotlight*. (Check out this month's winner on pages 148-149 of this issue.) And what's more, every monthly winner will go on to compete in our Beaver of the Year contest, with a grand prize worth \$10,000! That prize includes exclusive contracts

to appear as a HUSTLER model and to star in an upcoming HUSTLER movie! So don't delay. Get those snapshots in today! A good Polaroid will do fine, and feel free to send in as many photographs as you like.

All photos submitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Be sure to use the model release that appears on page 142, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her \$100.

Photo by Husband



Sex, motorcycles and horseback riding keep 20-year-old Ronnie happy. This San Antonio, Texas, housewife says her fantasy is to deep-throat John Holmes onscreen.

Photo by R. R.



J. R. is a 28-year-old secretary from Beaver County, Pennsylvania, who likes hiking, outdoor sports and spending money. Her favorite fantasy is to shower up with the Pittsburgh Steelers.

Twenty-four-year-old Lynn says her fantasy is "meeting a handsome man on a nude beach so I can see all his potential." In her spare time this cosmetologist from Seattle, Washington, likes going to the beach, reading and horseback riding.

Photo by Elmo



Houston, Texas, is home for 21-year-old Marsha, who says swimming is her favorite hobby. This secretary's fantasy is making love "doggy-style."

Photo by Friend



Photo by Friend



Charlie, 23, gravitates to the surf, guitar, gentlemen, wild adventure and sex. This Millington, Tennessee, cocktail waitress dreams of making it in a tub full of Jell-O, and hopes to have a career in modeling.

Photo by Thad Shaw



Sandy, a 24-year-old aerobic-dance teacher from Portland, Oregon, is into bicycling and dancing. Being filmed while having sex with her husband would fulfill her fantasy.

Photo by Husband



Swimming and making love are some of Roxy's favorite activities. A 26-year-old dancer from Los Angeles, California, she dreams of making love all night long on a white-sand beach in Jamaica.



Photo by Boyfriend

Debbie, a housewife from Dermott, Arkansas, enjoys knitting and sex. Debbie's special desire is to have another woman and her husband eat the hell out of her pussy.



Photo by Husband

Twenty-five-year-old Chris fantasizes about making love with two men at the same time. She's a housewife from Mountain View, Arkansas, who enjoys swimming, skiing and playing pool.



Patricia, 23, fantasizes about making love in an elevator and shocking onlookers when the doors open and close at each floor. This Phoenix, Arizona, waitress enjoys sunbathing and backpacking.

Photo by Erwin Stempinski



Photo by Fred



Twenty-six-year-old Kitten, an aerobic-dance instructor from Bedford, Texas, lists her hobbies as horses and health spas. Her fantasy is to be completely dominated in a sexual encounter.

Photo by Steven Lee



Robbin's fantasy—"to appear in *Beaver Hunt*"—has come true! Robbin, a 26-year-old Okeechobee, Florida, waitress, likes motorcycles, swimming and raising houseplants.

Photo by Husband



Photo by James D.

Friskie, a 24-year-old typist from Santa Ana, California, says making love, camping and modeling are her favorite hobbies. Her fantasy is to be gang-banged by ten guys.

BEAVER SPOTLIGHT

Luscious Barb, a hometown honey from Jacksonville, Florida, could hardly believe her ears when we told her she'd been chosen for *Beaver Spotlight*. "I was taken completely by surprise," she said. "And I was so thrilled, I phoned all my friends and told them I was going to be in a HUSTLER photo-spread. I really feel like I've hit the Big Time!" Barb's original *Beaver Hunt* snapshot caused a real sensation. We



scheduled a photo-session that was so hot, we could only use the shots in HUSTLER REJECTS #7.

This active 23-year-old has her sights set on a full-time modeling career and knows how important it is to stay in shape for the camera. When she's not modeling, Barb can usually be found working out at the gym, roller-skating or indulging her passion for snorkeling and sailing.



AMERICAN POLITICS

(continued from page 142)

America—a revolution between the ears, not a revolution between the sheets. I have already brought that one about: the sexual revolution. With the advent of cable TV, the expansive videocassette market and explicit films, even closing down a magazine—such as HUSTLER—would have no effect on the sexual revolution. It is totally and completely and absolutely irreversible.

When the power groups in our nation can make us all feel guilty and full of anxiety over sex and sin, they can control us. When someone is able to dictate what we can and can't do in our bedrooms, the next step is telling us how to think.

Fortunately, that kind of control is past history. It went by the wayside when sexual ideas were liberated. Now we should be concerned about changing political ideas.

The Declaration of Independence states the course of action squarely: All governments are created by men, whose power comes from the people they are supposed to represent. Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, it is THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO ALTER OR TO ABOLISH IT—and to institute a new government, basing its

foundation on such principles as individual liberties and civil rights—a government devoted to the concept of free thought and pursuit of happiness.

When reviewing our plight as a nation, it's obvious that we have had a complete social breakdown—a widespread degeneration of the system. The Judicial, Legislative and Executive branches of government are thoroughly corrupt at the national, state, county, city and even the local-precinct level.

Our once-unequalled educational system has become a major failure, not in just its deteriorating facilities and unqualified faculties, but even more so in the entire concept of the programs it teaches.

At the same time, brutality and despair are ruining the quality of life in America. Violence on our streets and in our families has reached epidemic proportions. We have no hope of containing the high cost of health care, now far beyond any average person's reach.

Our monetary system is in a virtual state of collapse. We now pay an incredible \$223,371 per minute in interest on the national debt. That boggles the mind.

Our inner cities are rotting. Our roads are decaying. Bridges are crumbling. Our water and air are polluted. The fruit and vegetables we eat are full of chemicals. Unemployment has become massive; don't believe any of those news reports

that the job situation is getting better. They're either inaccurate or naive, or else the people releasing such information are on the government's payroll.

Hunger is greater in America today than ever before in our nation's history. The number of homeless—more than 2 million people—exceeds that of any time in our past. This tragic group includes the handicapped, the disabled and people who are too old to work, as well as half a million runaway children each year.

On top of this stinking mess sits an obviously senile, ill-informed, irrational President—a bigoted fascist who is definitely psychotic. This complete asshole has shown contempt for humanity on a domestic and international level that would shock any civilized person. A true Nazi, Ronnie Reagan is willing to bring about a nuclear war and kill anyone in the world necessary to return to the Golden Age of the 1920s—a time in history before he started using hair dye.

It's no wonder that American citizens are so disillusioned. If you don't believe they are, just ask the real people—men and women like yourselves. Don't rely on the assholes on TV or in the so-called legitimate media, who constantly belch forth what they claim to be the views of Americans. I wish they'd interview HUSTLER readers sometime so they could find out what people really feel, what they want to do with their lives and what they expect from their government.

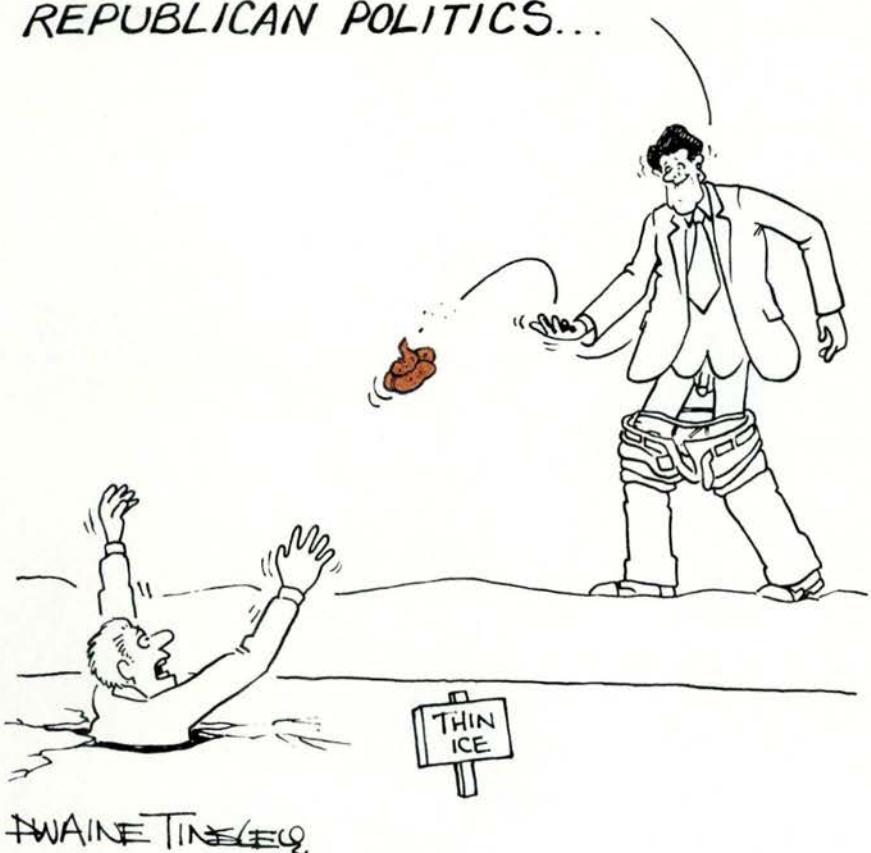
The reason for all this disillusionment is that the United States still belongs to the ruling class that started it all. As a result, our system is being held captive by the most reactionary minds in the nation.

While names like Ford, Rockefeller, du Pont and Mellon have become institutionalized, they still carry enormous weight. The du Pont family, which grossed over \$15 billion in defense contracts during the Vietnam War, controls eight of the 40 largest defense contractors. The du Ponts also control ten corporations with over \$1 billion in assets, including Penn Central, General Motors, Coca-Cola, Boeing and United Brands.

The Rockefellers hold over \$300 billion in corporate wealth, and their money-hungry tentacles extend into just about every industry in the United States, as well as every nation in the non-Socialist world. They control five of the 12 largest oil companies and four of the world's biggest banks. They have holdings in chemicals, steel, sugar, coal, copper, tin, insurance, computers, utilities, television, radio, publishing, electronics, agribusiness, automobiles, airlines and every known natural resource, manufactured commodity and service.

Organized religions are also formidable
(continued on page 198)

REPUBLICAN POLITICS...



Honey Hooker



HONEY READS THE PLAYBORE AD AS A CUSTOMER INDULGES IN A MUFF-DIVER FANTASY IN HER JACUZZI.

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
PLAYBORE IS DOING
ONE OF THOSE CANDYASS
"LOCAL-GIRL" PHOTO-SESSIONS
RIGHT HERE IN TOWN!

The Herald Tribune
The Most Important News
REAGAN GETS
VOLUME SURGE
ON HEARING
AID!
Blasted
Off Podium

(TO THE TUNE OF "SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN")
"YOU BETTER NOT FLASH... YOU BETTER HIDE PINK,
YOU BETTER GET CASH... THEY'RE INTO RED INK,
PLAYBORE MAG IS COMING TO TOWN."

THAT MAY NOT BE QUITE THE WAY THE CHRISTMAS JINGLE GOES, BUT IT COVERS THE SITUATION WHEN PLAYBORE MAGAZINE SENDS A PHOTOGRAPHER INTO HONEY'S HOMETOWN TO DO A "GIRLS OF..." FEATURE!

Now \$46.00 to \$706.00

Interviews to Begin

-Playboe Magazine is coming to town on January 28th, and we're looking for intelligent, sensitive, liberated, impossibly beautiful women who will pose nude for jerk-off photos and seriously consider sucking on the pipe of an aging, insecure publisher. Any of the women chosen are eligible for a possible centerfold photo-session as one of **"Hugh's Heifers."** All information will be kept confidential until we publish it for a couple of million readers. Interviews will begin at noon in the ladies' room of the **Eight Days Inn** at Ninth and Main.

SAVE \$42,000!

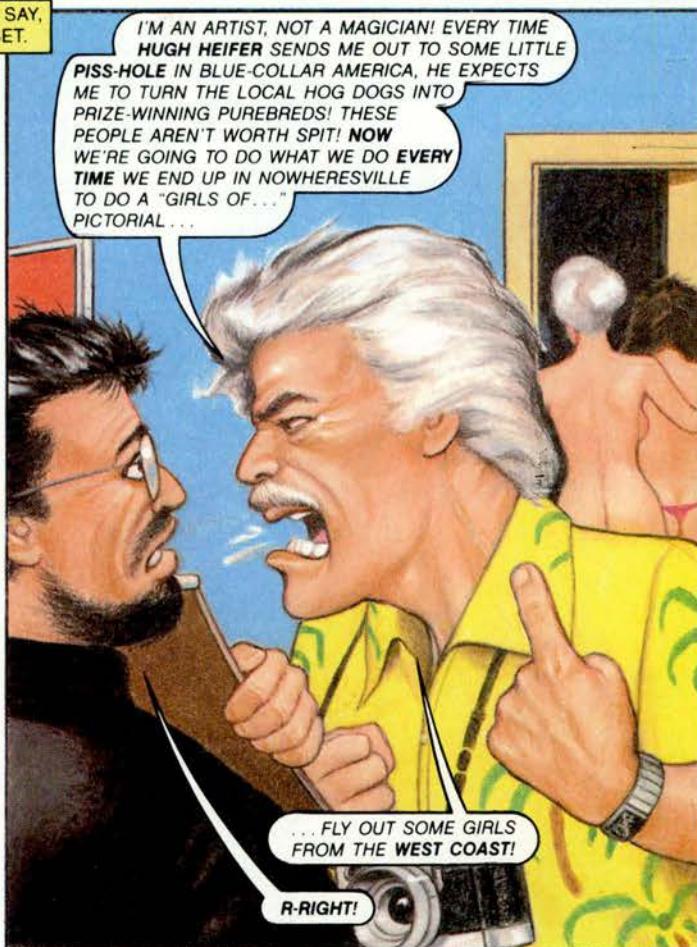
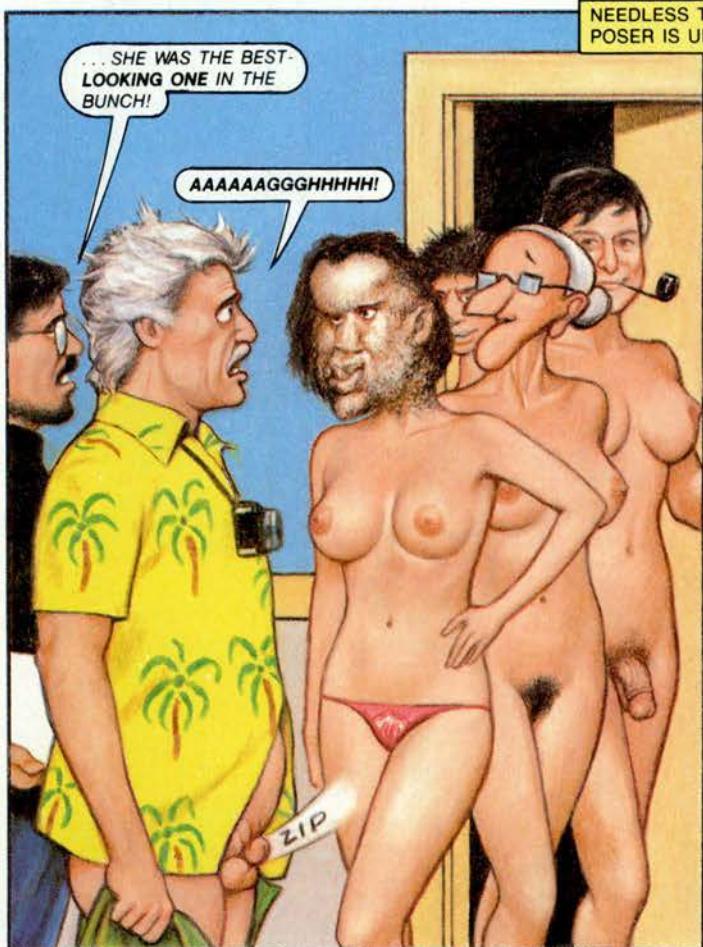
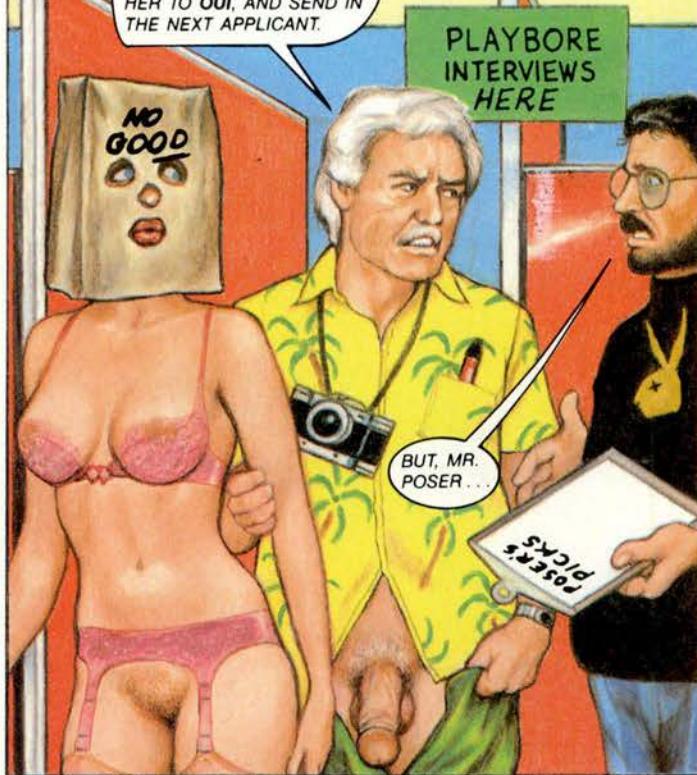
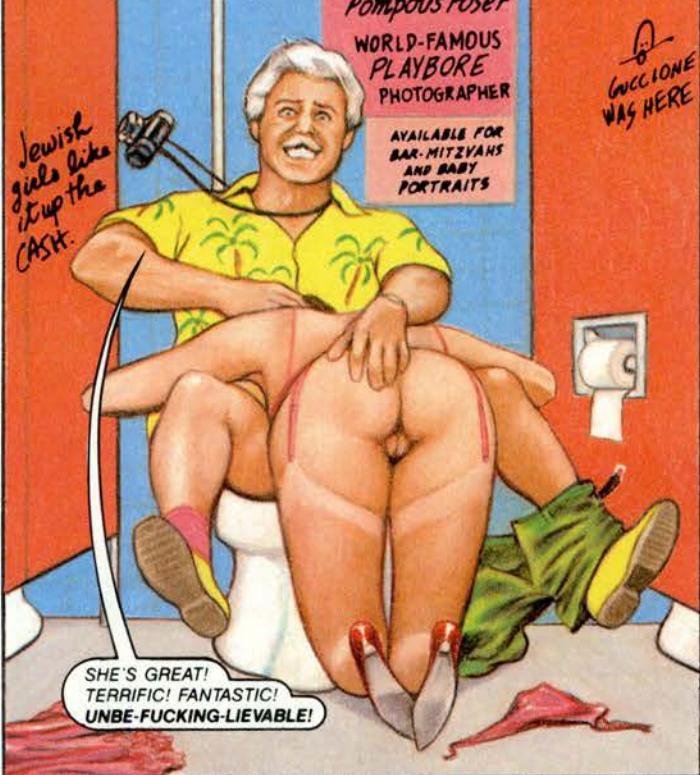
DYE YOUR VINYL TOP—
YOU CAN NOW RENEW OR CHOOSE
THE COLOR OF YOUR HAVE



AS SCHEDULED, ON JANUARY 28TH, THE INTERVIEWS BEGIN. THE QUESTIONS ARE SIMPLE AND TO THE POINT, AND THE GIRLS WHO APPLY ANSWER AS BEST THEY CAN--IF THEY CAN TALK WITH THEIR MOUTHS FULL.

BUT SHE'S A LOSER.

SO MUCH FOR HOW SHE GIVES HEAD. THIS WOMAN IS SUCH A PIG, EVEN HIGH SOCIETY WOULDN'T PUBLISH HER! THE ONLY PERSON WHO'D SHOOT HER IS A VETERINARIAN LOOKING TO PUT HER OUT OF HER MISERY! SEND HER TO OUI, AND SEND IN THE NEXT APPLICANT.



BUT NO CALIFORNIA GIRL COULD COMPARE WITH THE ONE POSER'S ABOUT TO INTERVIEW—HONEY.

NOW YOU GET THAT WALKING AD FOR LIP CANCER ON THE PHONE, AND TELL HIM TO PUT SOME OF HIS PRIVATE STOCK ON A PLANE AND...

FLUSH IF YOU LOVE JESUS.

WAIT A SECOND!

AM I TOO LATE?

HONEY'S "ENTRANCE EXAM" IS A BIT DIFFERENT FROM THE ONE THE OTHER APPLICANTS RECEIVED, BUT SHE'S BY NO MEANS AT THE BOTTOM OF HER CLASS.

AM I GOOD ENOUGH FOR PLAYBORE, MR. POSER?

COMPARED TO THOSE SHALLOW, PHONY TWATS WHO USUALLY POSE FOR YOU!

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For a good time
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POSER STARTS THE BALL ROLLING FOR HONEY'S PHOTO-SESSION.

Ronald Reagan VOTING BOOTY!
GET ONE OF THE BEST ROOMS HERE AT THE MOTEL FOR HONEY'S SHOOTING. PLAYBORE IS SPARING NO EXPENSE!

SURROUNDED BY THE FINEST ACCOMMODATIONS AN EIGHT DAYS INN HAS TO OFFER, POSER PREPARES TO CAPTURE HONEY ON FILM.

HOW DOES CHERYL TIEGS DO IT IN THOSE COMMERCIALS...?

ANY SPECIAL POSES, MR. POSER?

OH, NO.
JUST DO WHAT COMES NATURALLY.

OKAY. YOU ASKED FOR IT.

KNOWING FULL WELL WHAT WILL HAPPEN, HONEY SHOWS PINK AS POSER SNAPS A FEW PRACTICE POLAROIDS.

HONEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? CLOSE YOUR LEGS!

WHY?

BECAUSE THAT POSE IS TOO "HOT" FOR PLAYBORE. WE'RE A RESPECTABLE MAGAZINE.

RESPECTABLE? BECAUSE YOU PORTRAY WOMEN AS CLOSE-LEGGED PRICKTEASERS? BECAUSE YOU PRETEND THAT CERTAIN

PARTS OF A WOMAN ARE "DIRTY" AND SHOULDN'T BE SHOWN? BECAUSE YOU WON'T ADMIT THAT PLAYBORE IS STILL NOTHING MORE THAN A SLICK STROKE BOOK?

CLICK!

POSER DECIDES TO CLOSE UP SHOP IN A HURRY.

COME BACK WHEN YOU'RE READY

TO PHOTOGRAPH REAL WOMEN! WOULD YOU SHOW PICTURES OF NUDE MEN WITH NO BALLS?

AND I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT YOUR EDITORIAL STAFF!

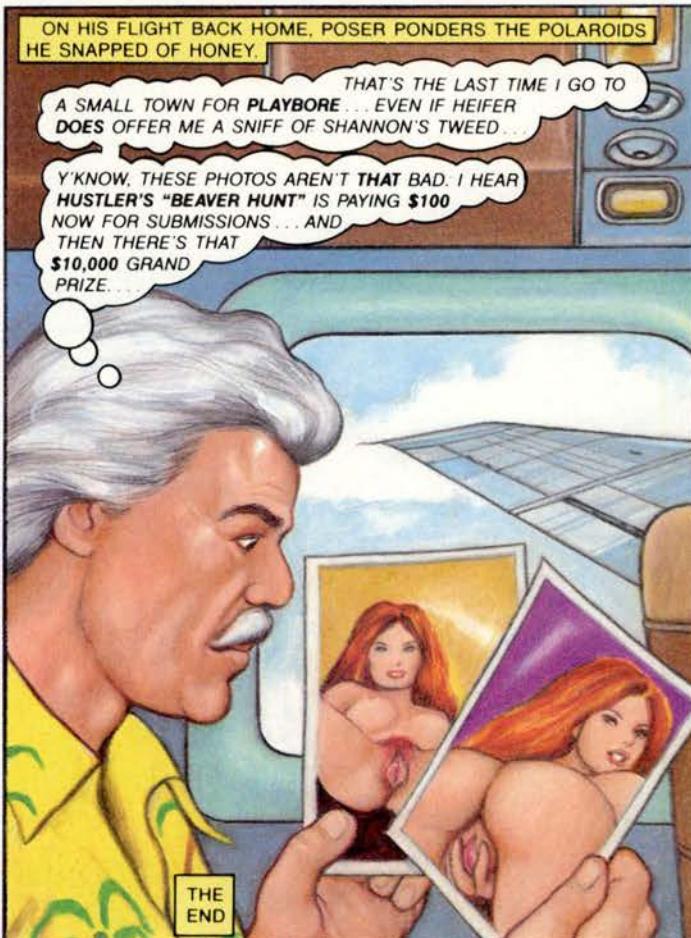
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE SHE FLASHES THAT DISGUSTING PINK STUFF AGAIN! I CAN'T HANDLE THAT!

ON HIS FLIGHT BACK HOME, POSER PONDERS THE POLAROIDS HE SNAPPED OF HONEY.

THAT'S THE LAST TIME I GO TO A SMALL TOWN FOR PLAYBORE ... EVEN IF HEIFER DOES OFFER ME A SNIFF OF SHANNON'S TWEED...

Y'KNOW, THESE PHOTOS AREN'T THAT BAD. I HEAR HUSTLER'S "BEAVER HUNT" IS PAYING \$100 NOW FOR SUBMISSIONS ... AND THEN THERE'S THAT \$10,000 GRAND PRIZE...

THE END



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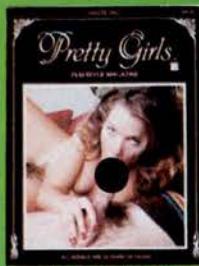
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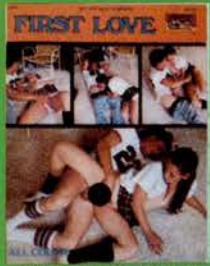
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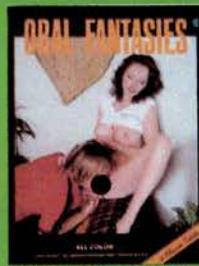
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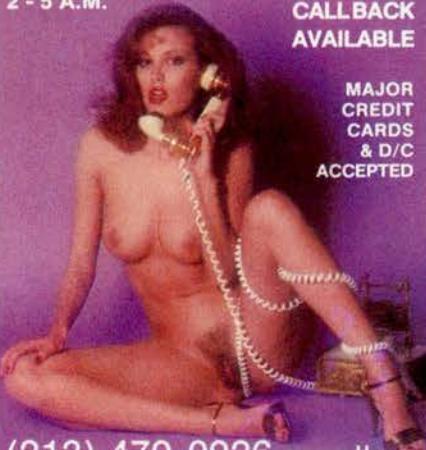
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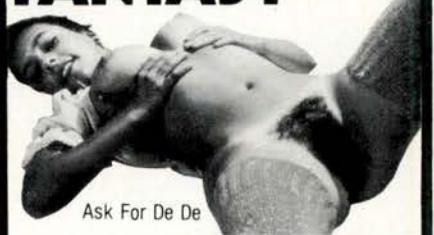
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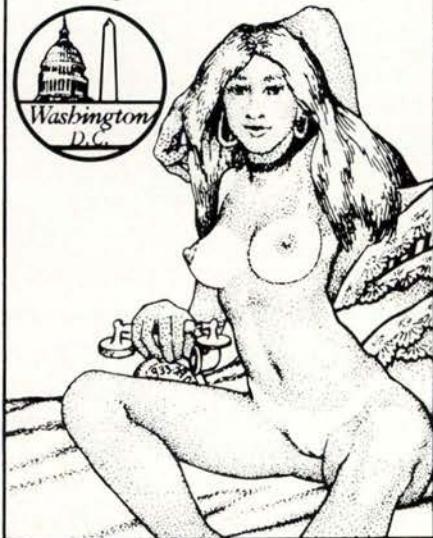
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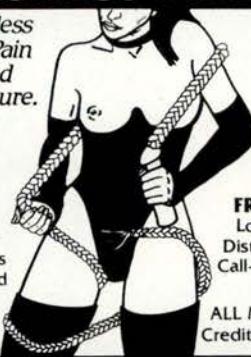
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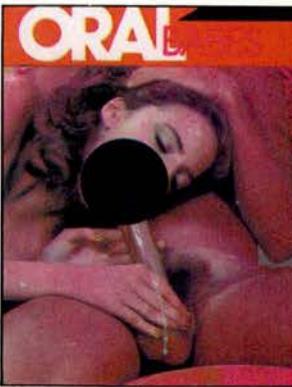
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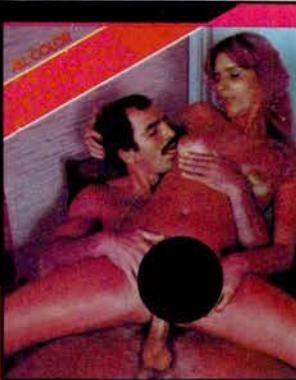
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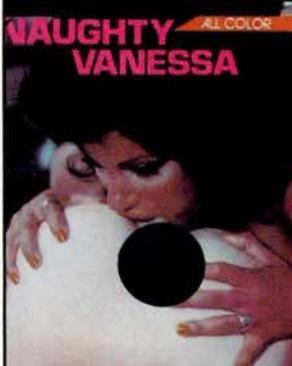
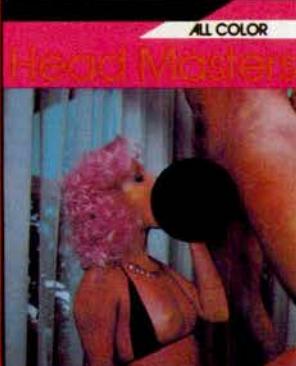
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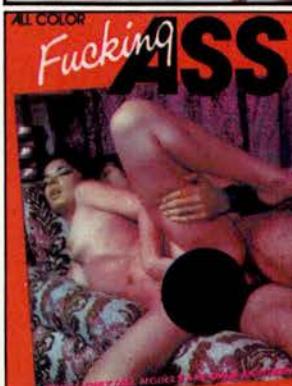
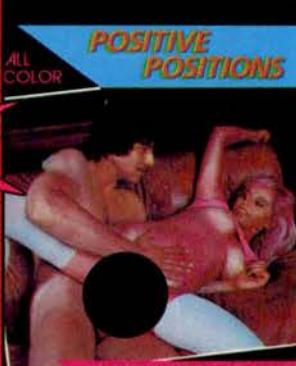
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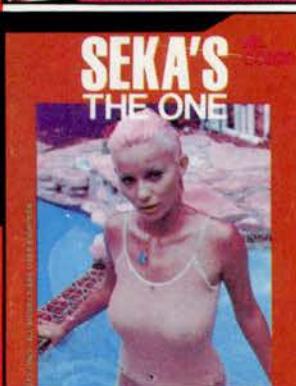
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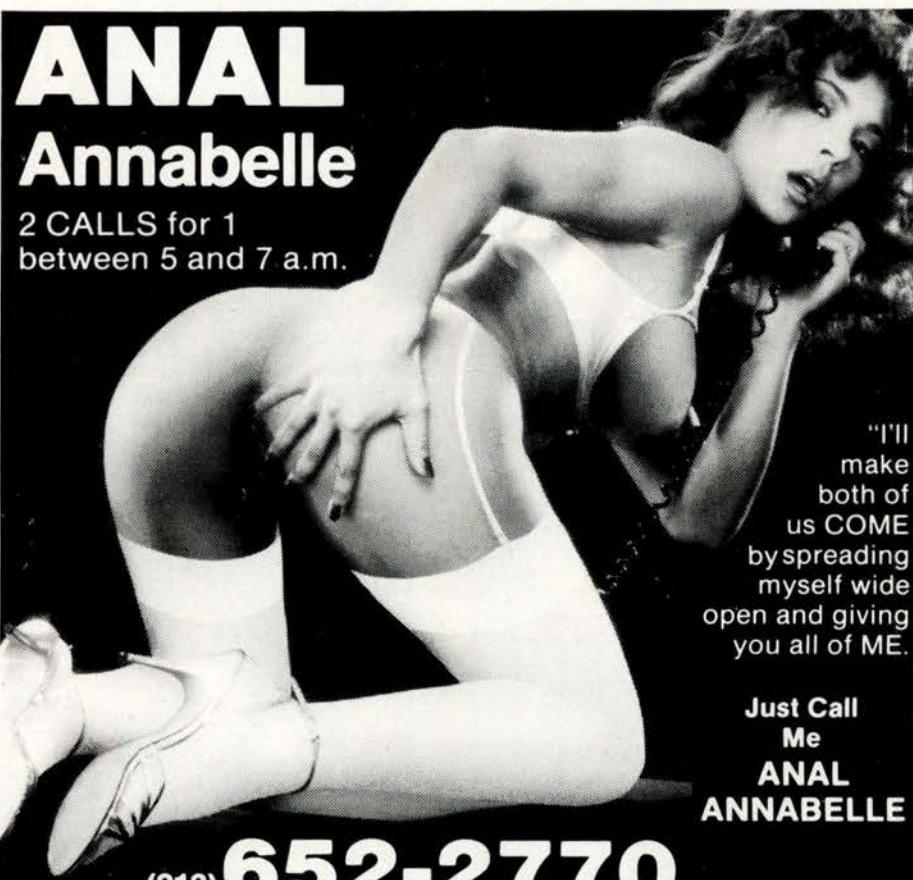
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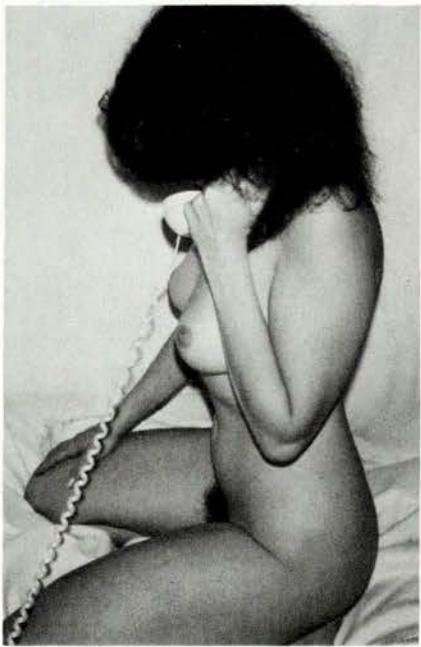
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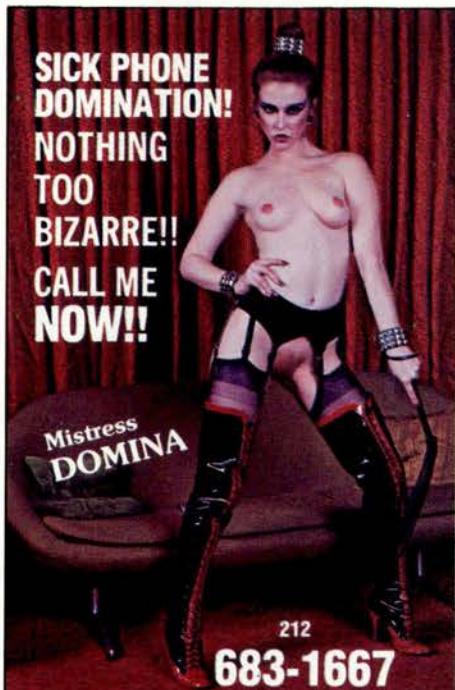
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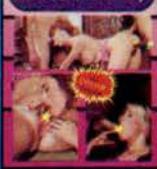
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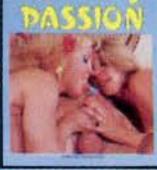
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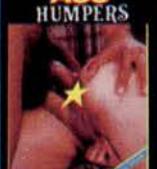
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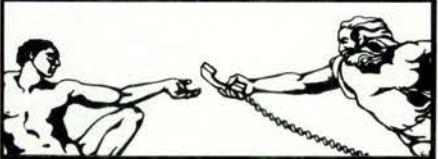
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This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides to us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

CONTINUING THE CLEANUP

Last month we got tough; this month we dropped the bomb. *HUSTLER* will no longer tolerate ripoff, scumbag advertisers that promise quality merchandise but don't deliver. The dirt dealers we 86'd from these pages last month—*Video Wholesale Distributors* and *Promotional Merchandising*—are gone for good. And, beginning with this issue, *HUSTLER* has completed the extermination by removing all of the ads that were part of the ripoff pestilence attempting to nest on our pages. With any luck the postal authorities will shut them down permanently. From this point on any company looking to advertise in *HUSTLER Magazine* better have its shit together.

This month another garbage distributor gets the ax. *Cinematic Distributors* (Box 2400, Los Angeles, CA 90028) has run ads several times over the past half-year—most recently on page 121 of our October 1983 issue. *Cinematic* is actually another one of the bogus names used by the countless *Mailers Service* network of cheap-shit dealers. It's easy to see why people get duped. While *Cinematic* doesn't put much money in its products, it seems to spend big bucks on ads to lure in the suckers. The ads are bright and spicy, and the copy promises quality porn. But the products *Cinematic* delivers suck: soft-core, low-quality merchandise not worthy of postage.

Maybe someday every mail-order merchant will be a Dependable Dealer. But until they are, we'll do our best to keep

them honest. We think that the old advice "Buyer beware" should be replaced with "Advertiser, be honest or else!" But the only way we can help you is if you help us by keeping those cards and letters coming in. So if you do get ripped off, start writing!

CHEAP THRILLS

I just bought a VCR and am in the market for some hard-core adult entertainment. However, I can't really handle the \$70 or \$80 per tape most companies are charging for X-rated videocassettes. Is there anywhere I can get hot porn for prices a hardworking guy like myself can afford? —W.D. Erie, Pennsylvania

Good news! *Film Collector's Association* (Box H134, Inglewood, CA 90306) has just released six new, hourlong titles in the *Lustly Ladies* videoloop series for a remarkably low \$29 each plus \$4 postage and handling per order. The tapes are full-color and cum-filled hard-core.

As far as the action in these titles goes, Volume 4 and Volume 5 boast some sweaty threesomes and semi-decent cocksucking. The other volumes, however, seem to lack sexual creativity, particularly Volume 6—an all-girl collection that has four pairs of ladies in four different vignettes, doing virtually the same thing to each other in each scene. First the kiss, then the tit-suck, then the pussy-munch . . . then the orgasm. Yawn. Sure, it's a tad repetitious, but for \$29 it's still a bargain.

FCA can be reached by calling (213) 670-8293, or writing the address mentioned above. Let's hope other adult-film distributors and retailers take a lesson from FCA and start making home porn the cheap thrill it was meant to be.

WRONG CLIMAX

I recently ordered some 8mm films from *Color Climax* (P.O. Box 35445, Los Angeles, CA 90035), expecting "creamy cumshots" like the ad on page 120 of the August 1983 *HUSTLER* promised. You can imagine how pissed off I was when I watched these dry, prickeasing, soft-core, limp loops.

Didn't you have good things to say about *Color Climax* in the past? What gives?

—K.N.
Memphis, Tennessee

You've got the right beef, but the wrong Climax. The group we praised is *Color Climax Corporation* (Strandlodsvæj 61, Copenhagen, Denmark)—a world-re-

nowned distributor that handles some of the hottest and kinkiest porn anywhere. Unfortunately, it's difficult for people in the States to deal with this group because of primitive international laws regarding the import and export of so-called obscene materials (see November 1983's *Mail-Order Feedback* item "Breaking the Law").

Anyway, the company you're upset with is a small-time, piss-in-the-wind outfit operating from a tiny post-office box in Los Angeles. In no way, shape or form is the California *Color Climax* associated with the European company with the similar name. In fact, we're in the process now of investigating whether the L.A.-based *Color Climax* even has the legal right to use the name. Keep reading this column for details.

In the meantime, do not purchase merchandise from any *Color Climax* other than *Color Climax Corporation* in Copenhagen.

TAKEN BY STORM

I recently saw the movie *In Love* and was really taken by the scene between Jerry Butler and the gorgeous Goldie Hawn look-alike Joanna Storm. What other films has this blond cupcake been in, and where can I get them on videotape? —S.F. Brooklyn, New York

The adorable Joanna Storm is one hot lady, and her onscreen sexual antics are cockraising, to say the least. While virtually all of her flicks are steamy, some are better than others. Among her juicier titles are *The Widespread Scandals of Lydia Lace*, *All American Girls*, *The Devil in Miss Jones II* and *Sexcapades*. (By the way, the last three titles mentioned have been awarded *HUSTLER*'s highest rating.)

You can order any of the above Joanna Storm sizzlers from *Video Company of America Mail Order* (2051 Pontius Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025) for \$69 each plus \$4 shipping and handling per order. In addition, *Video Company* will soon have two new videos featuring Ms. Storm—*In the Pink* and *Smoker*. In the latter, Little Jo shows she can stand the heat in the kitchen as she's fucked, sucked and jizzed on among the refrigerator, pots and pans.

Video Company has a vast warehouse that includes just about any X-rated title available on videotape. The firm can be reached by phone toll-free at (800) 421-2386; in California dial (800) 621-2682; and in Los Angeles call (213) 478-3083. ☺

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Forget about fucking. Eating pussy and getting sucked were Jason's favorite sexual pastimes. Nothing equaled the wonderful feeling of warm, moist lips wrapping themselves around his cock. Planting themselves at the base of his penis, those lips would gently tease and pull it until he stiffly filled the girl's mouth with hot jism. And burying his tongue into a gal's cunt sent him, as well as her, far down the road to getting off.

He'd scoop through her cunt like an earthmover digging fertile soil and finish with a flick on her clit. Spending all evening exchanging those pleasures was Jason's answer to watching reruns on television. He had his own entertainment.

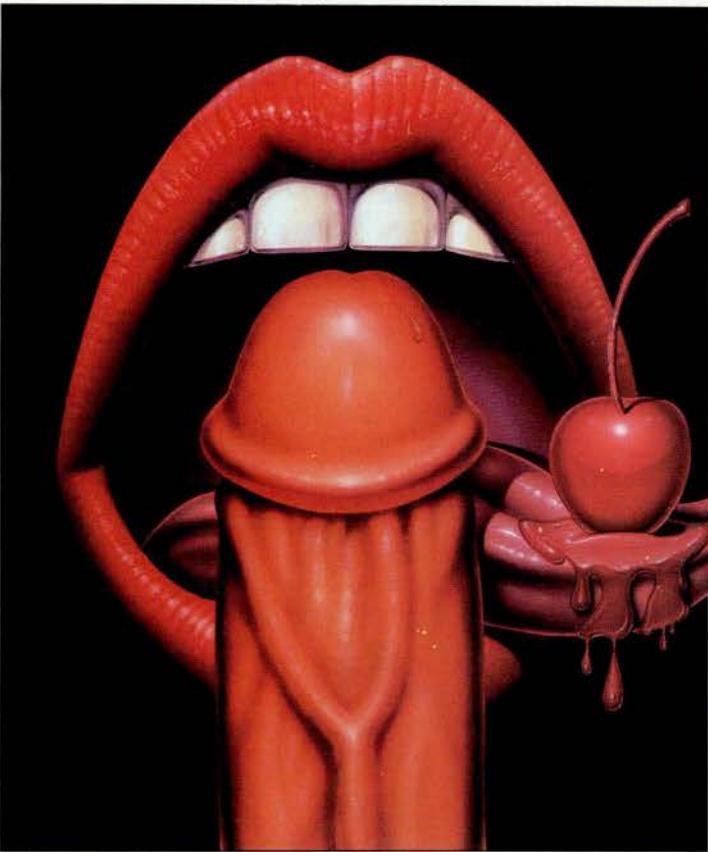
Tonight the entertainment's name was Caroline. Her soft cheeks, slight overbite and fleshy lips were an inviting pillow for a man's cock. Jason primed her with alcohol, like any engine starting up. And once started, Caroline didn't quit. Tugging at his fly, her fingers worked their way to his penis. They hooked around it and pulled it into the fresh air. Once there, Caroline pounced on it as if she were a cougar.

Her lips and tongue attacked it. Starting low, she dripped her sweet spit on Jason's balls. Long and solid strokes carried the wetness to his cock head. At the top her lips opened, and her mouth fell over and onto his entire shaft. Dropping back to the bottom, his rod growing inside her, Caroline's luscious mouth tightened. Her lips puckered. Drawing her head back, she pulled his penis to its full length, then rushed to its base again. Up and back her mouth slid along his stiffening pink rod. Inside her mouth the silky hardness warmed her cheeks.

Now Jason was rock hard and trembling. Caroline cupped her hands under his balls and tickled them with her fingernails. Unbuttoning his pants, she inched them down. Her lips and tongue sucked and licked, flicking wildly and randomly at whatever captured her attention. Biting gently, she squeezed the head in her teeth. Purring with glee, she started a steady up-and-down motion. Like a grasshopper pump in an oil field, she worked Jason, doing her best to suck him dry.

Illustration by John Andrews

Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER Magazine's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



ORAL SEX DOING IT RIGHT

by Lee David

Sucking harder, with slower strokes, Caroline began her final assault on Jason's prick. Wrapping it in her thumb and index finger, she held it tight while her lips and tongue started moving faster. Sucking only on the upstroke, she pulled her mouth to the end of Jason's cock, then slipped her hand along its length. Her mouth left behind a slick trail of wetness. That was it! Jason's trembling stopped, and his hips bucked as a geyser of cum spurted into Caroline's talented mouth. The gooey, white slickness painted the inside of her cheeks, with the excess dripping down, covering the cock it came from.

Jason's coming got Caroline going. She worked him hard again, enjoyed another dose of his tonic, then let him take over. Jason's trained and intelligent tongue gave

Caroline orgasm after orgasm. Back and forth they went. Jason came, then returned the favor; Caroline came, then returned the favor. When they finally fucked (Caroline insisted she wanted Jason inside her), it capped a perfect evening of sensual success.

But for many men, searching for women like Caroline—women who want to give head and get head all night long—has often turned an evening into failure. Statistically, at least, they shouldn't be hard to find. In one study of over 100,000 women done for *Redbook* magazine in 1975, 85% of the women said they gave head. More important, 72% (nearly three-quarters) of those women said they enjoyed it! Another study showed that even at a small, Southern Baptist college, where strong attitudes against giving head could be expected, nearly one-third of the women said they gave blowjobs.

Still, numbers and percentages can't suck softly on a cock. So once a cock queen is found, it's important to keep her around. That means spending a little time giving, as well as receiving, the pleasures of the oral experience. It also requires stepping inside the maiden's mind to understand what she's thinking and why she's thinking it. Considering the large number of women who admit to giving head, there must be reasons why men aren't getting head constantly.

Realizing that there is a significant amount of mental acrobatics involved in oral sex largely helps explain why the demand is greater than the supply of blowjobs. Fellatio (doctor talk for a blowjob) and cunnilingus (doctor talk for eating out a woman) are much more than a simple flick of the tongue. People may carry their horniness with them. But they also bring—take notes here—egos, fantasies and desires that interact in complex ways with feelings of dominance, vanity, humiliation and submission. In truly satisfying sex, where one partner's pleasure isn't at the expense of another's, both partners experience and enjoy all the possible combinations of those feelings.

For example, face-fucking is a common fantasy. Making it come true can be as exhilarating and satisfying as the much

ballyhooed and overrated "gentle kiss" can be. Depending on the occasion and the woman—one who allows herself the luxury of being dominated for her partner's pleasure—a wild-and-nasty session of cock dentistry can often be *much more* intimate than any kiss. There's a greater reliance on the partner for pleasure, and a greater trust of the partner's judgment is needed.

Cocksucking and cunlapping are naturally that way. Only a contortionist can do it to himself. For everyone else there is an unavoidable dependence upon the person who controls the mouth to supply the correct moves that will bring pleasure. That gives the suckers and lappers the upper hand in the arrangement.

The control of pleasure subtly balances against the submissive position—like a slave bowing to a king—that most people use for oral sex. (The famous 69 position, whereby the partners are head to foot, sucking and eating each other at the same time, is generally disliked because of the poor control and lack of movement it allows each participant.) And the dynamics, the flow of power in cocksucking and cunlapping, comes from that balance. In some ways, when a woman is at a man's feet, giving him head, she is also receiving a gift of royal mercy when he allows her to suck him off. Playing with these dominant and submissive roles is what can turn

merely good head into fantastic head.

That's not to underrate the purely physical attraction to giving head. The lips, tongue and mouth have more nerves for their size than almost any other part of the body. The exceptions are the cock, balls and cunt. Put them together, blending the areas, and there's a natural combination of excitement and arousal.

Properly controlled, the mouth can become a hole that delivers more pleasurable friction and feeling than a cunt. The tongue is wet, warm and, unlike a cunt, can move around and over a cock. And that means a woman can be more sexually creative with her mouth than she can with her cunt because she can precisely control the way she moves her mouth to intensify pleasurable sensations.

There's also the deep, psychological pleasure derived from sucking. Studies of infants show that a sucking motion is the only thing they know at birth. Everything else is learned. Using that sucking motion is—whether for cocksucking, cunlapping or just downing a soda—an extremely pleasurable experience. It awakens deep, animal instincts in man. In the wilds many animals use cocksucking and cunlapping as a means of arousing themselves before fucking.

It seems unfair then that for all the pleasure and naturalness involved, many people still feel unsatisfied after a session

of head. The main complaints are that women don't do it well and that men don't do it enough. But beyond all their complaints is a general lack of understanding of what's wanted and what's needed for giving great head.

Top on the list is communication. Since the mental factors involved can get so complex, it's important that both partners know *exactly* what's wanted and expected. That includes screaming, "Suck me harder, twist my balls, suck me harder" if that's what's needed to get off. It also includes watching the other person for telltale signs—legs spreading, hips thrusting, pulling away—that take the place of words. Don't ignore encouragement either. Heating up the action with a well-placed "Oh, what a tremendous blowjob you're giving me . . . keep sucking, keep sucking" is a good idea. After all, it's praise, and everyone loves praise.

Knowing what *not* to say is also important. Don't tell a woman she gives head as good as someone else. It's not the time or place for consumer-comparison tests. And don't tell a woman her twat smells funny. Most women are nervous about their cunt, the way it looks and smells, and need reassurance, not put-downs.

Getting the talk out of the way leaves the action. Here's where many women complain about men's attitudes. Instead of thinking of it as a treat, many men act as if cocksucking is something women are required to do. This stance of automatically expecting a blowjob, of grabbing and pushing a woman's head toward a cock, of pulling her head with her hair and palming it like a basketball being slam-dunked onto a cock, won't work. Those actions are fine, even good, after the fun has started. But to get her going down, a little finesse is needed.

The reason so many women are willing to give head in the first place is that *they enjoy it*. Most women do like to suck cocks. It's stimulating for them to watch their caresses arouse the man. While giving head, a woman can *see* and *feel* her lover's hard-on. She can hear his moans and taste his cum. Giving head excites all the senses. It reawakens the raw and primitive instincts buried in day-to-day life. It's this pure, physical sense of abandoning themselves to pleasure that women crave, and men appreciate too.

Avoiding anything that would lessen a woman's natural interest in sucking is the main concern. One of the most important things for men and women is to make sure they're clean. Just as a fuming pussy will send the most devout cunlapper back to the TV, an unwashed cock and smelly balls are an immediate turn-off—and that includes cleaning a dirty asshole as well. Most likely there'll be a rimming in any

(continued on page 180)

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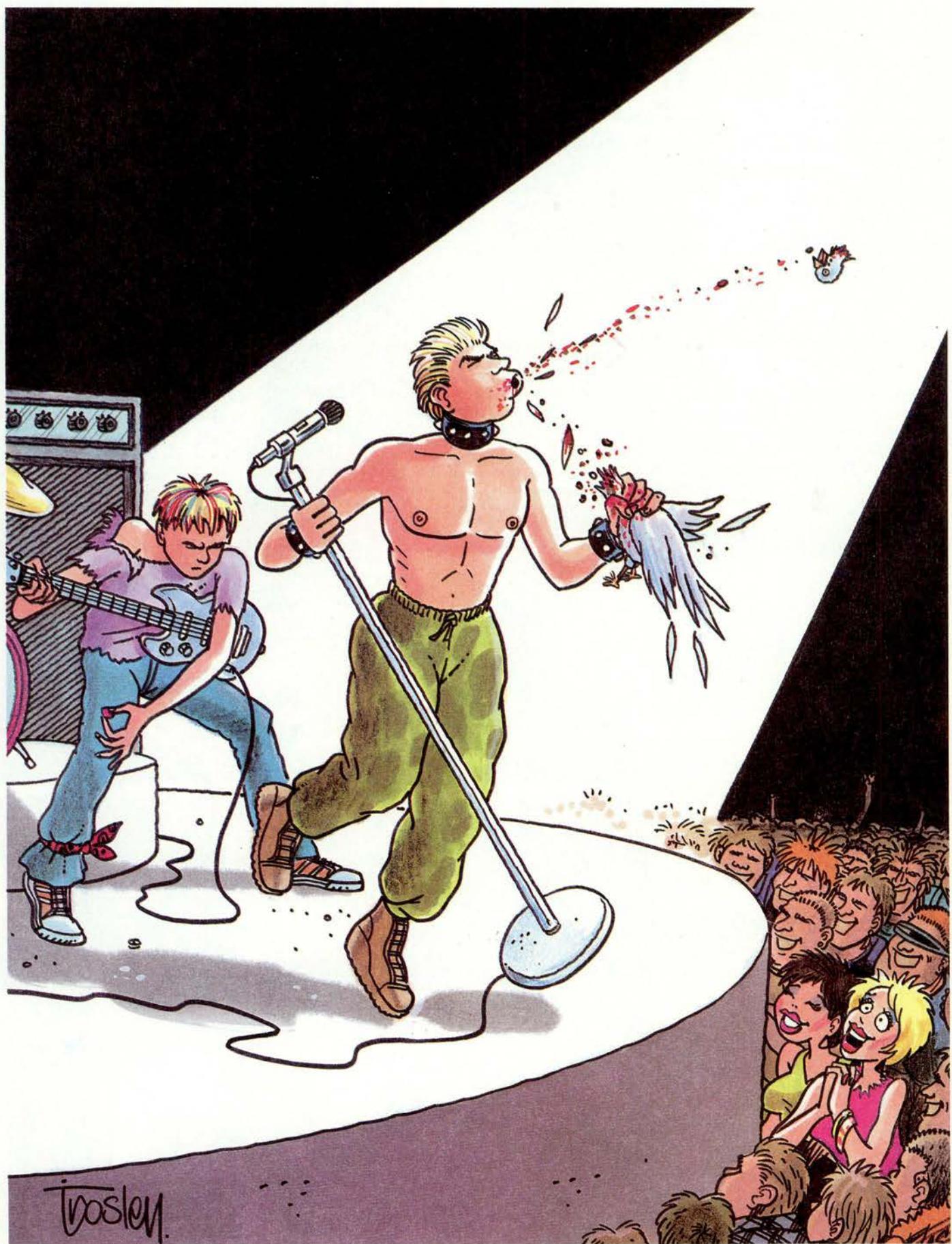
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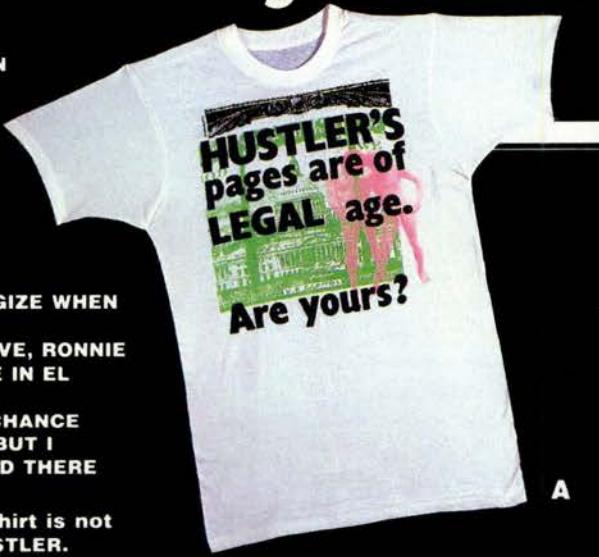
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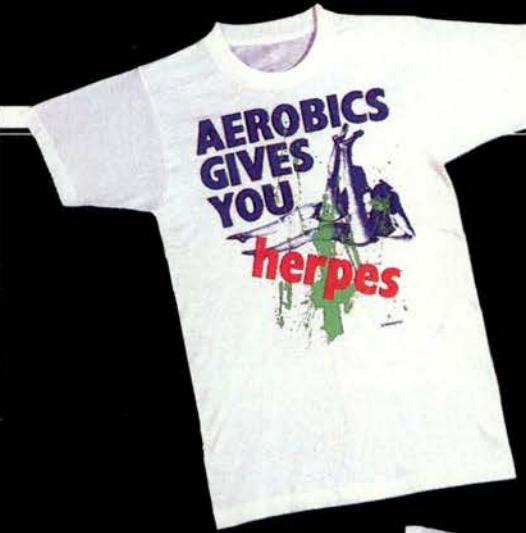


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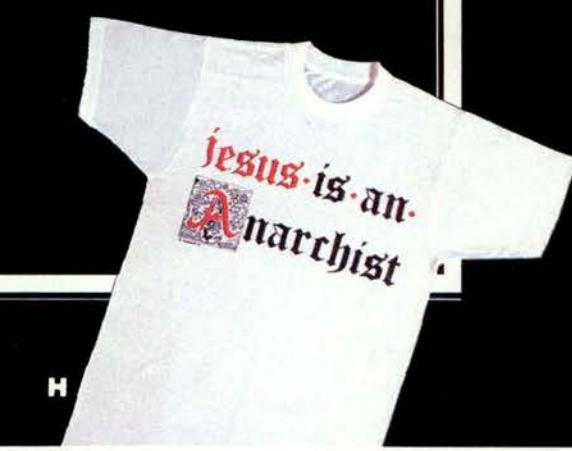
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SEX PLAY

(continued from page 176)

frenzy of activity. Being clean is considered a polite gesture. And forcing a woman to do, or to continue doing, anything she doesn't enjoy can lead to getting a cock bitten off, not sucked off.

None of this rules out rough play. That's part of the game. A vicious face-fucking is fine (except for physical injury—avoid that) if both partners enjoy it. Too much propaganda has been made of always being "gentle and tender" with women. Caring and sensitivity are valued qualities, but women are the first to admit they're not always gentle and tender and don't always enjoy that type of treatment. Being careful with your teeth is one thing; being ineffective is another.

One thing a man can do that carries Brownie points is to offer to eat the woman out, either before or after she's sucked him off. This is basic good manners. According to Joan, a 36-year-old secretary: "I think it's important that a man at least offers to go down on me. Then, if the woman is interested in fucking, she can say, 'No, let's get it on.' But I think it's important for the man to show he's appreciative and willing to give back for what he gets."

In separate surveys done by *Cosmopolitan* and *Redbook* magazines, nearly 90% of the

women said they enjoyed being eaten. Don't take this to mean that women don't like to get fucked. But women come longer and stronger from getting head than they do from being fucked. They usually need ten to 15 minutes of cunt-eating before they're ready to come, but the direct touch of the mouth on the cunt sends them into orbit when they do come.

Unlike men, and putting aside "better" orgasms for the moment, women can be sensitive to the point of discomfort when getting head. It's easy to provide too much stimulation, especially on the super-sensitive clit. And instead of coming, a woman will feel only irritation and pain from being eaten excessively.

Leslie, a 33-year-old, has her own method that she recommends: "Massages, like licking or sucking, are great because they involve a constant breaking of contact. That keeps the sensation from being too monotonous. Every time the tongue touches, it's a new and pleasurable sensation, which eventually leads to orgasm. Any great change in position is distracting, but the slight breaks and expectations are exciting."

One important point—never blow air into a woman's cunt. The air can travel through the vagina and kill her by causing a bubble in her bloodstream. Also, never spray aerosol containers into the cunt. The same thing could happen.

Excelling at cocksucking and cunlapping with a woman almost requires a sixth sense. At least one mouth, we hope, is going to be full; so words won't always work. What's needed instead is an acute awareness of each other's needs. Being sensitive to those needs includes knowing when to be rough, gentle, fast or slow. Concentrating strongly enough so that it seems like mind reading is the key to better oral sex. This extra attention, this ability to know what the other person will do before they do it, turns good head into great head.

One last thing—some men are embarrassed by eating cunt. There's no reason for that. The natural odor and taste of a woman's cunt has attracted men since the Stone Age. And there aren't any harmful side effects from eating pussy. It has fewer germs than the average mouth. Ancient Chinese marriage manuals, dating from 200 B.C., carry pictures of cocksucking and cunlapping. Legend says that Egyptian Queen Cleopatra once sucked off more than 100 Roman noblemen in a single night. And lipstick, that most modern cosmetic, was originally invented over 3,000 years ago by Phoenician hookers as a way of advertising their talents at giving head.

So start sucking and getting sucked. You're following in the footsteps of gods and emperors. ☺



STRATTON

There aren't many places to cruise for women in the tiny desert town in Nevada where I live—especially good-looking women I haven't already met. We've got one restaurant, a family-style place, and one bar, where mainly truckers hang out. So the big happening spot for Friday and Saturday nights is the local drive-in theater. I've got this dynamite pickup truck with a camper-shell, which I call my "make-out mobile" because it's got plenty of privacy and room for lots of hot action.

I've had a lot of adventures down at that drive-in, but none of them compares to what happened about two weeks ago. I drove into the parking lot about an hour before sunset. I parked, got out of my truck and popped open a beer.

When the lot was about half-full, I spotted a group of fairly attractive women crowded around an old VW bus. They looked like pretty good prospects. I checked myself out in the sideview mirror, picked up the rest of my six-pack and started walking toward these chicks.

I was about a quarter of the way across the lot when a bright-red Ferrari practically ran me over. The damn car came within six inches of me as it skidded into a space and stopped. Naturally, I walked over to the car to tell off the blonde behind the wheel. But when I got to the window, I noticed she was the best-looking piece of ass I'd seen in quite some time. She reeked of raw sex, jailbait innocence, and to top it off she had the prettiest pair of nipples ever, poking up from under a skin-tight, white T-shirt. I didn't know whether to fuck her or kill her.

"Look," she said, sticking her head out of the window, "I'm real sorry, okay? I'm just in a real bad state right now and...." She kind of drifted off and looked straight ahead of her, blinking back some tears. "I didn't mean to piss you off, honest." She flashed me a movie-star smile and extended her hand. "My name's Vicky," she said.

I just stared at her for almost three minutes, too shocked to speak. Finally, I said, "Uh, has anyone ever told you that you look like Pia Zadora?"

She gave me a funny look, and then

Kinky Korner is written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER will pay \$100 on publication for seven-page, double-spaced-typed or neatly handwritten manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

sure you're not Pia Zadora?"

"I'm sure," she said. "And don't ask me that again, okay?" I was still convinced it was the movie star. She took another swig of scotch and kept talking. The more she talked, the harder my cock got.

"I just wanted to go out tonight," she told me. "And all my husband ever wants to do is stay home and fuck. Only his idea of fucking is just a quick feel and then five minutes of the old in-and-out. Then he goes to sleep, and I'm left lying there... horny as hell. You know what?" She turned to me, giving me a real long, meaningful stare. "I'm always horny."

I didn't need a telegraph to get her message. I leaned over, put one hand on her inner thigh and said, "I think I can help you out."

She wasn't kidding when she told me she was always horny. Judging from the way she leaned over and stuck her warm, pink tongue in between my lips, I'd say that lady had some pent-up passions that needed to be released. We kissed for several minutes, sucking on each other's tongues, letting saliva dribble down our chins. At some point around then the movie started—an old horror flick. I didn't care. I was too busy squeezing her tits.

She reached down and ran her hand over the bulge in my jeans. Then she whispered in my ear, "I want your cock." Before I had time to reply, she was running her hands

over my chest and then groping for my fly. There wasn't much room in that tiny sportscar, but we somehow managed to position ourselves so that she was leaning over into my lap, pulling down my fly and letting my cock—which was about ready to explode—up for some air.

You can imagine what a trip it was to see that pair of sweet, innocent-looking lips slowly slide over the top of my dick. It felt even better. Her lips were wet, like a juicy cunt, and she flicked her tongue all over the end of my cock, probing the hole at the tip, licking the sensitive underside of the head. She reached underneath and gently squeezed my balls, running her long, tapered nails lightly over my shaft. Then her head started to bob up



THE GIRL WHO LOOKED LIKE PIA

by Tony Rawls

shook her head vigorously and said, "Yeah, right, but that's not who I am, believe me." So I shrugged my shoulders and introduced myself. She smiled. "You want to come in and have a drink?" She held up a half-empty bottle of scotch. So I climbed into her Ferrari.

We sat and drank, and she poured her heart out. The more she talked and the more I drank, the more I was convinced that she was Pia Zadora. I remembered reading somewhere that she had a house outside of Las Vegas. She broke down and told me she had this rich, fat old fart of a husband who didn't understand her. She'd married him in order to help out her career, but now she was tired of him. I interrupted her once and said, "Are you

and down like a piston over my dick, and she took all seven inches of me down her tight throat.

The muscles in my thighs began to tremble, and my dick started to pulsate. Looking down at that gorgeous face on my cock was a wet-dream-come-true. In seconds my cum rocketed down her throat. She gulped it down, then took my quivering dick in one hand and licked it clean.

I leaned back, caught my breath, put my cock back in my pants and zipped up. I suggested we head over to the back of my pickup truck. She was pretty agreeable, and as we walked back, I felt like the luckiest son of a bitch in all of Nevada, but at the same time reminded myself that she had not yet told me her name—at least her *real* name.

We climbed into the back of my pickup. "Make yourself comfortable," I said, struggling to get out of my clothes. She grinned and yanked off her shoes and jeans. She leaned back against the rear window of my truck, her sweet, pink pussy facing me. Her pubic hair was blond and streaked with silver, just like the hair on her head. Behind her, the reflection of the movie played off the back window. Her cunt lips glistened in the weird light. She smiled at me, and then said, in a whisper so sexy it seemed to command my cock to attention, "Eat me."

I dove in for the feast headfirst. Her

cunt tasted tangy, and it was real, real wet. I pointed the tip of my tongue and ran it back and forth over her clitoris, and she gasped and locked my head between her thighs. She began rubbing her cunt all over my face, covering my nose and mouth with pussy juice. I flattened out my tongue and ran it up and down her cunt, from her hole to the tip of her clit and back again. I heard her panting, "Fuck me! Fuck me with your tongue!" I pointed my tongue again and darted it in and out of her pussy, letting her juices run off my chin. Finally, I slipped my hand under her butt and prodded her asshole with my finger. She groaned, arched her back and came, bucking spasmodically and leaving a dark, wet stain on the floor of my truck.

I was hard again, and the first thought on my mind was to sink my aching dick into her hot, wet hole. But as I positioned myself over her tight little body, she stopped me. She looked up at me with this strange, mischievous glint in her eye and said, "No, not yet. Would you spank me first, Daddy?"

I usually don't go in for that kind of stuff, but with her adolescent looks and a body that could have passed for a 16-year-old's... well, I decided to make an exception. I sat on the floor of the truck, naked, with my cock standing up against my stomach, and she lay across my lap. Then I started to slap her white, well-rounded lit-

tle butt, lightly at first, but then she begged me to hit her harder. Her creamy white ass started turning pink, and as I hit her, she rubbed her stomach over my cock. She was whimpering, but when I reached underneath her to slip a finger into her cunt, I could tell by the way her juices were flowing that she was really getting off on it. So I slid my finger in and out of her, flicking my thumb over her clit, and she really started squirming. My cock was absolutely aching by then; so I stopped spanking her and said, "You've been a naughty, naughty girl. Daddy's going to have to fuck you now."

"No, Daddy, no!" she protested. "No. Just spank me." She started to struggle, but I knew she really wanted it. It was pretty easy to pin her tiny body underneath me—she must have weighed about 90 pounds. I spread her thighs with my knees and then sank my dick in her pussy, all the way up to the hilt. Her cunt was tight and slippery, and as I pounded away at her, I thought about all those times I'd fantasized about fucking Pia Zadora. Just looking down at her sweaty, flushed face turned me on. She was moaning and writhing beneath me, and I fucked away at her hot box like a crazy man. I felt her legs go up around my back, until they were practically around my neck, and she arched her back and rubbed her clit against my abdomen. Then, very suddenly, she threw her head back and cried out, "Oh, yes, yes, YES!" and came. I could feel my balls tightening up as I started to come, and my whole body shook as I yelled out, "Pia!" and shot my wad deep inside of her.

I lay there for a while on top of her, panting. I felt terrific, but when I looked down at her and smiled, I noticed she had this real pissed-off look on her face. "Why did you call me that?" she snarled.

"Huh?" was all I could manage.

"That name," she said, shaking like crazy. "I'm not who you said I was, okay?" She was darting around, looking for her clothes and breathing so quickly, I thought she was hyperventilating. I was afraid she'd freak out on me completely. "That's not who I am, okay?" she said, pulling on her pants. "In fact," she continued, climbing over the seat and opening up the door of the cab, "you never met me, okay?" Then she slammed the door behind her and ran off toward her car.

I yanked my pants on as fast as I could and climbed out of the truck to run after her, but she was gone. All I could see was the big cloud of dust her red Ferrari had left behind. At first, I was sorry to see her go, but later I realized it was probably the best thing that could have happened. I'm sure she wasn't Pia Zadora. Anyway, it doesn't matter. No matter what, I feel like I made it with Pia Zadora. And as far as I'm concerned, that's what counts.

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"I laughed so hard, I could hardly keep my tongue on the clit!"

*-Andrea Dworkin**

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to All That
Is Truly
Right-Wing Feminist



by
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NEW FROM FLICKIT BOOKS

DID LARRY McDONALD "JIM JONES" HIMSELF TO DEATH, OR WAS ANDROPOV TRYING TO IMPRESS JODIE FOSTER?

The advertisement reprinted below was published in the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Washington Post* and the *New York Daily News* on September 9, 1983.

Iam paying for this editorial to appear in this newspaper, rather than publish it in my own magazine, because I work with a two-month lead time, and the immediate relevancy of what I have to say cannot, in the interest of mankind, be postponed for that period of time. So that you might best understand my ultimate and bizarre speculation, I think it would be most appropriate that we take a look at some historical facts.

The United States of America is a country that was founded on great principles by men with great ideals—men like Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison. They had a vision of enlightenment, prosperity and freedom. Their vision succeeded spectacularly well—if you weren't a woman, black, Mexican or Native American Indian. From a small 13-colony settlement the United States expanded into a global empire, the most powerful the world has ever known. Along the way the people who have lived well within its boundaries always felt innocent of wrongdoing or “starting a war.” If Americans just happened to settle in territory belonging to people who lived in Texas or Montana, for example, and if the neighbors didn't like that and attacked, well, of course, they “started the war.”

Petty intrigue, power plays and short-sighted propaganda played an increasing role in the expansion of U.S. influence. The Spanish-American War was "started" by the destruction of the USS *Maine*. (The Spanish really never did have anything to do with that incident; the *Maine* was blown up by agents provocateurs.) The Germans, of course, were "completely responsible" for provoking us into going into World War I by torpedoing a British liner with American passengers that just "happened" to also be carrying munitions supplies. Of course, the Japanese were the "infamous" people who got us into World War II by bombing a base far away from the U.S. mainland. They had the impudence to want some of the same territory that the U.S. had already seized or was eyeing. Later, "our" territory was threatened in Korea, for which war was necessary.

It was at this time that the USSR became the permanent enemy of the U.S., because the USSR did not go down in defeat in World War II and even managed to learn the importance of industrialization. The Soviet Union had not started out with visions of enlightenment.

ment and freedom, but with authoritarian and paranoid czarist rule. In 1917 there was a revolution against the oppressive czarist system, but in 1918 Western powers (including the U.S.) invaded the USSR, and again the country quickly became paranoid about foreign invaders. In World War II the USSR was invaded yet again by Germany, and 20 million of its people died. Naturally, the country developed quite a sensitivity to its borders.

After World War II the U.S. and the USSR emerged victorious. The U.S. imagined itself



Published Larry Flatt

LARRY FLYNT ON LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF FLIGHT 007

Why was Congressman Larry McDonald on board Flight 997?

"innocent" but had managed to expand to the point where its military influence was felt all over the globe. It also had never been invaded in its entire history. The USSR was weaker and much more paranoid about its borders—having been invaded again, again and again.

It was at this time that new creatures known as the CIA and the military-industrial complex—about which even President Eisenhower, a military man himself, had warned the nation about in his farewell speech to the American people—became firmly entrenched.

in power in the United States. Secrecy, deception and outright lies became a common occurrence. The U.S. government had to maintain a posture of "innocence" while at the same time involving itself in political intrigue all over the world.

The first cracks in this scheme appeared in 1960 with the U-2 episode when the Eisenhower Administration denied deliberately attempting to violate Soviet airspace. In fact, it was soon proven it had when the Russians advised the U.S. that the pilot, Gary Powers,

advised him. On the plane, Gary Glitter was indeed alive. He had not taken the poison cyanide pills provided him by the CIA for just such an occasion. Other lies and deceptions appeared with increasing frequency, but the one that got the U.S. into a major escalation of the Vietnam War was the Gulf of Tonkin incident in August 1964. This occurred at a time when the U.S. government had involved itself in a war to help Catholics in Vietnam. But it did not have the kind of morale-rousing justification that had spurred such undertakings as World War I and World War II. Hence, the Johnson Administration was ready to grasp for any publicity stunt that might appear to be an "unprovoked attack."

First, secret naval raids by South Vietnam along the coast of North Vietnam were authorized by the CIA in February of '64. In August, after six months of these provocative raids, the destroyers *Maddox* and *Turner Joy* were sent to the Gulf of Tonkin off the coast of Vietnam. On August 4 the two destroyers reported they were under "continuous torpedo attack." The *Turner Joy* fired away in the darkness for four hours, but the *Maddox*, strangely, could find nothing on its fire-control radar to shoot at. And the *Turner Joy*'s sonar heard no torpedoes. In retrospect, the captain of the *Maddox* and the commander in charge of both destroyers concluded that virtually all of the "torpedoes" reported by the *Maddox* were actually the sounds of its own propellers.

In Washington, President Johnson convened the National Security Council. But at 1:30 p.m. a cable reached the Pentagon from Commodore John J. Herrick, the task force commander on the bridge of the *Maddox*. "REVIEW OF ACTION MAKES MANY

REVIEW OF ACTION MAKES MANY
RECORDED CONTACTS AND TORPEDOES
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INGS BY MADDOX. SUGGEST COMPLETE

EVALUATION BEFORE ANY ACTION."

The controversy over the Gulf of Tonkin incident has tended to focus on whether, or to what extent, American destroyers were, in fact, attacked on the night of August 4. Regardless of whether any attack took place, the messages between Washington and the Pacific that day demonstrate that at the time neither the President nor Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara was certain that an attack had occurred.

There was an unseemly scramble for "evidence" to support the action the President had determined to take. That evidence was still frantically being sought four years later, in 1968.

By the middle of the '70s Americans had heard so many deceptions and lies from their government that they knew they could no longer believe it. Our "innocence" had been lost. The major reason Jimmy Carter was elected in '76 was because he sold the public on the idea that he could be "trusted." But the powers-that-be had to keep justifying their existence, and they learned a lesson. It wasn't to be completely honest, but to be better at deception. The first principle of any con-artist is to gain his victim's trust.

Ronald Reagan has tried to establish his "trustworthiness" with that ancient form of hypnosis-religion. In stark contrast to the ideals and thoughts of the Founding Fathers, he has tried to paint this country as a "Christian nation." The purpose of this is simply to create a "devil"—the "evil Atheist Commies" in the USSR. Going far beyond the realm of even possibility, he has over and over tried to portray the people of the USSR as "cold and heartless, without any concern for human life," and as the most menacing threat to the peace of the world.

Despite its liabilities, as every military power has, the USSR is not the heartland of "evil," as Reagan suggests, any more than the U.S. might be claimed to be. It is a country primarily concerned with preventing a future invasion of its territory and loss of its peoples' lives. The U.S. never lost its lead in military technology, and the primary goal of the Reagan Administration has been to widen that lead as much as possible. Last year the CIA even estimated that Soviet military spending only rose by 2%. The people of Europe and the rest of the world know this, and that is why they have resisted Reagan's ploys to characterize the USSR as "evil" and to further escalate the arms race.

To a great extent, Reagan's talk and arms policy were even beginning to jade Americans, who were itching for economic—not arms-buildup. People were beginning to talk about finding a way of ending the possibility of nuclear war instead of perpetuating international hostility. Reagan's electability was coming into question—that is, until September 1, 1983, when a South Korean civilian jet-liner intruded deep into Soviet territory and disappeared with reports that it had been shot down.

The immediate reaction to this incident was predictable. Polls were taken to show that an 87% majority favored a "strong" U.S. response—exactly what Reagan wanted. Public opinion was galvanized in a way not seen since the Gulf of Tonkin incident. Reagan was

quick to say that this "proved" how "evil" the Soviets were.

Indeed, how could they do such a thing? If, in fact, the Soviets had downed the plane, it may have been for the same reason Israel downed a Libyan passenger jet over the Sinai desert in 1973, killing 74 persons. Somehow, though, the President did not find that important enough to damn the Israelis forever. When, in Vietnam, innocent women and children were killed, especially at My Lai, the President did not say this proved how "evil" the American system was.

What exactly would the United States have done if Soviet aircraft "accidentally" flew over Los Alamos, New Mexico, or better yet, Washington, D.C., without warning and without responding to interceptors? When, in fact, a Soviet Aeroflot airliner, en route from Moscow to Havana, flew near Miami, Florida, it responded to our interceptors and did not try to get away. Why was Korean Air Lines Flight 007 (shades of James Bond?) so far off course when it had three sets of extremely sophisticated navigation equipment?

At the time of this writing a late report indicated that the pilot was a "strong-willed" per-

TO ENCOURAGE YOU TO THINK FOR YOURSELF IN THIS MATTER. YOUR SUSPICIONS, IF YOU HAVE ANY, MIGHT WELL BE MORE BIZARRE THAN MINE, BUT, IN ANY EVENT, THE CASE OF FLIGHT 007, THE WAY I SEE IT, GOES LIKE THIS:

On that plane was Congressman Larry McDonald—the most rabidly anti-Communist legislator in Washington. News reports said that he hated the Soviets so much that other congressmen were ignoring him. He also had recently been elected Chairman of the John Birch Society, a group more paranoid about fantastic Communist conspiracies than the Soviets are about their borders. This one man would have been elated at the results. The deaths of so many people (most of whom were not Americans) on a civilian airliner, seemingly and inexplicably caused by the Soviets who have been proclaiming their love of peace, achieved his dreams far more than all the ranting and raving he could do in Congress. As he would have wanted it, now Reagan's hand is strengthened to get his way on nuclear arms, and the U.S. can move one step closer to mastering the USSR. The President now has the support of Congress and the American people to escalate our involvement in the war in Central America.

Precisely for this reason I am suspicious. A man like McDonald was so nuts that his martyrdom cannot be ruled out as a motive. In his world the sacrifice of 268 other people would have been nothing compared to eliminating the "incomparably greater evil" of communism. With the help of the pilot, or other CIA operatives (contacted through the John Birch Society) who were just as weird as McDonald and who could have replaced the pilot, he could have caused the flight to take its fateful course, causing the Russians to shoot down the plane. With the help of even higher authorities on his side (possibly the President), there would have been no problem at all. Knowing that the accusatory finger would be pointed at the Soviets, he could be assured of escaping any suspicion. And the U.S. could maintain an appearance of "innocence." Of course, we could never know if this actually were true (just the way McDonald would have wanted it), and the arms race goes on its inexorable way to eventual omnicide. The arms race is insanity, and it must be ended.

We need to take the best of the original vision of the Founding Fathers of the U.S. and go forward with that. There is only one hope, and that is for the people of the earth to get together and form some kind of mechanism that would guarantee an end to any threat of war and nuclear annihilation. Perhaps the first step should be to form an organization to collect and disseminate ideas and information on how to accomplish this.



LARRY FLYNT

Editor and Publisher of HUSTLER Magazine

This advertisement was not paid for by the Communist Party. It was paid for by Americans who buy HUSTLER Magazine. Without their support this important public-service announcement could not have been made.

LARRY FLYNT KNOWS WE DON'T HAVE A FREE PRESS. NOW THE WHOLE WORLD KNOWS.

To let the world know the facts behind Larry Flynt's attempts to place the ad, this letter was sent to members of the foreign press.

20 September 1983

Dear Editor: For those of you who think we have a free press in America, think again. The enclosed advertisement was refused by the *New York Times*-a publication thought to be a cornerstone representing freedom of the press in the United States. The ad also was submitted for publication in the *Washington Post*, the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Rome* (Georgia) *News-Tribune* and my hometown newspaper in Salyersville, Kentucky.

The reason for submitting it to the three major daily newspapers in this country is obvious. I submitted it to the paper in Rome, Georgia, because that was Congressman Larry McDonald's home district and the city that headquarters the John Birch Society.

The Georgia paper refused it flatly without giving any reason at all. The *New York Times* said it couldn't run the ad because I was "speculating" that this congressman had killed 268 people, and he was not here to defend himself. Would you believe it?

Please take note: As I pointed out in my introduction to the advertisement, speculation is not a conclusion. The newspapers could not refuse it on the basis of anything else that was in the ad because all my information could be documented. I informed Arthur Sulzberger Jr. at the *Times* that I was going to submit the ad to the *Washington Post* and the *New York Daily News* with a headline across the top: "THE AD THAT THE NEW YORK TIMES REFUSED TO PRINT." I added that I was also going to take the \$23,688 the *Times* was going to charge me-had it run the ad-and hire someone off the unemployment rolls and let him stand in front of the paper's offices and pass out copies of the ad that it refused to print. At this point the *Times* informed me it would reconsider its position and call me back. Eventually, I was told that the ad could only be run if I eliminated any type of opinion that I might have. Of course, I told the people at the *Times* to go fuck themselves.

That same day-Wednesday, September 7-the *Los Angeles Times* called, saying it too would not accept my ad. I have attached a copy of an agreement that the *L.A. Times* initially gave me when I submitted the ad. I've underlined the absurdity in this agreement. I also threatened to submit the ad to the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*, a smaller rival newspaper, with the headline "THE AD THAT THE LOS ANGELES TIMES REFUSED TO PRINT." Suddenly, the *L.A. Times* found the ad acceptable. The *Washington Post* called, saying it would not accept the ad unless I eliminated the references to the JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY and "POSSIBLY THE PRESIDENT."

Can you believe that! This is the newspaper that ran that crook Richard Nixon out of office. Now we have a President who's as much a puppet for the fascists as Nixon was a crook, and the *Post* is concerned about covering his ass. Unbelievable! I had no other choice but to agree to the *Post*'s demands because I had no alternate newspaper to go to in Washington other than the one owned by the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, which has a small readership.

On Thursday, September 8, the *New York Daily News* called and refused to run my ad without giving any reason, other than that it was the publisher's decision.

The *New York Post* was the only New York paper that agreed to run the ad. At first it had refused, not because of the ad per se but because of the headline across the top that would read, "THE AD THAT THE NEW YORK TIMES REFUSED TO PRINT." I explained that if it was afraid and intimidated by the *New York Times*, I would rather the paper not run it at all, and I would just employ people to stand on New York street corners and pass out copies of the ad. The *Post* finally agreed to print the ad, for which I am thankful.

I sent a letter to all the major TV networks and wire services in this country, informing them of the *New York Times'* decision. Why am I doing all this? Why am I writing to you? Why am I writing a similar letter to all members of the U.S. and Canadian media, plus all advertising agencies in both countries? Because the world must know what is going on. The citizens of the world cannot be duped by the likes of Ronald

Reagan. I am not alleging that Congressman McDonald did in fact cause the Korean Air Lines 747 to get shot down. I only put that bizarre speculation in the advertisement in order to get people's attention-to get them to stop and think and realize what was going on.

Now Ronald Reagan is free to move his missiles into Europe and to escalate the war in Lebanon and Central America, which he has already done, according to news reports available at the time of this writing. The only people who will benefit are the military-industrial complex, which spends most of the U.S. taxpayers' money each year to build its conventional and nuclear arsenals. The entire future, not just of America but of the world, is at stake if this power-hungry, nuclear-mad cowboy is allowed to take advantage of this situation.

I would like to point out that the day following the news that the Russians had apparently shot down the South Korean airliner with Congressman McDonald aboard, people throughout America took to the streets with protest signs and began to burn eight-foot-square Russian flags. Where did they get them? How were they able to react so fast? The Russian Embassy did not give them the flags!! No stores in America sell Russian flags. If you had wanted one, you would most probably have had to make it yourself. Think about this!

Reagan is surely to be reelected, and his rhetoric concerning this tragedy has seriously impaired the peace movement in Europe. You must, in the interest of all mankind, let your audience know what is going on here in America. There is nothing in this for me. I am not seeking political office. I do not want to be a martyr. I fear for my life every day.

My reasons are definitely not monetary, because my magazine-HUSTLER-is not sold in your country. The irony of this story is that the most hated man in America, a magazine publisher who has been arrested and prosecuted more than any other publisher in history, is the one person who has to bring all of this to light. Maybe now you can understand that there was more to my celebrated obscenity conviction in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1977 than meets the eye. It was political. HUSTLER was not prosecuted because it was pornographic. It was prosecuted because it was and is a political publication-and a threat to the established order in America.

On March 6, 1978, during an obscenity trial near Atlanta, Georgia, I was shot and permanently paralyzed. My assassin has not been apprehended. As a matter of fact, the FBI even refused to enter the case. There have been speculations that my attempted assassination was carried out by the government. I am not alleging this to be true. I could have been shot by some nut like McDonald who was merely opposed to my fierce stand for individual liberties, sexual freedom and my devotion to the concept of free thought. Obviously, I cannot insist that you use any of the material that I have sent to you, but I hope in the interest of all humanity that you will consider enlightening the people that you reach, because only then will such tyranny as this vanish.

Feel free to have anyone contact me for additional information or comments.

There is much I can tell you that simply cannot be put into a letter that has been written this hastily.

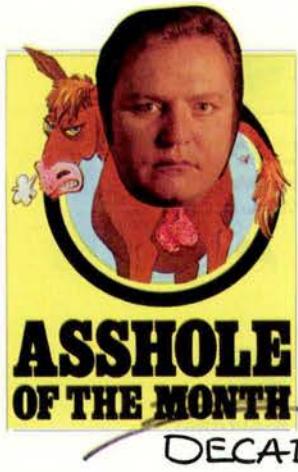
*Marsha Rider
for Larry Flynt*

Larry Flynt
Publisher

dictated but not read

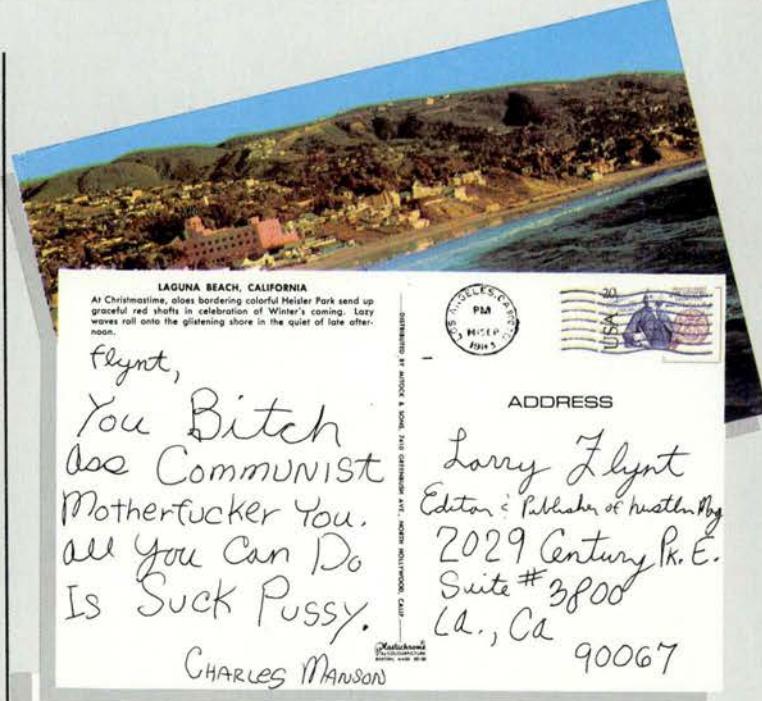
Marsha Rider for Larry Flynt

The public's response to the ad was as enormous as it was unexpected, running 3-to-1 in favor of Larry Flynt's position. But in order to better explore the minds of the opposition and provide adequate space for their side of the question, the majority of the mail response reprinted on the following pages is decidedly *against* the Flynt theory. Here's a sampling....



NEVER ANOTHER DIME, YOU SADISTIC, SEDITIOUS, PRE-SUMPTUOUS NINCOMPOOP! PEDDLE YOUR CRAP IN MOSCOW!

Mr. Larry Flynt -
You perverted fag, queer,
gay and commie!
I wish you had been on
that death plane instead
of Cong. MacDonald.
You are worth nothing.
He was a good man.
How dare you slander him.
You love Russia - go live there.



September 9, 1983

Larry Flynt
Hustler Magazine
2029 Century Park East
Suite 3800
Los Angeles, Ca.

P. O. Box 8177
Washington, D.C.
20011

It is a shame that you spent that kind of money on that silly article in the paper in stead of on the poor and much needed food.

It only shows that the best part of you ran down your old man's leg.

Mr Flynt.

I think your LA times
ad sucks!

You have to be sick. I
mean your magazine is bizarre
enough, but apparently you have
brought it over to your personal
life as well. Sick! Sick.

Anyone can find plots in
anything, even Snow White. So
what? You're paranoid, we know it.
But now I know you're a
joke. Vince Bartolo

Larry Flynt
2029 Century Park East
Suite 3800
Los Angeles, Ca. 90067

Sept. 9, 1983

After reading your full page advertisement in the L.A. Times, I promptly threw up. The most unfortunate thing about the cowardly shooting down of an unarmed civilian aircraft is that a communist by the name of Larry Flynt was not on board. Please do this country a great favor and move to the U.S.S.R. Leave it to a communist to talk about the visions of this country's Founding Fathers.

Deepest Disrespect,
Paul Brode

Mr. Larry Flynt
Editor & Publisher of HUSTLER Magazine
2029 Century Park East
Suite 3800
Los Angeles, CA 90067

9 September

Dear Mr. Flynt:

After just reading your editorial in the Sept. 9 issue of the Washington Post I can't help but wonder why you do not take residence in the USSR, perhaps the USSR would enjoy "HUSTLER". I am certain that after your article is read by the USSR Embassy personnel here in Washington they will immediately start procedures to have a holiday set aside in your honor in the USSR.

Sincerely,
Kay Battle
Kay Battle
#1-4215 S. 12th Road
Arlington, VA 22204

P.S. I have never seen your magazine, however, I would imagine it is of a pornographic nature - you should stick to your pornography in which you excell and leave the subject of world events and crises to those in the U.S. who are superior in their field.

September 9, 1983
Mr. Larry Flynt
Hustler Magazine
2029 Century Park E.
Los Angeles, Ca. 90067

Re: Full page "Advertisement,"
L.A. Times, Sept 9, 1983.

Jui:

I am generally considered an open minded person, but your statement on Korean Flight 007 was the most disgusting, degrading example of poor taste yellow journalism that I have had the misfortune to read. In fact, I'm very sorry I took the time to read it. I'm equally sorry that the Times consented to publish it.

Your shameful imagination is truly as warped as your magazine.

Please do us all a great favor and move to Russia!

Sincerely,
Norman K. Andersen
Ventura, Ca.

cc: Editor
Los Angeles Times

9/9/83

Dear Mr. Flynt -

I read your paid advertisement in the N.Y. Post and I want to thank you for providing me with the BEST laugh I've had in weeks!

Very Truly Yours
V. Margaret
Port Chester, NY

THAYER A. SMITH M.D.
1424 IMPERIAL SUITE C
LA MIRADA 90638
(213) 941-5884
GENERAL PRACTICE

September 10, 1983

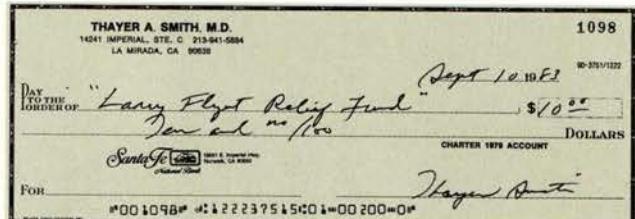
To the Editor:

Thanks to the Times for publishing Larry Flynt's scholarly and penetrating historical insights, as well as revelations of conspiracies in high places the people have not heretofore been privy to. Thanks also to Mr. Flynt for reminding us that things are not always what they seem to be.

My imagination wanders to Moscow, where the Russian counterpart of Larry Flynt has just paid for a full page in *Pravda*, trashing the Soviet Union, and I speculate on the possible responses.

I sense that Mr. Flynt chafes in the climate of deceit and villainy he finds in this country, and I feel moved to partially alleviate his suffering. Enclosed is a check payable to the "Larry Flynt Relief Fund", which I hope will be matched by others equally sympathetic, towards funding air fare for Mr. Flynt to the U.S.S.R., where his bruised sensibilities may find peace. True, Aeroflot flights have been temporarily suspended, but hopefully will be restored before Thanksgiving.

Thayer Smith



9-9-83

Dear Larry,

I am writing in response to your editorial which appeared in the New York Post concerning the loss of flight 007. Your editorial belongs in the same place as your magazine, the trash. Sure, I agree with you, our government has pulled off many deceptions since it was first founded. But that's just politics. Can you find one government that hasn't deceived its own people and the rest of the world since the beginning of recorded history? I doubt it.

You seem to agree with the soviets that the U. S. is responsible for the loss of 269 lives. If you agree with their opinions, why don't you go live over there. Our country would be better off without a perverted, sex-crazed maniac like you. Our local government recently closed down a store which sold the same kind of crap you publish. I used to read magazines like yours until I found out the difference between love and sex.

Take your communistic and satanic ideas and get the "Sleep" out of this great country of ours.



Michael S. Rother

P.S.
Send me one of your models, (sluts), and I will turn her into a servant of JESUS CHRIST.



Mayor's Community Relations Committee

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JOSEPH FASCIENELLI
Chairman
68 STOCKBRIDGE ROAD
YONKERS, N. Y. 10710

Sept 10th, 1983

Attention Creep -
Flynt.

As assistant to the Mayor
DelBello - now Lt. Gov. of NY
I made thousands of friends, I intend to call
upon them to assist in
undermining your source
of funds!

We will begin with
your advertising.
You insult all Americans, you
are more than a gas bag show
On the other hand I would like
to apologize to all the real
garbage men for associating you
with them.

J. Fasenell

ICI / INDUSTRIAL COMMERCIAL
Insurance Service

14547 Titus Street — Post Office Box 4486 — Panorama City, Calif. 91412 — Tel.: 785-3149

September 9, 1983

Mr. Larry Flynt
Editor and Publisher of
HUSTLER Magazine
2029 Century Park East,
Suite 3800
Los Angeles, California

Sir:

I read with disgust and contempt your full-page statement in this morning's LOS ANGELES TIMES.

You now rank, in my opinion, with Joan Baez and Jane Fonda, who have been noted in time-passed to have given tacit aid and comfort to enemies of the United States.

You communist-sympathizer's are all alike: enjoying the benefits of a free-society at the same time deriding freedom-loving people everywhere.

You are an abomination and an affront to decent people! You should thank God you're alive--269 passengers of KAL 007 aren't so fortunate.

Very truly yours,

Harold R. Silvey, Jr.

Mrs. Eileen M. Sanders
15613 Faysmith Avenue
Gardena, California 90249

Larry Flynt, Publisher
HUSTLER Magazine
2029 Century Park East
Suite 3800
Los Angeles, California 90067

Larry,

YOU ARE A DISGUSTING HUMAN BEING!!!!!! It's too bad your not in Russia piping off the way you have--- You can be assured no one in the government or the police force would have allowed you to be free to say the words you have, especially if the words were reversed! I HOPE YOUR HUSTLER MAGAZINE GOES BANKRUPT!!! YOU DESERVE IT!! You've alienated all of our armed forces and perhaps 35-50% may have read or would have read your magazine. Your nothing but a damned fool!!! I used to think it was strictly your pornographic material that caused you to be shot, NOW I know different! YOU DO NOT deserve to live in America or to be an American--go to Russia and they'll make you a folk hero--here in the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA you are a BUM!!! You were on the WRONG AIRPLANE!!!!!!

Not so cordially yours,

Eileen M. Sanders

Eileen M. Sanders

cc: Los Angeles Times
Letters to the Editor

Larry Flynt,

I read your SICK editorial in the SICK L.A. Times and have concluded that YOU are Insanity!

I'm joining the
BIRCH SOCIETY!

Birch League
Arcadia, Calif

THE WASHINGTON POST

Friday, September 9, 1983

A23

Advertisement

DEAR BASTARD,
HAVE YOU EVER LIVED IN A COMMUNIST COUNTRY??????
DON'T WRITE ABOUT THEM IF YOU HAVE NOT ACTUALLY
LIVED WITH THEM FOR A WHILE!!!!!! If you only know!!

**LARRY FLYNT
ON LIFE, LIBERTY,
AND THE PURSUIT
OF FLIGHT 007**

And then there were the letters of praise and support....

Small IN PRINT

9/9/93

Mr. Larry Flynt
Hustler Magazine
2029 Century Park East
Suite 3800
Los Angeles, California 90067

Dear Mr. Flynt:

Thank you for your explanation of the ways the United States has historically involved itself in conflicts while appearing to remain innocent.

For the past week I have been feeling very unpatriotic. While everyone has been pouring their Russian vodka down the drain, I have been sitting alone in my little cloud of cynicism saying to myself (and the few people who would listen) "It's just a little too pat. There's more to it. Why was MacDonald on the flight?"

I have even speculated that President Reagan in some way orchestrated the whole thing to draw attention away from Lebanon at a time when Congress is threatening his control there. Reagan doesn't have a chance at re-election without a war - somewhere.

I remember being suspicious of Reagan's motives when the remains of the first serviceman killed in El Salvador were flown into Oceana Naval Air Station - just when so many of the world's press were gathered at the Summit in Williamsburg just 60 miles away.

I get angry when the press allows this administration - or any other - to use them to manipulate opinion. Do you think anything can be done about it?

Sincerely,

Brenda Farris
Editor and Publisher
In Print Magazine
2500 Q Street, N.W. #243
Washington, D.C. 20007

Phone: 250-9881
(Keep Trying -
I'm Hard to Reach)

Joy Copeland
10415 Olm Drive
Fairfax Station, Virginia 22039
U.S.A.

10415 Olm Drive
Fairfax Station
Virginia, 22039
September 12, 1983

Dear Larry. I don't like Hustler Magazine one bit, but I do like you.

I thought your full page ad in the Washington Post was terrific. I'm not sure McDonald was that crazy, but I certainly do agree with you that the need for a worldwide mutual organization to end the threat of nuclear destruction is urgent.

I have written President Ronald Reagan of my concern and Probed, published one of my letters in my

newspaper. I am eager to help, what can I do? God Bless you!!!

Joy Copeland

Sept. 23, 1983

Hustler Magazine Inc.
Feedback
2029 Century Park East
Suite 3800
Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

Dear Editor:

Everyone knows about Rep. McDonald's death on board Korean Airlines Flight 007, and by now he is sharkmeat 2000 Ft below sealevel. That rotting corpse won't be needing its Hustler subscription anymore.

I'm a concerned citizen and registered voter, however, who needs to stay well informed on national issues. Since Rep. McDonald is unable to read his subscription, please transfer it to me. President Reagan publicly stated that he won't be using his Hustler, and I hate to see another subscription wasted.

Sincerely,
Thomas Ruppert
Thomas Ruppert
6000 Chambersburg Rd.
Dayton, OH 45424

Incarceration Center
121 West Glendale Boulevard
Glendale, California 91202

Sept. 12

Dear Mr. Flynt,

I have read your full page ad in L.A. Times Sept. 9. May I tell you, I admire your courage and will pray for you. I really have to reread it again. Each time I find new facts.

Your ending paragraph is good. Maybe I can't be active in this work but my prayers are with you. Thanks for "speaking out."

Sincerely
Lisa Lorraine McDonald
R.O.T.C.

P.S. I am a retired teacher.

Thanks for letting me see Flynt's ad. I probably would have missed it otherwise.

Curiously, on Friday night I sent Tom Hennessy a page of materials covering--in more detail--the very historical events Flynt mentioned. I was in hope Tom could make a column out of it.

The one event Flynt should have mentioned was Pearl Harbor. After Churchill and FDR met in Newfoundland--in Jun. of 1942--Churchill assured Stalin that it was likely U.S. would enter the war, even if not attacked. Then on Nov. 10 Churchill announced that if we broke out between U.S. and Japan, England would declare war "within the hour." Why would he say that? Then on Nov. 12, U.S. issued an ultimatum to Japan, which no powerful nation would put up with. Despite the fact that we had cracked the Japanese code and knew what was happening, no information was sent to Kimmel and Short after August. No decoding machine, available to us, was given to them. Jim Richardson made two trips to Washington to explain why the fleet shouldn't be kept at Pearl Harbor. Then in March 1941 the fleet was further weakened by removing three battleships, aircraft carrier, four cruisers, etc. No, FDR had received the word of what was going to happen. We knew all the details of what Japan was doing. On Dec. 3 U.S. ordered GUMC officials to destroy all intelligence reports. The report of what was going to happen could have been sent by 1. Priority--urgent, or by 2. Routine, or by Deferred--no urgency. The story of what Japan was going to do was sent by the third category--and arrived on the afternoon of Dec. 7, after the attack.

Stimson, Sec. of State, wrote in his diary: "The question was how we should maneuver them into the position of firing the first shot without allowing too much danger to ourselves. It was a difficult proposition."

Russia had informed the U.S. in October that Pearl Harbor would be attacked within 60 days.

It was a terrible price to pay, but FDR got the war he wanted. Everyone was in favor of it after the "day of infamy" at Pearl Harbor.

I do not know how correct Flynt is in regard to McDonald, but he has his history straight though skimpy.

S. Kelly.



GENERAL COMMISSION ON RELIGION AND RACE
THE UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

100 Maryland Ave. N.E. • Washington, D.C. 20002
Mailing Address: 110 Maryland Ave., N.E. • Box 48 • (United Methodist Building) • Washington, D.C. 20002
(202) 547-2271 • (202) 547-4826 (Self-Determination Fund)

General Secretary
Woodie W. White
Administrative Assistant
Shirley L. Dixon

September 12, 1983

Associate General Secretaries
Gilbert H. Caldwell
Kenneth Deere
Evelyn Fitzgerald
Amos S. Rhee
Yolanda E. Rivas

Mr. Larry Flynt
HUSTLER MAGAZINE
2029 Century Park East
Suite 3800
Los Angeles, CA. 90067

Dear Mr. Flynt:

I am enclosing a response to your full page advertisement that I read in THE WASHINGTON POST. Your words stimulated me to share my own thoughts. As you might imagine I enjoy putting pen to paper about those things that matter to me. My articles have appeared in denominational and religious periodicals and a newspaper or two. I share this to let you know that I would not be opposed to publication of my response, but the more important thing is that I wanted to share my thoughts with you.

I would be very interested in hearing from you concerning the response you have gotten to your statement.

Peace,
Gilbert H. Caldwell
(Rev.)
10927 Billingsgate Road
Columbia, Maryland 21044

In correspondence please use my home address rather than my office address (smile) THANKS!

President
Bishop James Armstrong
1100 W. 42nd Street
Indianapolis, Indiana 46208
(317) 924-1321

Vice President and
Chairperson, Funding Committee
Bishop Melvin G. Tabert
2112 Third Avenue, Suite 301
Seattle, Washington 98118
(206) 624-7074

Secretary
Mrs. Lynn Tahida Barbares
443 East Ashlan Avenue
Fresno, California 93726
(209) 229-2465

COMMITTED TO CHRIST—CALLED TO CHANGE

DEFIENDOS A CRISTO—LLAMADOS A CAMBIAR

Dear Mr. Flynt

It's a shame you're right and no one will probably ever listen to you because of your background as a Hustler Publisher. But aren't you glad you live in a so-called Democracy that exercises freedom of speech? Otherwise if you were in Russia, you know

where you would have landed. Life is one big Chess Board of Politics but the little man hardly cares even though he knows. People are just trying to exist. Someday we'll all have the answers but it will be too late. Don't you know war mongering is great economics? Now we can build up our military and everyone will be back to work!

Sincerely
a reader

Sept. 10, 1983

Dear Larry Flynt:

The senior minister asked me to evaluate the contents of your ad in the L.A. Times. Enclosed is a copy of what I submitted to him.

Though I am a clergymen—with theological degree from U. of Chicago—I did my first graduate work for a Master's at U. of Illinois in the days when passing of Comprehensives was required plus a thesis that was a contribution to human knowledge.

As I wrote, I think you have your history perfectly straight, with not enough detail, but all that you had room for in an ad of that size. Thank you so much.

Sincerely,

Shelby J. Light

Sept. 12, '83

Dear Larry,

What a terrific combination. You have the brains and the courage to write a history making article, and the money to have it published.

I had always thought that "Hustler" was just a magazine full of pictures of nude women. Now that I see it is run by a thinking man, I figure there must be more to it!

I imagine you will get tons of hate mail from the "patriots". I just wanted you to know you have my support.

Sincerely,

Joanne Gonzalez
529 N. Indian Hill Blvd.
Claremont, Calif.
91711

Dear Mr. Flynt

Sept 9-1983

Thank you for informing the masses who blindly accept whatever they are told.

My opinion of what happened is the same as yours.

I house sat at Times Rd. (Elizabeth Taylors') for a month last yr and saw the security at YOUR PALACE.

Please tighten it up — The world doesn't like powerful people who are independent thinkers and speakers.

Sincerely
Mary Glazier
950 N. Kings Rd #249
Los Angeles - 90069
650-1615

Something stinks. Thanks for having the courage to stand up + say so.

O. T. MCLEMORE
200 S. Olive St.
Apartment #1720
Los Angeles, CA 90012

Department of History
Beaumont Hall, Ohio University
Athens, Ohio 45701
Telephone: 614/594-6033



16 September 1983

Larry Flint
2029 Central Park East
Los Angeles, CA 90067

Dear Mr. Flint:

Your paid editorial in the September 9 Washington POST, on KAL 007, may have been written too much in the tone of paranoia.

Nevertheless, you raise some interesting questions which perhaps have helped moderate the mood of panic propagated from 1 to 9 September in most of the American press.

Sincerely yours,

Robert H Whealey
Robert H. Whealey
Associate Professor

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA
WASHINGTON D.C. 20064

DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGY
202 635-5790

August 9, 1983

Larry Flynt
Editor and Publisher of Hustler Magazine
2029 Century Park East
Suite 3800
Los Angeles, CA 90067

Dear Mr. Flynt:

I have never read Hustler Magazine though I have often seen it in many business establishments but I did read your article submitted to the Washington Post entitled Larry Flynt's Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Flight 007. I would like to say that I respect your courage, your intellect and your motive that induced you to talk with the people of the world. I also respect your emotional control, where unlike so many who cry out with vengeance in their eyes because of superficial appearances, you invite us towards something more noble - something that not one of our world leaders themselves have considered, that is, a world mechanism that would deter the threat of nuclear annihilation and any threat of war.

I hope the first steps you outline are taken. I hope that an organization can in fact be formed. I hope that you have the continued support of the American people if you should somehow be led to continue on this plane of thinking and informing the public with such important matters. My support, thus far, is with you.

Shades of 007?

peace
Adrienne T. Black

GAIL BERMAN
1545 NORTH DETROIT
LOS ANGELES CA 90046 10AM

Western Union Mailgram

4-028768253 09/10/83 ICS IPMRNCZ CSP LSAB
2138501316 MGM TDRN HOLLYWOOD CA 99 09-10 0554P EST

MR LARRY FLYNT
2029 CENTURY PARK EAST SUITE 3800
LOS ANGELES CA 90067

MR FLINT,

UNTIL TODAY I NEVER LIKED YOU BEING A (PURVEYOR OF PORN), SO TO SPEAK, HOWEVER YOU CHANGED MY MIND, "W/ HEART AND CONSCIOUSNESS WITH FULL PAGE PIECE OF FRIDAY 9/8 TIMES, YOU'VE GOT THE TRUTH, THE LOGIC, THE SEQUEL, THE POINT JUST RHETORIC, BRAVO. HOPE THIS MESSAGE WENT TO THE WHOLE COUNTRY AND THAT YOU WON'T STOP THERE, BE SAFE THEY SHOT JFK AND JOHN LENNON, YOU'RE VERY BRAVE,
MS D RHODES, KHET AIR TALENT
1545 NORTH DETROIT
LOS ANGELES CA 90046

1715P EST

MGMCOMP

the CREW. Inc.
Publications Group

Mr. Larry Flynt;

Congratulations on speaking the unspeakable! I admire your knowledge of historical fact and your courage in speaking out.

Unfortunately, many women I know wouldn't even read the article because your name was affixed thereto.

Please, while you're bringing about a detente with the Soviets, try to do the same with women.

Very truly yours,
Corinne Scroggs,
Pres. n. &

THIS IS ONLY ONE OF HUNDREDS OF DIFFERENT POT-SHOT CARDS. IF YOU CAN'T FIND MORE AT YOUR LOCAL STORE, WELL SEND YOU A STARTER SET AND CATALOGUE FOR \$1.00. WRITE TO BRILLIANT ENTERPRISES, 117 W. VALERIO ST. SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA 93101.

BRILLIANT ENTERPRISES TEL (805) 962-9351 PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LARRY —
THANK YOU FOR YOUR PAGE IN THE L.A. TIMES.
THERE ARE STILL MILLIONS OF AMERICANS WHO WISH THEY COULD PUT INTO PRINT WHAT YOU DID. STRANGE
ISN'T IT THE FLIGHT WAS JAMES BOND "007"? OR, IS IT? AS DESMOND MORRIS HAS WRITTEN, WE ARE, THE NAKED APE." REGARDS, *Pinky AD Kallen*

LARRY FLYNT
HUSTLER MAGAZINE
2029 CENTURY PARK EAST
SUITE 3800
LOS ANGELES
CA. 90067



travel designs
COMMERCIAL • EXECUTIVE • PLEASURE

September 9, 1983

Mr. Larry Flynt
Editor and Publisher of Hustler Magazine
2029 Century Park East
Suite 3800
Los Angeles, California
90067

Dear Mr. Flynt:

At age 25 I was probably the youngest, certainly one of the youngest, people working at the Nuremberg War Trials in a major position. I was a Court Reporter.

For almost five months before the trials started we interviewed all the "major criminals" in preparation of the indictments. The theme running through all the interrogations was: "Didn't you suspect . . ."

When I returned from the trials to Philadelphia, the Inquirer interviewed me. Because I dare mentioned the thought of propaganda being intertwined in the output from the trials, I received some harassment claiming I was a Nazi sympathizer. Because I "suspected".

Thank you for your editorial in this morning's Times. Marvelous!

From the beginning I have asked:

"Why was 007 so far off course?"
"Why was the pilot not heard from?"

I suspect that there was a spy mission, that the spy plane in the area was monitoring the activity, that the pilot refused to land knowing the incriminating evidence on the plane would create an international scandal, and he thought the Russians would never shoot down a commercial airliner.

Tragically, we will never know. But I must "suspect" the CIA.

You are a brave man!

James P. Buck

13544 Newport Avenue • Tustin, California 92680 • (714) 838-5754

Having informed the public as to what the government is all about, Larry Flynt then set himself to the task of educating the government as to what the public is all about. So he sent the Legislative, Executive and Judicial branches a gift.



Congress blasts Flynt over 'gift' of Hustler

WASHINGTON (AP) — Publisher Larry Flynt was criticized on the House floor yesterday for giving free, unsolicited subscriptions of his Hustler magazine to President Reagan, Vice President George Bush, the nine Supreme Court justices and all 535 members of Congress.

In a letter enclosed with the first copy, sent to each legislator in a brown envelope marked "Personal," Flynt said his nudie magazine would help members of Congress "stay well-informed on all social issues and trends."

He added, "I am sure that your constituents, who appreciate good pornography, will be happy to know that you have a subscription to their favorite magazine."

"An outrageous gesture," Rep. Don Sundquist, R-Tenn., said in a floor speech. "It is not appreciated by me, and I'm sure it will not be received well by any other decent member of Congress."

Sundquist and Rep. George C. Wortley, R-N.Y., said they had returned their copies of Hustler to Flynt and demanded to be removed from what Wortley called

the "smut mailing list." They urged their colleagues to do the same.

Flynt's letter said he would refuse to remove from the subscription list any lawmakers who objected to the magazine, but instead would publish their letters "so their constituents will know they are anti-porn."

"In my opinion, we are the victims of a slick publicity stunt by a man whose sole business is to degrade women and whose reputation as a purveyor of pornographic and moral deprivation is absolutely unquestioned," Wortley said.

A presidential spokesman, Anson Franklin, said the White House reaction to the gift subscription was "thanks, but no thanks."

Franklin said that because of the volume of mail it receives, the White House would not go to the trouble to ask Flynt to remove Reagan from his mailing list.

Richard David, a spokesman for Flynt, said in Los Angeles that "this is not a publicity stunt." He said Flynt writes occasionally on political issues in the monthly publication and wanted to inform lawmakers of his views.

Los Angeles Times

New York Stocks

Enclosed: 1,072,500 Daily - 1,318,420 Sunday

Monday, September 19, 1983

Late Final

Congressmen Hustle to Reject Flynt's 'Gift'

WASHINGTON (UPI) — Several members of Congress today angrily canceled their complimentary subscriptions to Hustler magazine, sent to all senators and representatives by Publisher Larry Flynt.

Flynt said in a covering letter announcing the gift subscriptions: "Considering you are a public servant, who no doubt wants to stay well-informed on all social issues and trends, I have taken the liberty of adding you to Hustler's complimentary subscription list."

"I am sure that your constituents, who appreciate good pornography, will be happy to know that you have a subscription to their favorite magazine," the letter said.

Representative 'Repulsed'

"Frankly, I was repulsed to receive unsolicited pornographic ma-

terial through the mail of the U.S. House of Representatives," said Rep. Don Sundquist (R-Tenn.) in a letter to Flynt in which he returned a copy of the magazine.

Reps. Mike Oxley (R-Ohio) and George C. Wortley (R-N.Y.) complained on the House floor about receiving unsolicited copies of the magazine. Wortley said he was outraged and Oxley, noting that he was "embarrassed that (Flynt) resides in Cleveland," said he sent a Flynt a letter canceling his subscription.

In the letter, Oxley wrote, "You have given new meaning to the term 'junk mail.'" He labeled Flynt's move "a cheap publicity stunt."

HUSTLER

LARRY FLYNT
PUBLISHER

September 14, 1983

Dear President, Vice President, Justice, Senator, Representative:

Considering you are a public servant, who no doubt wants to stay well informed on all social issues and trends, I have taken the liberty of adding you to HUSTLER's complimentary subscription list. You now will receive on a regular, monthly basis the world's greatest porn magazine.

HUSTLER will keep you up-to-date in the latest cooze news, sex reviews, humor, and political satire, the finest in fiction and the most in-depth, investigative articles published anywhere. I am as committed to my pornography as the Pope is to his celibacy, so the quality of HUSTLER will never be compromised.

I am sure that your constituents, who appreciate good pornography, will be happy to know that you have a subscription to their favorite magazine.

Sincerely,
Larry Flynt
Larry C. Flynt
Editor and Publisher

LCP:mlr

Enclosure - 1

And with the usual disregard for their constituents' interests, the vast majority of Congress looked a gift horse in the mouth.

And like most horses . . . it had teeth.

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C. 20515

September 18

DISTRICT OFFICE
117 SOUTH DEADERICK STREET
CLARKSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA 26301
301-242-4400
800 SHADY OAK DRIVE
PO BOX 1123
MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA 36111
301-242-4411

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WASH.

Senate

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4TH DISTRICT, OHIO
COMMITTEE ON
ENERGY AND COMMERCE
SELECT COMMITTEE
ON GOVERNMENT SPENDING
CONGRESSIONAL RURAL CAUCUS

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C. 20515

September 19, 1983

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110 WEST MAIN CROSS STREET
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MAIL IN KENOSHA
1-800-472-4224

RONALD V. DELLUMS
8TH DISTRICT, CALIFORNIA
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
ARMED SERVICES COMMITTEE
CHAMBER OF
MILITARY INSTALLATIONS
FACILITIES
2138 KENNEDY AVENUE
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20515
(202) 225-2891

C. Flynt
Editor and Publisher,
Century Park
Los Angeles

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives

September 20, 1983

Mr. Larry Flynt, Publisher
Hustler Magazine, Publisher
2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800
Los Angeles, California 90067

I received your recent letter informing me of the addition of my name to Hustler's complimentary subscription list. I cannot identify with the racist innuendos and the exploitative attitude towards women which are conveyed by your magazine. Therefore, I am requesting that you remove my name from Hustler's subscription list.

Enclosed, you will find the November, 1983 issue of Hustler which was sent with your letter.

DON NICKLES
OKLAHOMA

United States Senate
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20510

September 19, 1983

Mr. Larry Flynt
Larry Flynt Publications
2029 Century Park East
Suite 3800
Los Angeles, California 90067

Dear Mr. Flynt:

Regarding your letter of September 14, 1983, I decline to accept your offer of a complimentary subscription to the HUSTLER magazine.

I personally find your magazine offensive and in extremely poor taste. As a United States Senator representing the people of Oklahoma, I certainly do not think it would be appropriate or desirable to receive your magazine.

Please cancel the complimentary subscription to the HUSTLER immediately.

Sincerely,

Don Nickles
DON NICKLES
U.S. Senator

DN/ds

Mr. Larry Flynt
Hustler
2029 Century Park East
Los Angeles

Dear Mr. Flynt:

Upon receiving
subscription list.

This letter is to con-

Thank you for ensuring the

Sincerely,
Strom Thurmond

CHARLES E. BENNETT
3D DISTRICT, FLORIDA
ARMED SERVICES COMMITTEE
CHAMBER OF DELEGATES SUBCOMMITTEE
MEMBER HOUSE APPROPRIATIONS COMMITTEE
HOUSE DEMOCRATIC STEERING AND
POLICY COMMITTEE
CHAIRMAN OF FLORIDA CONGRESSIONAL
DELEGATION

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C. 20515

September 19, 1983

Mr. Larry C. Flynt
Hustler
2029 Century Park East
Suite 3800
Los Angeles, California 90067

Sir:

Your letter of September 14 arrived and a copy of your magazine. I have sent it to the Department of Justice to see whether or not this complies with criminal laws. I ask you not to send me future copies of this magazine as I do not desire it. If you persist in sending it to me, I will pursue the matter legally.

Sincerely,
Charles E. Bennett
Charles E. Bennett

CEB:mk
cc: U.S. Postal Service

THIS STATIONERY PRINTED ON PAPER MADE WITH RECYCLED FIBERS

in my
Thank you for your in-

Sincerely,
Pete V. Domenici
United States Senator

your letter dat
November 1983
ing that you ha
Senator Danforth
ist. You have
to request that
our complimentar
truly yours,
Alexander V. Netchv

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But the people knew better. And in Ohio where it all began, a voice was heard

Laurels for Flynt

Thank you for printing Rudy Maxa's article on Larry Flynt. Someday Mr. Flynt will be recognized, as he already is by loyal *Hustler* readers, as the prototypical American capitalist hero of the 20th century.

He made himself a millionaire by giving people exactly what they craved. Open, unashamed sexuality, irreverent humor and a bold, honest political platform. His (and his wife's) battle with tragedy serves as an inspiration to us all, and puts the lie to those detractors who falsely accuse Larry Flynt of moral, political and/or spiritual turpitude.

Should he choose to run for President of this ailing nation, I would vote for him without fail, and would work ceaselessly to convince others to do the same. Larry Flynt has more personal integrity, economic common sense and political savvy in his little finger than exists in all of Congress.

GEOFF BURKMAN
Dayton

It was clear that only one man could get America's wheels turning again . . . and Larry Flynt is ready to roll.

WANTED THE WORLD'S MOST ARRESTED SEX NEWSPAPER



DESCRIPTION
Al Goldstein, 45, publisher of SCREW magazine, is wanted for obscenity charges. He is accused of publishing obscene material and mailing it across state lines. Goldstein has been arrested twice before for similar offenses.

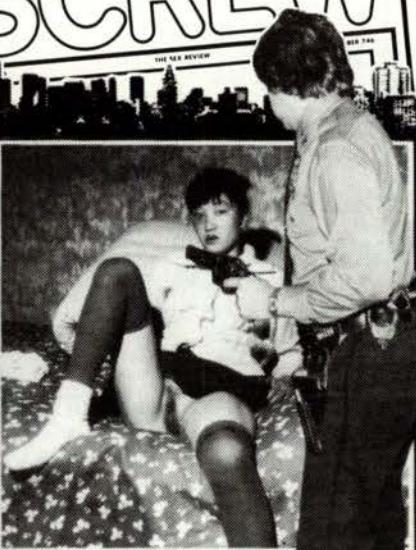
CRIMINAL RECORD
Goldstein has a history of arrests for obscenity and other charges. He was previously convicted of obscenity in New York City and was sentenced to prison for a short period.

CAUTION
Goldstein is known for his controversial views and provocative writing style. He has faced legal challenges and has been sued by several individuals and organizations.

If you have information concerning this person, please contact your local FBI office. Telephone numbers and addresses of all FBI offices listed on back.

GESTAPO COPS ON HOOKER RAMPAGE
Pussy Purge of N.Y.'s Spas / Busting Smut's Nuts

SCREW



While SCREW slaps the muffs on its readers with the world's raunchiest smut, unrivaled reviews and sex news, the law has slapped the cuffs on us at every turn. SCREW publisher and porn perpetrator extraordinaire, Al Goldstein, fends off threats to sexual and press freedoms while other magazines just sit back and wait for the smoke to clear. Whether it's fighting an obscenity bust in New York City or prevailing over the death-grip of Federal conspiracy charges, SCREW has paved the way for its followers and still brings its readers the most explicit photos, the most outrageous coverage and the most brazen political commentary of any sexual media.

Meanwhile, back at the SCREW lockup, Goldstein's handpicked gang of sexually arrested misfits and deviants fill the pages of SCREW with the most felonious fuck shots, satire that's unlawful in several states, downright criminal cooze reviews and sex news that'll keep you out of the slammer. So give yourself some time off for bad behavior. Subscribe now!

I CON SAY NO!

- 18 issues, \$19.95
- 40 issues, \$39.95
- HUSTLER Special:
80 issues, \$69.00
- Enclosed is a check or money order in the amount of \$_____ (sorry, no billing).
- Charge to: VISA
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I certify by my signature that I am not a postal or government agent engaged in entrapment and that I am of legal age.

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Please allow several weeks for subscriptions to be processed.

AMERICAN POLITICS

(continued from page 150)

members of this moneyed ruling class. The real-estate wealth of all churches is more than \$100 billion, exceeding the combined assets of the nation's ten largest corporations. Gross nontaxable church revenue, in the last year for which such information is available, was greater than the combined income after taxes of General Motors, American Telephone & Telegraph, Standard Oil, Ford, Texaco and Sears, Roebuck.

The Roman Catholic Church, the largest grass-roots organization in this country, has assets and real-estate holdings in the U.S. that exceed the combined assets and holdings of Standard Oil, American Telephone & Telegraph and U.S. Steel. This church's total direct and indirect income for 1983 will be approximately \$100 billion.

All of these forces have combined to control our nation—socially and economically—from the very beginning.

The only way we "have nuts" will ever enjoy our justly due individual liberties—and the civil and human rights that are a part of them—is to take them back from the "haves." We can accomplish this peacefully and quickly, simply by working at forming a new culture based on reason and sanity, rather than complaining about the one that now exists.

Each American must stand up and be counted by going to the polls and voting. And if the asshole you cast your ballot for is not responsive to your individual needs, vote for someone else when he comes up for reelection.

That way, these puppets in government will realize that their constituents come first—not the special-interest groups. Farmers do not need politicians in Washington, who don't know a potato from an artichoke, telling them how to grow vegetables. Nor do manufacturers need politicians telling them how to run their companies. Instead we need representatives who come from farming and manufacturing backgrounds and know how to run things efficiently.

What disturbs me the most is that we have fascist, bigoted assholes like our power-mad nuclear cowboy, Ronnie Reagan, and "Dr. Strangelove" Kissinger who are willing and determined to hang on to an antiquated system—even with the use of nuclear weapons.

As I said earlier, the people are this country's most valuable resource. They will rise to the occasion, and the time is now. Some years ago, in similar circumstances, Black Panther Huey Newton was branded as a revolutionary when he said, "More power to the people." His words have even greater relevance today.

SEND REAGAN A CHECK?

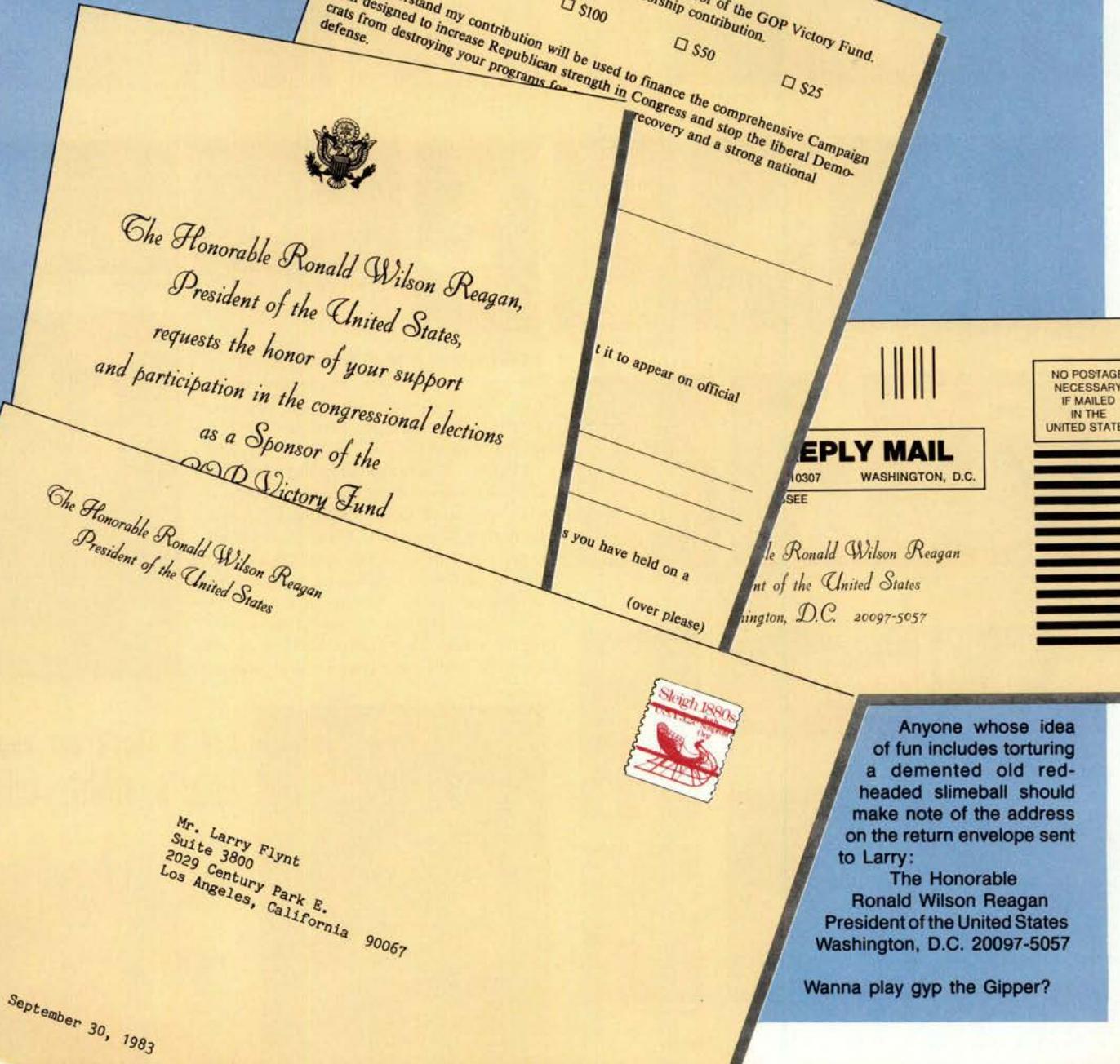
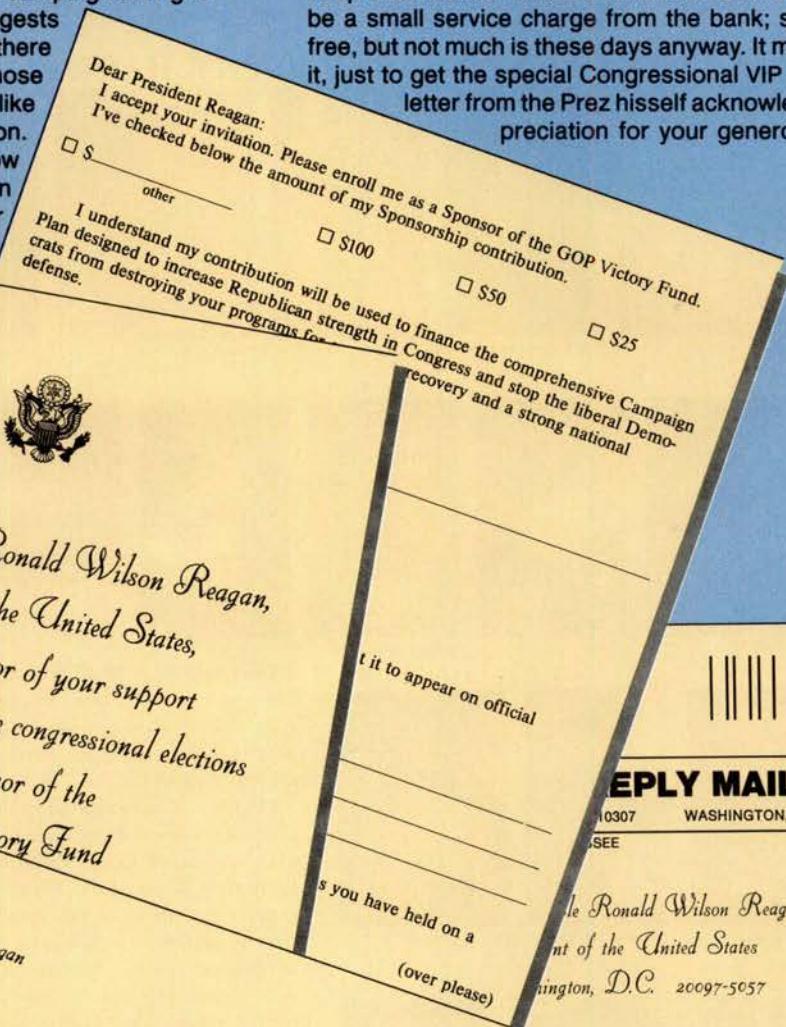
The weasels behind the GOP Victory Fund (it should be called the "Campaign to Reelect Ronald Reagan") made two big mistakes. First, they picked the wrong candidate. Then they fucked up and sent the other Republican candidate, Larry Flynt, a letter asking for money to prevent the Democrats from "putting an end to the President's Economic Recovery Plan"—you know, the same plan that put so many of you out of work and into the cheese lines.

Larry expects stupidity from these assholes, but it really pissed him off that they referred to him as Ronnie's friend and supporter. It started us thinking that maybe it wouldn't be such a bad idea to help our "friend" out by sending him a lot of big contributions to start his campaign out right.

Now, the reply card only suggests \$25, \$50 and \$100 donations, but there is a space for "Other" as well. Those smaller amounts just don't seem like enough to help out a guy like Ron. We'd guess that a lot of our fellow citizens would like to pitch right in and contribute several hundred or

even a thousand dollars to the crazed cowboy... and then just stop payment on the check before putting it in the mail as an act of protest. Come to think of it, that's a lot like those checks the President himself stopped—you know, those unemployment checks you needed to feed your families.

Payback is so much fun! Think of the mess you'd cause down at the old GOP Victory Fund's accounting department. We're not really suggesting that anyone do this, of course. But if someone were to give it a shot, we'd sure advise them to stop payment on the check *before* putting it in the mail just so they don't accidentally forget and help keep that nuclear madman in office. There will probably be a small service charge from the bank; so it won't be free, but not much is these days anyway. It might be worth it, just to get the special Congressional VIP Card and the letter from the Prez himself acknowledging his appreciation for your generosity.



Coming

Next Month

★THE ALL-NEW HUSTLER!—It's an entirely different look that will revolutionize the magazine industry and blow the competition off the newsstands!

★HUSTLER'S SECOND CELEBRITY PHOTO-SESSION: DAVID NELSON!—Ozzie and Harriet's "other" son from the famous 1950s TV show has directed a HUSTLER photo-

session of his fantasy that's guaranteed to evoke more erotic memories than a marathon of reruns! Be here or be queer!

★WAS LARRY McDONALD MURDERED BY THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION?—Right-wing Congressman Larry McDonald of Geor-

gia, one of the doomed passengers aboard Korean Air Lines Flight 007, was about to cause the White House a great deal of embarrassment when disaster struck. Was his fiery end an act of premeditated, political homicide?

★IN THE PAST NINE YEARS LARRY FLYNT HAS BROUGHT YOU PHOTOS OF:



Jackie Onassis



Robin Mattson



Maria Schneider



Britt Ekland



Suzanne Somers



Adrienne Barbeau



Valerie Perrine



Marilyn Monroe



Angie Dickinson



Jerry Hall



Princess Caroline



Pamela Sue Martin



Shere Hite



Grace Jones

Jodie Foster



Ursula Andress



Patti Weaver



Sylvester Stallone



Glenda Jackson

NOW, WOULD YOU BELIEVE...?
She's the sister of *Dynasty*'s biggest bitch, Joan Collins. A worldwide best-selling novelist, she may have perjured herself in a multimillion-dollar lawsuit by saying she's *never* been photographed in the nude. We know because we've got nude photos of *Jackie Collins*—taken in the 1950s by L.A. photographer Rogers Kirk. His hobby of snapping candid shots of the stars has allowed him to gather an astounding collection of Hollywood nudes. Also from Kirk's '50s collection... Elizabeth Taylor! Out on a secluded riding trail, Liz let Kirk's lens see what the Hollywood gossip was all about.

Elizabeth Taylor



Jackie Collins



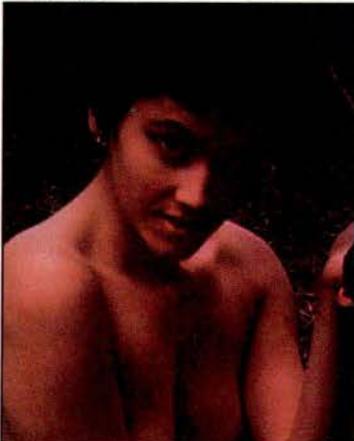
Barbra Streisand



Liz Ray



Wendy O. Williams



Debra Tate



Rula Lenska



Dale Bozzio

**And if that's not enough...
That's right, folks!**

**"MOMMY"
NANCY REGAN**

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

**Any company interested in advertising a product of
a nonsexual nature in HUSTLER Magazine will be
requested to first send a sample of the product for
approval to:**

**Ralph Nader
c/o Center for the Study of Responsive Law
P.O. Box 19367
Washington, D.C. 20036**

Cigarette and liquor advertisements will not be considered under any circumstances. Ads from automakers not offering air bags are unacceptable as well. Any ads promoting sexually oriented products may be sent directly to HUSTLER's Advertising Department, where we will scrutinize the ads ourselves.

***Mr. Nader* is the last word on straight consumer products. *We* are the last word on sex.**

L.A.

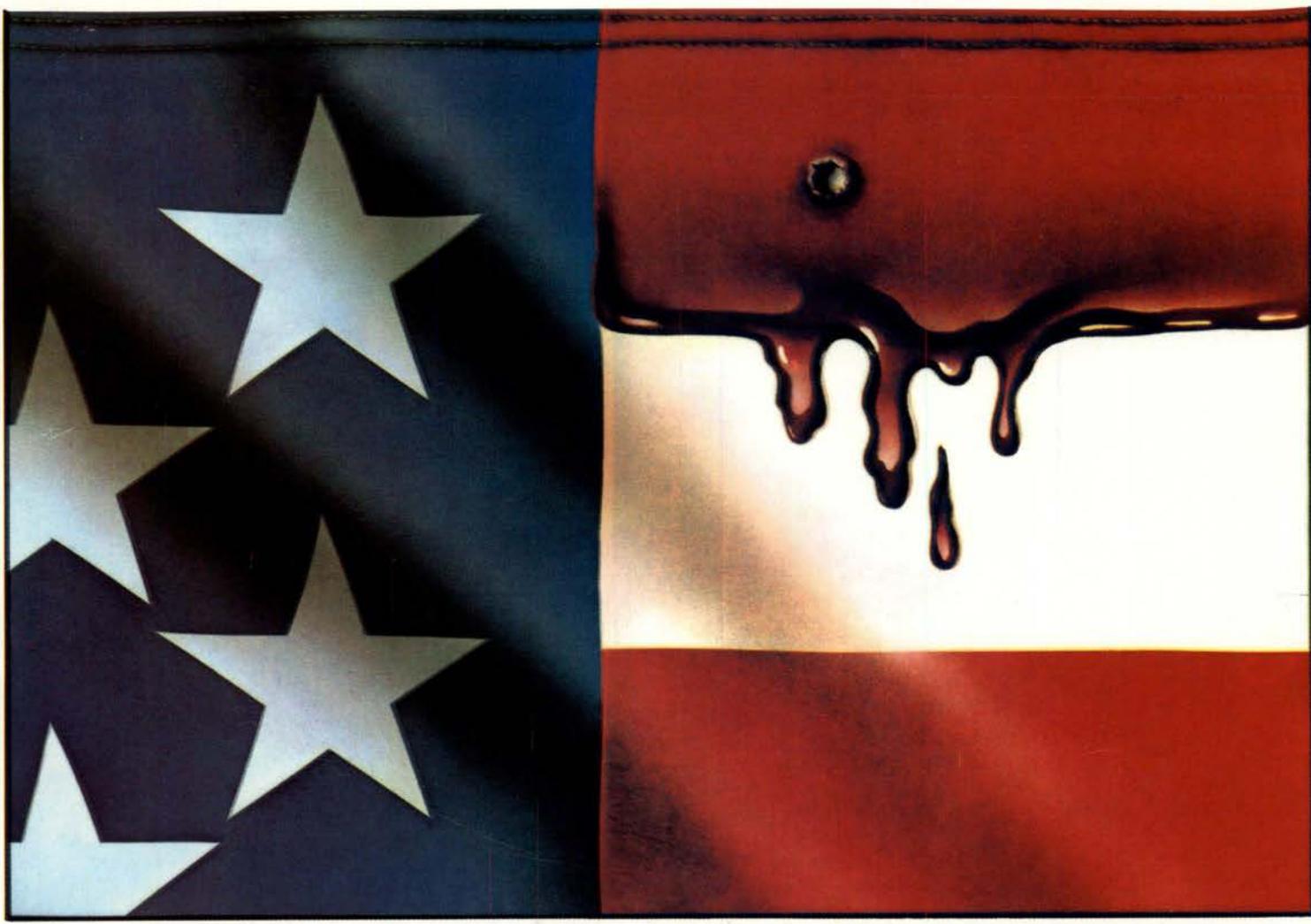
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**FREE
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SPECIAL REPORT NUMBER ONE

JFK MURDER SOLVED KILLING COORDINATED BY CIA

Gerald Ford Was FBI Spy on Warren Commission

Media Cover-up: Time-Life, New York Times Involved



ACTUAL COVER OF PUBLICATION. THIS IS A ONE-TIME SPECIAL EDITION, FIRST PUBLISHED ON THE 21ST DAY OF FEBRUARY OF 1978,
13 DAYS BEFORE LARRY FLYNT WAS SHOT DURING AN OBSCENITY TRIAL IN LAWRENCEVILLE, GEORGIA.

COMING SOON TO NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE!

OR SEND \$1.50, PLUS AN ADDITIONAL \$1.00 FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING TO: FLYNT DISTRIBUTING CO. INC., 2029 CENTURY PARK EAST, SUITE 3800, LOS ANGELES, CA 90067-3054